THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Collier's

MAY 28, 1949

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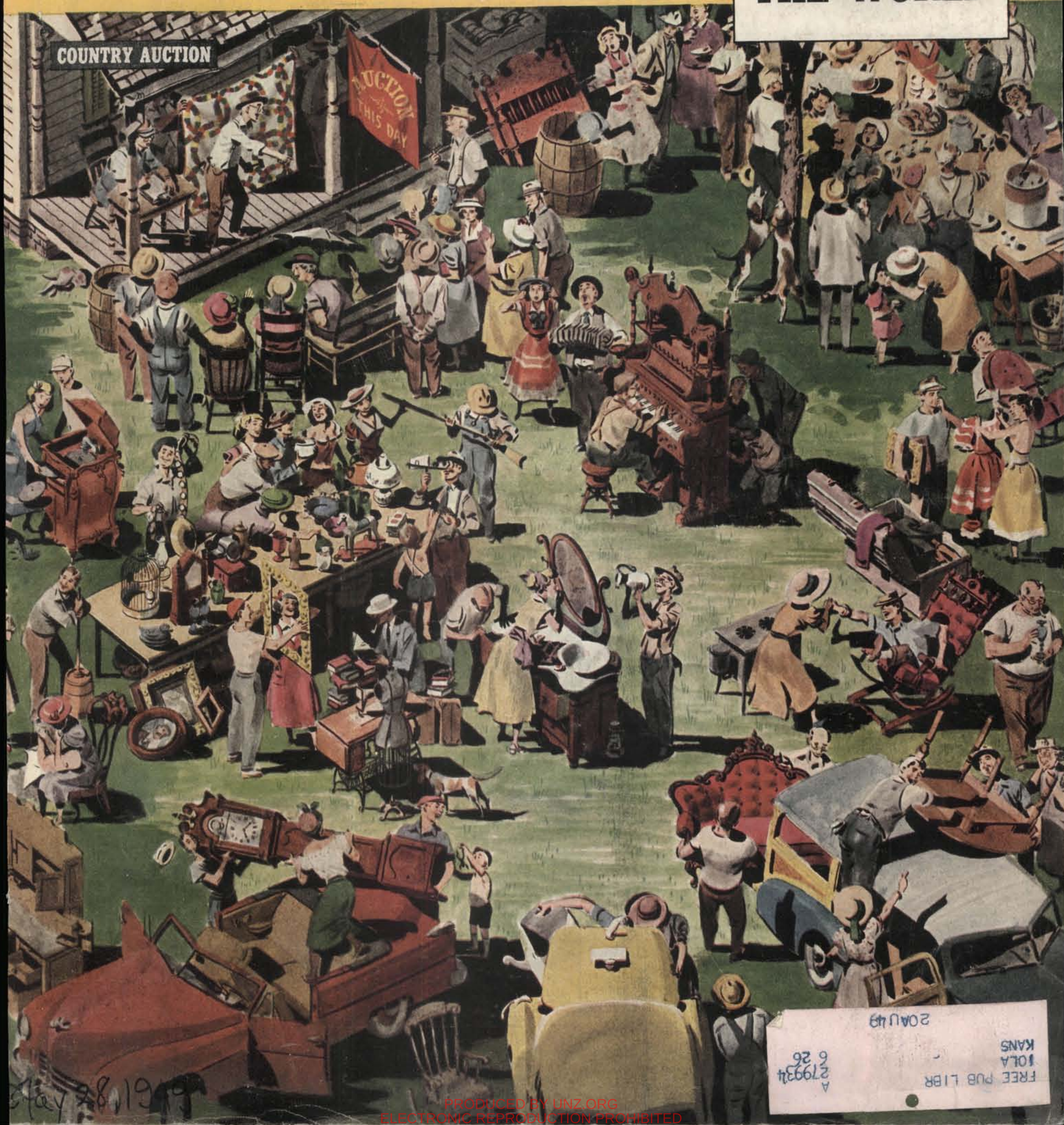
THE 25 MEN WHO RULE THE WORLD

COUNTRY AUCTION



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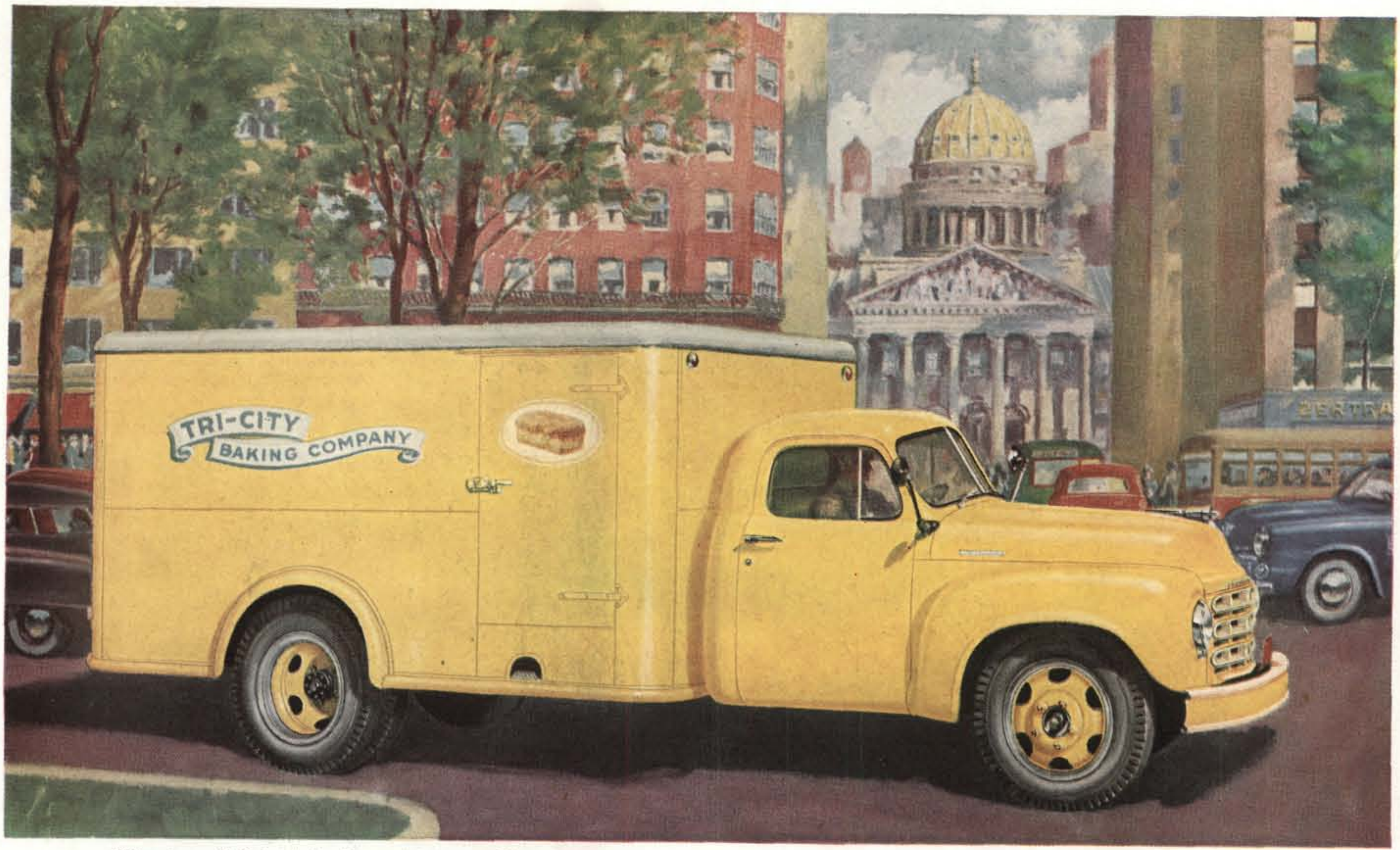
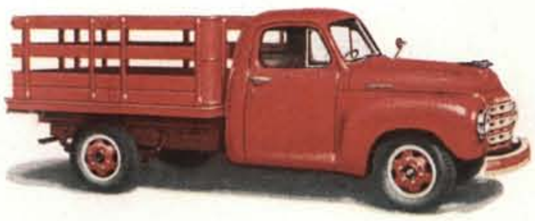
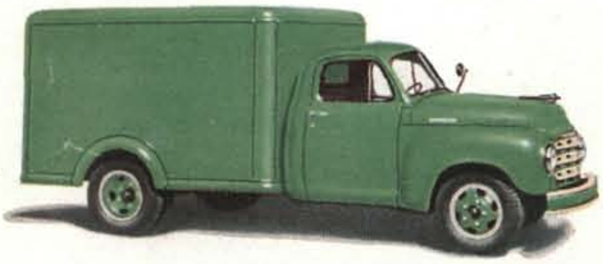


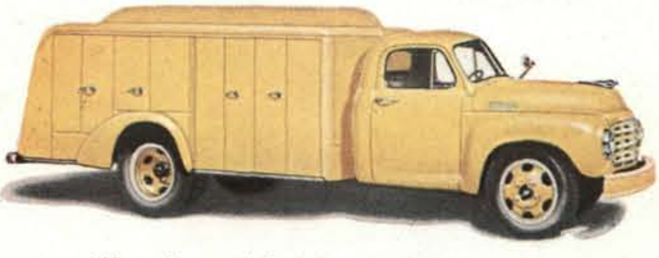
1½-ton shown with 12-foot body—2-ton model also available



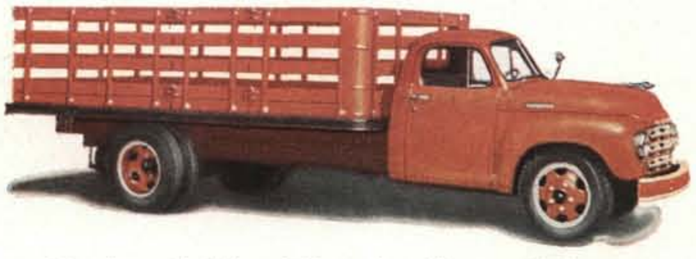
¾-ton shown with 8-foot platform stake—1-ton model also available



1-ton shown with 9-foot closed van body—1½-ton model also available



1½-ton shown with bottler's body—2-ton model also available



2-ton shown with 14-foot platform stake—1½-ton model also available

You can't help looking twice at a handsome Studebaker truck

It's America's stand-out new truck in low-cost performance, too!

EVERY husky, handsome, powerful truck model in this new Studebaker line has its enthusiastic boosters.

A California man credits his Studebaker '49er truck with a good 50 per cent saving in maintenance time.

A South Carolina hauler finds he can cover a 740-mile route on considerably less gasoline than his former truck used.

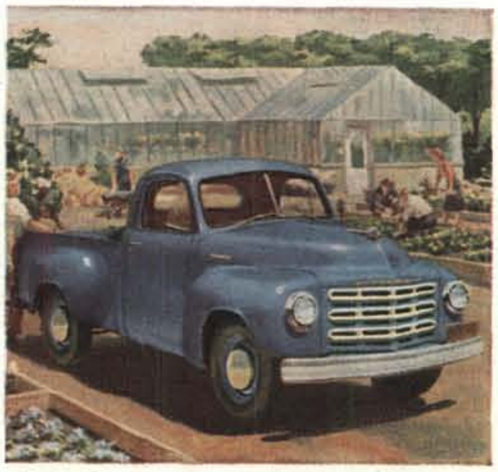
A New York oil refinery's agent says—"People cluster around our new Studebaker truck everywhere we make a delivery. Everyone thinks it's the best looking truck they've seen."

Yes, you've really got something new and wonderful in a truck, once you own a new Studebaker '49er. It's revolutionary, not just in styling and structure, but in time-saving, spine-saving, cost-saving improvements.

It's the world's first truck with engine, ignition and wiring within arm's reach when you lift the hood.

It has an exclusive new kind of roomy, weather-tight, wide-vision cab—a low cab floor that saves strenuous climbing—wide doors with "hold-open" stops—foot-controlled "air-scoop" ventilation—weather-protected enclosed steps.

Stop in at the nearest Studebaker dealer's showroom first chance you have. Arrange to get a new Studebaker '49er.



½-ton, 6½-foot pick-up—also available are ¾-ton and 1-ton pick-ups in 8-foot body lengths

STUDEBAKER TRUCKS

NOTED FOR LOW COST OPERATION

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The "Bottle Bacillus"
(PITYROSPORUM OVALE)

Germs, Flakes, Scales on Shoulders?

Don't ignore that warning! Unsightly showers of flakes, embarrassing scales, or annoying itching may be the first symptoms of the infectious type of dandruff! Contagious? You bet! And so very common. Yes, *infectious* dandruff is easy to catch and often hard to get rid of.

Don't be a slave to your Whisk Broom!

A whisk broom won't get at the cause of the trouble. Neither will so-called overnight remedies with no germ-killing power. But Listerine Antiseptic actually kills millions of germs on the scalp, including the stubborn "bottle bacillus" (Pityrosporum ovale) which many dermatologists say is a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

Get busy with Listerine Antiseptic and Massage!

Try this simple, delightful, effective treatment! Just douse Listerine Antiseptic on hair and scalp, and then see how fast those ugly flakes and scales begin to disappear! Itching is alleviated and your scalp feels so clean, so refreshed! Yes, in clinical tests, twice-a-day use of Listerine Antiseptic brought marked improvement within a month to 76% of dandruff sufferers. For more than 60 years the chief use of Listerine Antiseptic has been as an antiseptic mouthwash and gargle.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

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Week's Mail

Forgive Thy Enemy

DEAR EDITOR: I heartily endorse Betty Betz's Jap Kids Are Our Job (Apr. 9th) but take exception to the title. I consider the word Jap derisive and equivalent to "gook." In keeping with the spirit of the article it should have been expanded to its proper spelling and meaning, Japanese.

During my years in Japan, I had opportunity to observe the American Super Race in operation upon a victim. Undoubtedly this superior racial attitude helped in kindling the flames of war. Just as similar policies of our occupational forces today are playing directly into the hands of our future enemies.

Miss Betz knows her Japan far better than our military and governmental emissaries do.

KILGO CAMPBELL, South Mountain, Pa.

. . . I wonder if Miss Betz happened to have a brother on Bataan, a brother that made the Death March, then was listed as missing? I wonder if she had to sit and watch her mother suddenly grow old and her hair change to gray as she listened to every newscast, crying and praying? Then after it was over hear that her son had died in a Jap prison camp?

"Four years" are not quite long enough to fade certain memories.

MRS. MARIE BLAKE, Havelock, N. C.

. . . I served in the Army right in Tokyo for about two years and if I were to express my feelings about the Nipponese, their customs and children, I would have almost exactly the same words.

WILLIAM BOYER, New Bedford, Mass.

. . . Miss Betz seems to think that a democratic spirit can be instilled in a race that has never known absolute liberty, in a few years.

In four years since the war there cannot be but a thin veneer of the priceless stuff on the Japs, held to them by the threat of a rubber hose if they start that totalitarian nonsense again.

I would suggest that Miss Betz come home and let General Douglas MacArthur run things in the Far East. He seems to be doing a fair job.

J. E. A., Toronto, Canada

. . . I too had a number of very "charming" Japanese friends before the war and a number of the most "charming" Japanese turned out to be very efficient traitors to the American people. . . .

MARJ SHIPPEY, Azusa, Cal.

. . . Ask Miss Betz if she is not speaking of the groups of children who tend to be cooperative and come from the better class instead of the larger, more antagonistic group which roams the streets.

Each evening in Japan, I had to search every one of my Jap workers for supplies they were trying to steal. I had often given them candy or cigarettes, but they would lie, cheat, not work, and none could be trusted. . . .

EDWARD B. HOWE, Huntingdon, Pa.

. . . In my three years abroad I met quite a few nice Japs too, but we buried them. We never called Japs "gooks." We had a much more fitting name for them (censored). I know I'm hardened and don't show the right attitude toward things, but it's so hard to forget, when you still have dreams at night.

With all due respects to opinions, pro and con, I remain a "Collier" fan.

CHESTER D. SHERWOOD, Topeka, Kans.
Combat Veteran of Three Years Overseas

. . . Betty Betz was delightful and thought-provoking. We have been told so little

"Easy, dear! Folks your age should watch their blood pressure!"

WARNED ELSIE, THE BORDEN COW

"How in thunderation can I watch my blood pressure and my feet at the same time!" raged Elmer, the bull. "And why in blazes didn't Beauregard put his skates where they belong?"

"Now, dear," calmed Elsie, the Borden Cow, "the child hasn't had time. I just called him in for his before-nap story. I *was* going to tell him the wonderful story of milk, the world's greatest single food."

"Keep your single food!" snapped Elmer. "I'll take *double* food and double helpings."

"You can eat *triple* helpings of some foods, dear," smiled Elsie, "and still not get all those food essentials you get in your daily quota of Borden's Milk."

Borden's
Borden's
KEEP FIT
DRINK PLENTY OF BORDEN'S MILK!

"And wh-wh-wh-WHO says what my daily quota of milk is?" sputtered Elmer.

"Doctors and dietitians and government health authorities agree," answered Elsie, "that a child should have a quart of milk every day, and a grownup should have at least three glasses."

"Beulah and Beauregard can have my milk!" boomed Elmer. "I want food I can sink my teeth into."

"But," explained Elsie, "you can sink your teeth into *loads* of foods made with Borden's Milk. Meat and fish sauced with milk, creamed vegetables—"

"Why in blazes do you want to *add* milk to meat and fish and vegetables?" demanded Elmer.

"To make them *extra* nourishing," answered Elsie.

"In Borden's Milk, dear, you have one of the world's most economical ways of upping the nourishment of your family's diet. You know—*penny for penny, your best food buy is milk!* It's jam-packed with vitamins, minerals and proteins, *and* gives them to you in fine *balance*."

"Now she has the Borden's Milk bottle walking the tight rope!" groaned Elmer.

"Don't be silly, dear," giggled Elsie. "And *do* calm down. You're actually purple in the face."

"You'd be purple, too," puffed Elmer, "if you had Borden's Milk poured into your ears all day long. But I warn you, woman, you're wasting it all on me."

PENNY FOR PENNY YOUR BEST FOOD BUY IS MILK

"Why, Elmer, there's no waste to Borden's Milk!" protested Elsie. *"Every drop is usable!* What other food can you say *that* about?"

"Quit talking food, and *get some!*" begged Elmer. "I'm so worn out, I can't protect myself."

"If it's energy you want," laughed Elsie, "remember that one quart of Borden's Milk gives you as much energy as three-quarters of a cup of sugar."

"I don't want sugar!" gasped Elmer. "I want—"

"Here it is, dear!" gurgled Elsie. "A big, foaming glass of good, fresh milk. It's Borden's and, you know—*if it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!*"

A HEALTHY RULE TO FOLLOW: 3 GLASSES OF BORDEN'S MILK EVERY DAY FOR BIG FOLKS!
AND A WHOLE QUART EVERY DAY FOR LITTLE FOLKS!
Borden's
MILK

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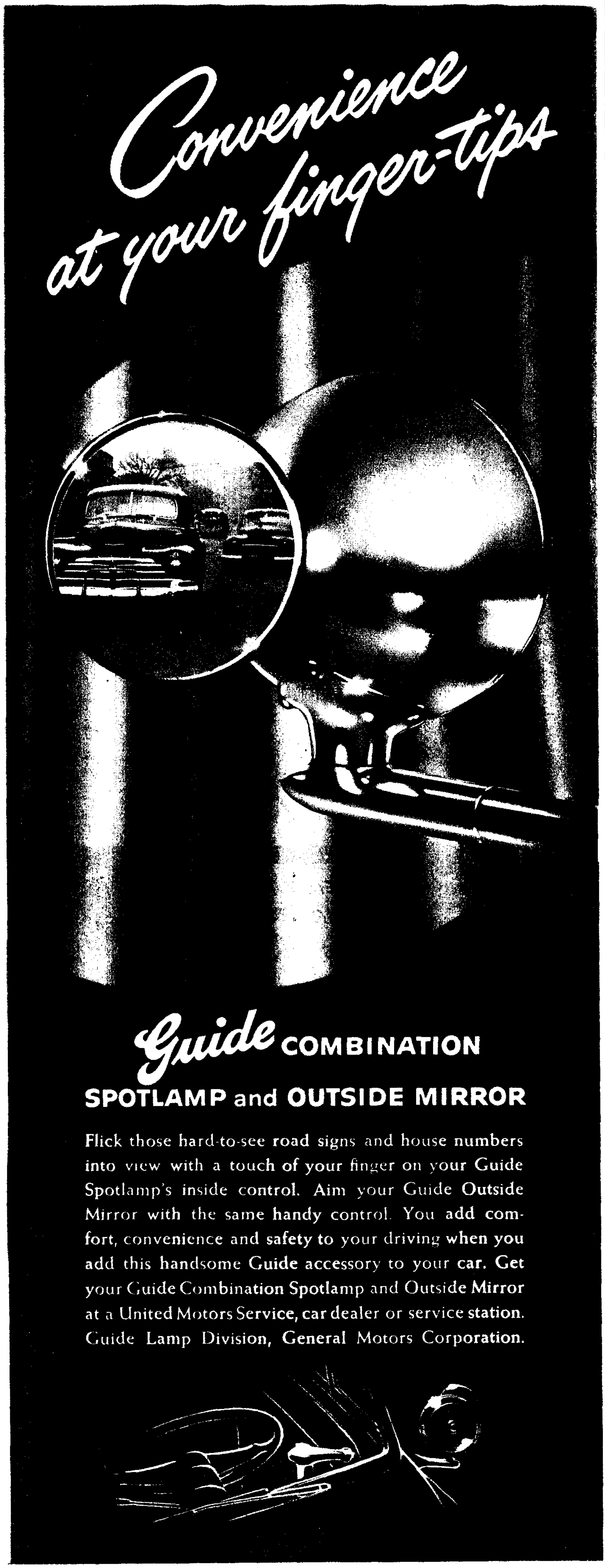

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about our Japanese "rehabilitation"—give us more pro and con.

Miss E. M. Fielding, Hyattsville, Md.

Korea

Dear Sir: Re The Week's Mail comments (Apr. 9th) on your Korean article, may I report the shocking inadequacy in school supplies of Korean kids: less than a dozen sheets of composition paper *a year;* pencils (got by devious means from Japan) that splinter; blackboards that have to be inked periodically; no chalk to speak of.

They love sports yet they have no equipment for baseball, basketball, football, etc. The kids have no sleds—only cartons or packing boxes. Their skates are ancient relics, if they're lucky, or tin cans. Their skis, wooden staves. Can't we do something for them? Mrs. Robert Utley Hyndman, Morristown, N. J.

77 Years Young

Dear Sir: The Apr. 2d cover is to me, an old guy of 77 years—wow! Not just the photograph—though beautiful, but what the gal had to say, in answer to your question "What Does America Mean to You?"

I am tacking it all on the wall of my cabin home. I want to look at it and think of it often.

C. J. Kendrick, Sherman Oaks, Cal.

Chumpanions & Tolermates

Sirs: The $1,000 word describing one who isn't quite a friend but a little more than an acquaintance, in my estimation, is "husband." Mrs. Ed Riley, Socorro, N. M.

. . . I submit the word—chumpanion.

A. L. Field, Walhalla, S. C.

. . . My selection is "tolermate," from tolerate and mate.

Forrest P. Campbell, Bartlesville, Okla.

. . . Even though my humble abode reclines in what is known as a "hick town" we have the superior intelligence to call ourselves "fracs"—from the first two letters in *fr*iend and *ac*quaintance. Stephen Bertman, Aetas XI, Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.

Long & Short of It

Dear Editor: A count of the young adult girls pictured in your April 9th issue shows that considerably more than half of the 40-some girls have long, below-the-shoulder hair. A poll of my friends indicates that the long-haired girls, such as Esther Williams, are definitely prettier than the short-haired ones.

How do you account for this phenomenon in light of the fact that we are supposedly in a short-hair era?

Nate Hall, Los Angeles, Cal.

The style is short—but artists, we suspect, being long-haired, like to draw the young ladies' hair that way.

The Magistrate Speaks

Dear Sir: There was such a contrast between the courts Mr. Sontheimer wrote about in Our Reeking Halls of Justice (Apr. 2d–9th) and the Seattle municipal courts, might I add that in Seattle we use what is known as the "unit citation." This citation has listed on it four of the traffic violations which account for about 70 per cent of all traffic accidents: speeding, failure to yield right of way, improper turns, and failure to stop. The citation is based upon a unit value of each violation and the degree of the seriousness of the violation.

It is the hope of Seattle that by continued fair and just treatment the public will co-operate still more in the traffic enforcement program, so that the program will thereby become still more effective, and traffic fatalities will be reduced to a minimum.

Roy DeGrief,
Municipal Traffic Judge of Seattle, Wash.

. . . May I compliment you on Our Reeking Halls of Justice? Most people walk into court feeling convicted before the trial starts as they don't believe they will be allowed to tell their side of the story. The part of the story dealing with the rights of the accused will give courage to many. . . .

Wm. Holscomm, Van Nuys, Cal.

Southpaw Slip

Dear Sirs: I enjoyed Fishing Is Fun in the April 23d issue of Collier's. Is Richard Harker a fisherman? If so, he must be left-handed or did Abercrombie & Fitch Company mount the reels incorrectly (page 24)?

Gerald D. Partney, Kansas City, Mo.

. . . Re your April 23d issue, page 24: Alastair MacBain, Corey Ford, Abercrombie & Fitch, and Richard Harker can do it the hard way if they want to, us lazy Southerners will continue to put our reels on right side up and run our line through the guides. Fishin' sure is gettin' complicated when you have to hold your rod by the tip and cast with the handle. Art Sheddan,
7531 N. Shore Drive, Jacksonville, Fla.

Artist Harker offers in explanation: "The whole thing happened because I am naturally a southpaw. I always put a reel on backward so that I can wind it with my left hand. (I also use left-handed flies, and catch left-handed fish.) Instinctively I drew the reels on the rods the way I use them. And all that a non left-handed fisherman has to do is hold the page up to a mirror and everything will be right."

The Return of Novarro

Dear Editor: The most thrilling news I have read for a long time was the magic name of Ramon Novarro, great idol of the silents in The Week's Preview of We Were Strangers (Apr. 2d). Welcome back, Mr. Novarro! We all thought you would never act again—but you did! Some months ago, I suggested to Hedda Hopper a part in Quo Vadis for your comeback, or The Robe—to remind us of Ben Hur, your greatest success. We need your spiritual strength, solace and beauty so much in this world of unrest today! Could we see you as you appear in We Were Strangers?

Elisha Rosanova, Honolulu, T. H.

Ben Hur

We Were Strangers

Note of Appreciation

Dear Sir: As the Adjutant General of Virginia for nineteen years, a militiaman for forty-six years, and a combat World War I veteran, I take much pleasure in thanking your editorial section for the magnificent editorial styled The Militia Belongs to the States (Mar. 26th).

It is a concise, truthful, fearless, just and nonpartisan statement in relation to local security, state sovereignty and the national defense.

S. Gardner Waller, Richmond, Va.

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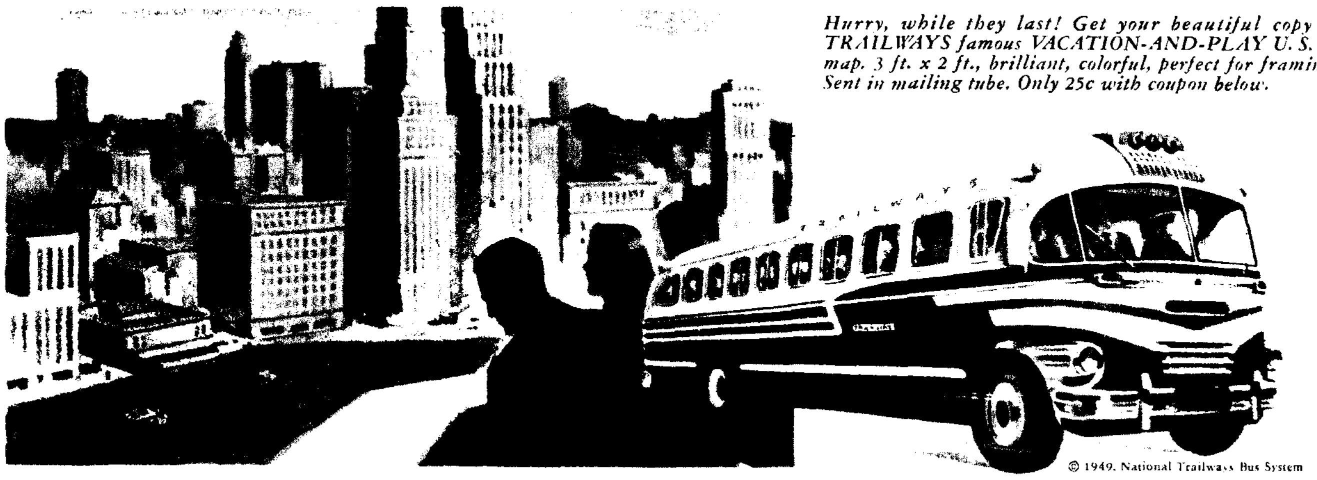

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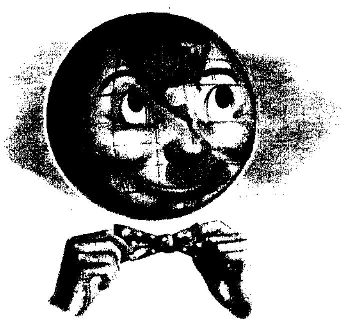


Keep Up with the World

BY FRELING FOSTER

Four hundred Cheyenne and Arapaho Indians were sent to a camp at Sand Creek, Colorado, in the summer of 1864, to await a peace conference with government officials. The U.S. Indian Department guaranteed that they would not be molested and gave them an American flag to fly over their encampment. But on November 29th of that year, an Army colonel, who was famous as an irrepressible "Indian fighter," led 900 soldiers into the unsuspecting village, and they murdered 300 of its men, women and children, committing the worst of all the unjustified attacks on Indians in our history. The members of Congress, who soon investigated the tragedy, found it had been so atrocious that they would not allow its details to be published.

* * *

In 1858, a ship carrying 317 Chinese coolies was wrecked on a reef of Rossel Island in the South Pacific. Although no one aboard knew the island, which appeared to be uninhabited, the crew put the coolies ashore, the only possible procedure, and set out for help in a small boat. When they returned with a rescue vessel five months later, only one Chinese was alive and all that was left of the other 316 was a pile of bones. They had been eaten by cannibals.

* * *

The tremendous wings of the albatross, the largest sea bird, give it unique advantages—and difficulties. In the largest species, the wings sometimes measure 11 feet from tip to tip, while the total weight of the bird rarely exceeds 18 pounds. Thus, the albatross usually spends more time gliding than flying. They have been known to follow ships for hours without moving their wings. On the other hand, the albatross, like an airplane, needs a smooth runway. When taking off, it has to run some distance into a head wind before it is able to rise; and when landing, momentum carries it several feet along the ground before it can fold its wings.

* * *

Shortly after the Union Pacific had set up a $75,000 monument to one of its founders on Sherman Hill, Wyoming, about 1878, a Bill Murphy, who lived in near-by Laramie, discovered that the memorial had been placed by mistake on land owned by the government instead of the railroad. So he filed a homesteader's claim and, upon obtaining possession, wrote the UP that he now owned the land—and the monument. To buy back the property, the company sent two attorneys, who decided that, as the land had been taken by a trick, they would try to regain it by a trick. Using baffling Latin terms in their interview, they informed Murphy that he had secured the section by fraud, broken many other laws (which they concocted) and faced a long prison term if they exposed him. Within an hour, they had so terrified him that he accepted their offer of $300. Murphy had hoped to receive—and they were prepared to pay—at least $50,000.

* * *

No proof of the influence of heredity is as convincing as case histories of identical, or one-egg, twins who, although separated from childhood, have led similar lives. One of the most amazing cases of this kind concerns twin brothers who were adopted by different families when they were infants. They had lived in Nebraska, about 50 miles apart, but had not heard of each other's existence until they were twenty-one years old. When they got together, they discovered that both were repairmen for the same telephone company, both had married in the same year to the same type of girl, and both had one son. Most incredible of all, each owned a fox terrier named Trixie.—*By Chester Page, Waltham, Mass.*

* * *

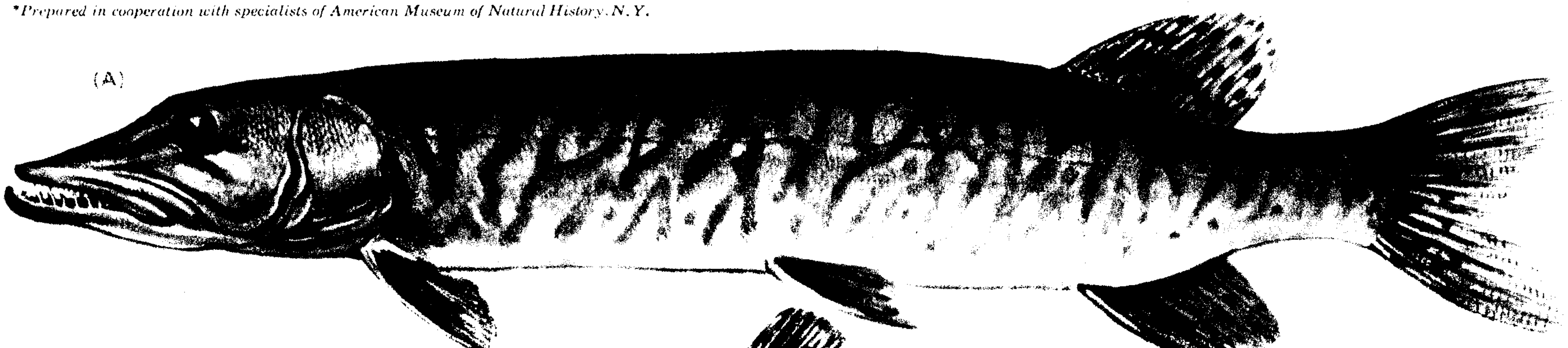
Among the more accommodating streams of water in the world is a small river, complete with fish, that flows through the kitchen of the Cistercian Monastery in Alcobaça, Portugal. Another is the brook that flows through the large baptismal font in the Church of St. Mary's-in-the-Castle in Hastings, England.

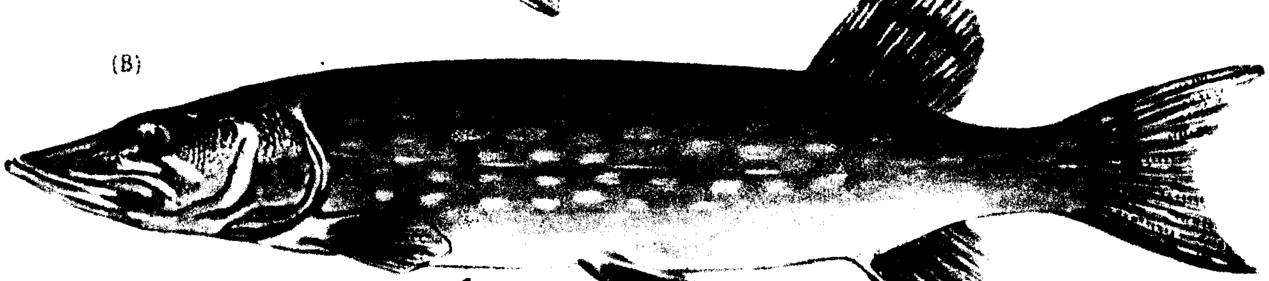
* * *

Joseph Grimaldi, born in London in 1779, devoted 47 of the 58 years of his life to stage and circus pantomime and became the most celebrated clown of all time. He originated and standardized the dress and general routine of such artists and, since his day, all clowns have been nicknamed "Joey" in his honor. Soon after Grimaldi's death, his memoirs were edited by Charles Dickens and published in two volumes; and his costumes were presented to—and are still among the valued treasures of—the London Museum.

* * *

A smart trick used by prosecuting attorneys is to have a criminal's confession typed with many names and places purposely misspelled. When reading it, the criminal invariably scratches out the errors and puts corrections in the margin. His handwriting is therefore on many of the pages, which prevents him and his lawyer from making the claim, in court, that the accused signed but did not read the confession.

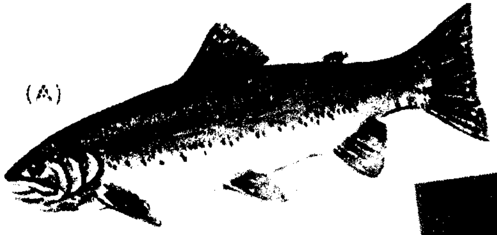




Can you tell the difference between a Muskellunge, a Pike and a Pickerel? Look for these distinguishing features:

(A) **Muskellunge.** Upper half of gill cover, and usually one half of cheek, is scaled.

(B) **Pike.** Upper half of gill cover, and usually the whole cheek, is scaled. **Pickerel** (*not illustrated*). Whole gill cover, and usually the whole cheek, is scaled.



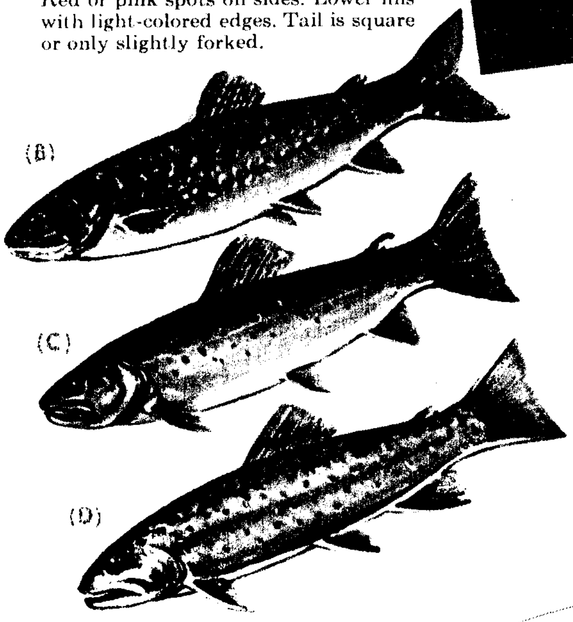
Trout are marked by a group of distinguishing characteristics. For example:

(A) **Rainbow** (Steelhead). Many strong teeth in zig-zag rows on roof of mouth. Tail fin is usually spotted.

(B) **Lake Trout.** Teeth on roof of mouth on an elevated crest. Has teeth on base of tongue. Red or pale spots on body. Tail is forked.

(C) **Brown Trout.** Brownish, rather large scales. Red spots on sides surrounded by light rings.

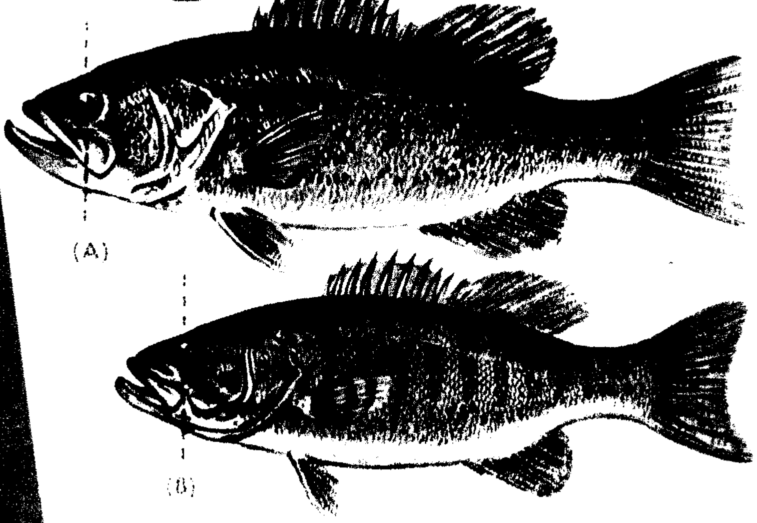
(D) **Brook Trout.** No teeth on base of tongue. Red or pink spots on sides. Lower fins with light-colored edges. Tail is square or only slightly forked.



When you go fishing

THE "TRADE-MARKS" OF NATURE*

identify these fighters



You can distinguish between Large-Mouth Black Bass and Small-Mouth Black Bass if you look for their special characteristics:

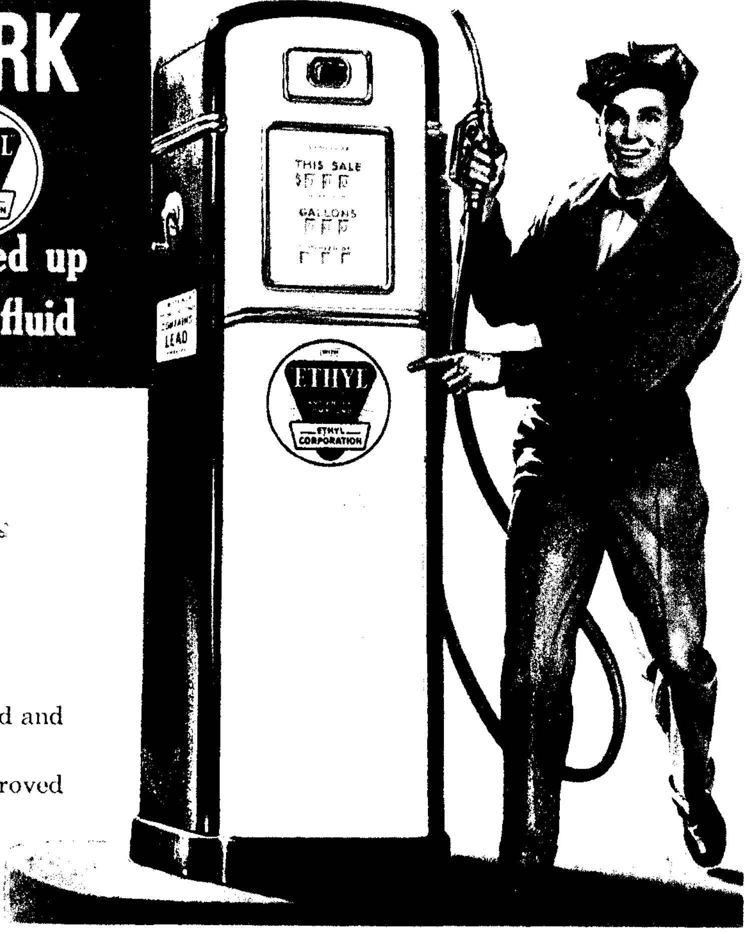
(A) The **Large-Mouth Black Bass** has a jaw which extends back of his eye. Also the dorsal (top) fin is deeply notched.

(B) The **Small-Mouth Black Bass** has a jaw which does not extend back of the eye. Moreover, his dorsal fin is not so deeply notched.

When you buy gasoline

THE TRADE-MARK "ETHYL"

identifies gasoline stepped up with "Ethyl" antiknock fluid



TO GET A LINE ON MORE POWER

. . . to reel off miles of smooth, enjoyable driving

. . . to help your engine run at its best

. . . to feel the thrill of top performance on the open road and in city traffic

. . . ask for "Ethyl" gasoline—high quality gasoline improved with "Ethyl" antiknock fluid, the famous ingredient that steps up power and performance.

"Ethyl" antiknock fluid is made by **ETHYL CORPORATION,** *Chrysler Building, New York 17, N. Y.*

**Prepared in cooperation with specialists of American Museum of Natural History, N. Y.*

Pre-tested 5 ways for added wear
Designed by 5th Avenue experts
55
Cost only 55¢ and up
they're ESQUIRE SOCKS
"The smartest thing on two feet!"

Please know that every Esquire Sock you put on your foot will give you mile after mile of wear.

For the construction in Esquire Socks is pre-tested 5 ways—an abrasion test, size test, fade test, laundry test and a strength test.

Before any Esquire Sock is sold, its construction *must* show superior results in each of these five tests. That's why it's no surprise that Esquire Socks, with their famous Multi-Ply heel and toes, give you so much comfortable wear.

Designed by Fifth Avenue stylists, Esquire Socks truly are "the smartest thing on two feet." They're made by the world's biggest makers of men's socks. 55¢, 75¢, $1 and up to $3. Esquire Socks, 389 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

The Week's Work

BEING *a collector at heart, Artist Dave Shaw tackled this week's cover with enthusiasm.*

"Some readers," he warns, "may question the wisdom of leaving early with purchases while the sale is still in progress. Half the people I've talked to said it was bad manners; and half said it is perfectly proper."

AT THE age of fifteen, I was so full of Joseph Conrad, Jack London and fancied injuries," says George Kent, who has collected The 25 Men Who Rule the World (p. 18), "that I lit out of my Springfield, Massachusetts, home, rode a boxcar to New York, signed on a southbound lumber schooner, landed in Buenos Aires and sailed my way eventually into the world of belles-lettres."

After three or four years of the sea, George jumped ship at Buenos Aires, lived off bananas he found on the docks, applied for a job at the United Press office, and amazingly got it. "Since then I've lived by my so-called wits," George says.

"Lots of newspaper work here and there and in Paris, ran an English Portugee weekly in Rio, squeezed in a few years at Columbia and the Sorbonne, did some publicity for the U.N., wrote for the radio, and in 1943 became a roving editor for The Reader's Digest. Was lucky enough to snag the first exclusive interview with Dino Grandi after his fateful comedown."

As for The 25 Men Who Rule the World, Mr. Kent wants to share credit with the 720 other members of the Overseas Press Club, otherwise known as the Foreign Correspondents' A.A.

With fellow club members John Barkham and Bill Doerflinger, he polled as many of his battered, travel-sore colleagues as were within phone, cable and camelback express range seeking their advice as to just Who was Who among the present world rulers. Incidentally, the Hallowed Twenty-five will find their way into a book to be published this fall. Each will be profiled by the correspondent who knows the subject best.

For instance, Craig Thompson will do Stalin from material which he smuggled out of Russia; Richard Mowrer, who has played chess with King Abdullah, and found him cagey behind a checkerboard, will do that potentate. John Barkham, a long-time friend of the Smuts family, will do the Great Jan. Barkham, by the way, is the chap who first recorded the Smuts yarn that has since circled the globe—Stalin's famous query to Churchill at Teheran: "The Pope, how many divisions has he?" Churchill told it to Smuts, who told it to Barkham.

BEN AMES WILLIAMS (A Young Man Marred, p. 14), who describes himself as "a large, calm man who likes first to write, and next to do anything out of doors so long as it has a purpose," has racked up over 500 stories and 30 novels. Since many deal with Maine, and since he divides his time between Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts, and an old farm in Maine, he's generally regarded as a Maine man. Actually he was born in Ol' Mississippi, and is a grand-nevvew of General James Longstreet, the Confederate commander who figures prominently in Mr. Wms.' House Divided.

Ben got educated at Dartmouth, started pegging a typewriter on the Boston American in 1910, banging out short stories on the side. He ground out 80 before he sold one and in 1916 decided to free-lance. He made a prophecy at the time—that he'd never write a novel that would satisfy him, till he hit forty-five. In 1940 he made it good—Come Spring, it was tagged, and Mr. Wms. was in his fifties. But he'd done all right on the way, as they say.

How to make good in the Wms. way? Rise rigidly at sunrise, brekker unvaryingly on two coddled eggs, a slice of toast and three cups of coffee, and write till lunchtime, consuming a couple of packs of cigarettes. Do a long, fast, loose first draft (in long-hand if you wish), then revise slowly and with birth pains. Mr. Wms. did a chapter in Time of Peace 13 times before satisfied. His description of the Battle of Gettysburg in House Divided is over 60,000 words long—and concocted of Churchill's three famed ingredients. And furthermore: Remain calm always. In between stories, fish like anything.

PEOPLE get into writing because (a) their friends like their letters and think they should be immortalized, (b) because they think they have something to say or (c) because they need money. Not Sam Elkin, whose One Day When I Was Lost unfolds on page 20. Sam got into the game by sliding into second base. He was a poor ballplayer and broke his ankle so doing. "I had nothing to do while recuperating, so I started a novel on baseball which eventually found its way into a duffel bag," he discloses. The duffel bag, it should be explained, belonged to the U.S. Army. Mr. Elkin finished the novel between assignments in the field.

"Like many other documents," he says, "it is now circulating somewhere—does *anybody* know where? All copies were crammed into the duffel bag while my unit was on the move. I, the duffel bag and my unit became separated. The unit and I got together, but not the duffel bag."

Whereupon Mr. Elkin began a second novel dealing with the fate of the first. "Neither novel has been published. What really bothers me is that nobody had a chance to tell me whether novel number one belonged in the duffel bag or not."

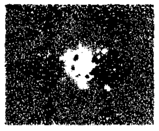
How did Elkins come to write One Day When I Was Lost? "Well, you know many kinds of people and you remember many different incidents," he formularizes. "You take people from here, put them together and—it's a story. Sounds easy, doesn't it? It isn't." . . .

TED SHANE

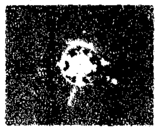
HONEYMOON IN BEL AIR, CALIFORNIA . . . a spacious world-in-itself where visitors find luxurious living 'neath a warm and pleasant sun. Painted for the De Beers Collection by Bernard Lamotte.

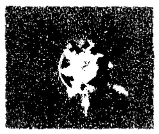
a Diamond is forever

ONE-QUARTER CARAT
25 POINTS
$85 TO $225



ONE-HALF CARAT
50 POINTS
$215 TO $450





ONE CARAT
100 POINTS
$555 TO $1050

TWO CARATS
200 POINTS
$1355 TO $3180

The above price ranges were developed for your guidance through a nation-wide survey among representative jewelers in January, 1949 (Exact weights shown are infrequent.) Add Federal tax.

In moments full of sweetness they've felt their hopes come true . . . as they turned from the altar to hear the organ's song . . . as they drank a toast with friends to happiness ahead . . . and now, as they smile together over pleasures in the fair new world they share. All these they'll cherish well in memory . . . all these a diamond will token in shining beauty a lifetime through. That is why her engagement diamond should be worthy of pride. It need not be costly, or of many carats, but it should be chosen with care. Color, cutting, and clarity, as well as carat weight, contribute to a diamond's beauty and value. A trusted jeweler is your best adviser.

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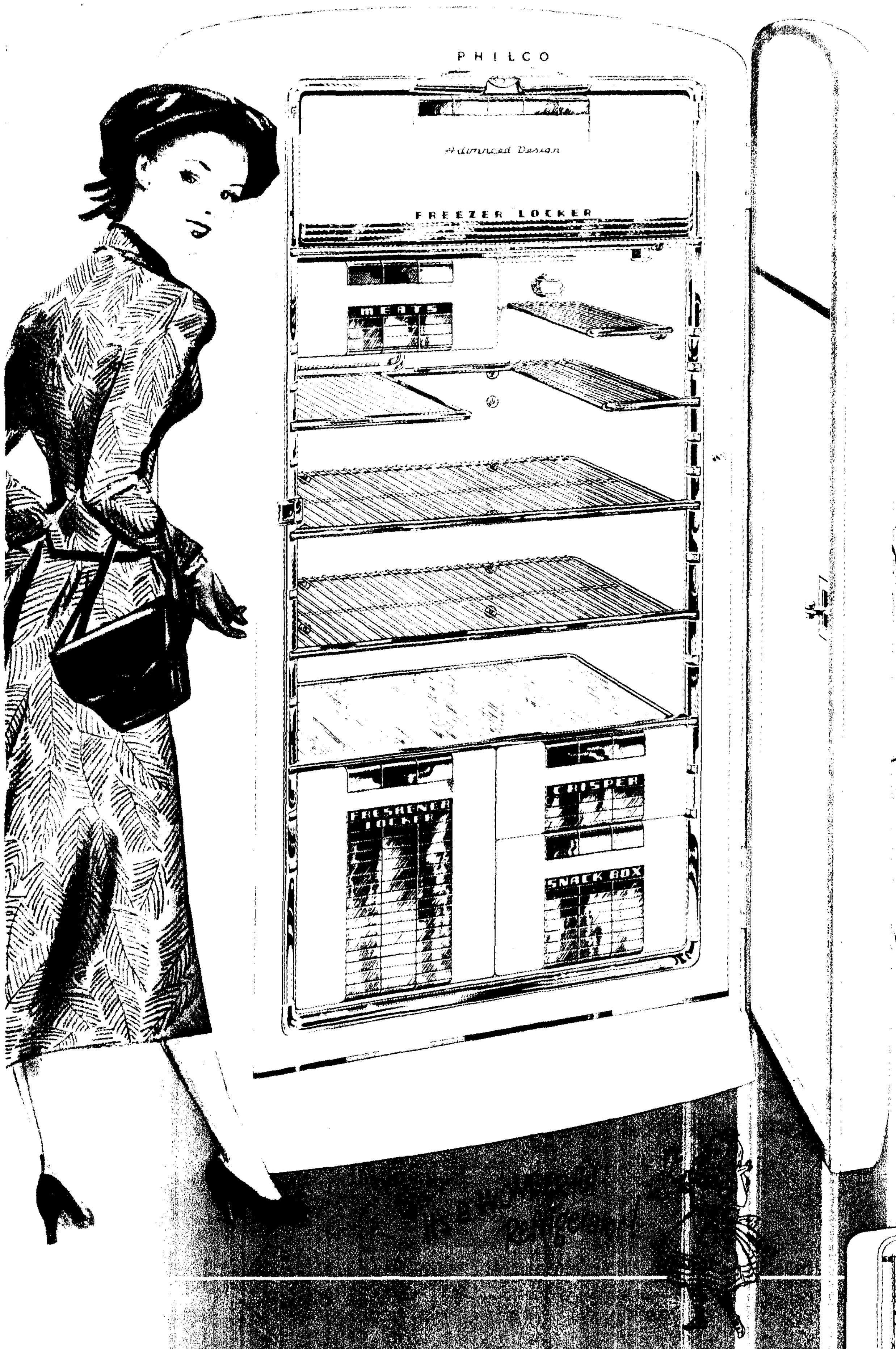
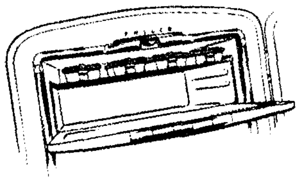


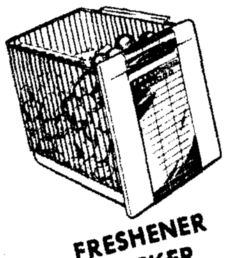
Fully Refrigerated... Right Down to the Floor

Here from Philco . . . a refrigerator with a full length door that, for the first time, gives you *real* refrigeration for *ALL* foods in the formerly unoccupied space above the floor. Yes, it's every inch a refrigerator right down to the floor, 10.7 cu. ft. capacity in an 8 ft. cabinet. It's the newest achievement of Philco *Advanced Design* . . . the Philco 1095. See it, compare it at your Philco dealer now.



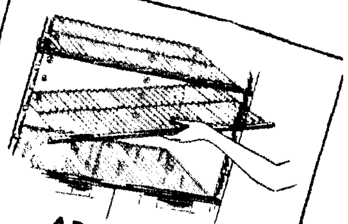
BUILT-IN HOME FREEZER

Huge, frozen food storage space, Zero Zone freezer temperatures . . . fast-freezing shelf for ice trays.



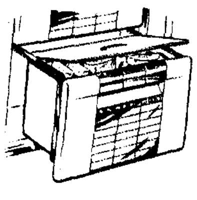
FRESHENER LOCKER

Jumbo size, refrigerated locker for beverages and bulky foods in large quantities.



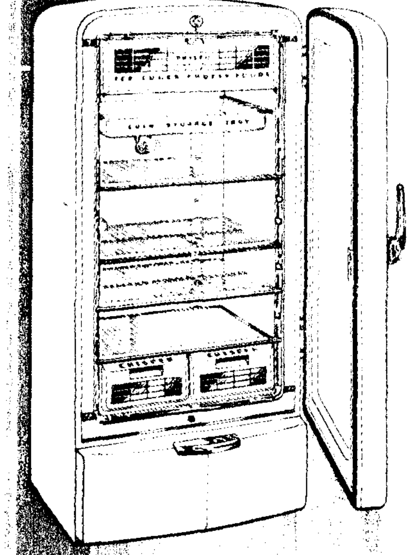
ADJUSTABLE SHELVES

You arrange the shelves to suit your needs. Accommodate any size or shape food.



SNACK BOX

Ideal for cheeses, spreads, snacks and prepared sandwiches —or to keep butter fresh and sweet.



PHILCO 794
WITH

Full Width Frozen Food Compartment

The greatest ADVANCED feature in refrigeration at $70 to $100 less than last year's price. 7.2 cu. ft. capacity with 14 sq. ft. of shelf area. Adjustable Shelves. Glass-Covered Crispers. Cold Storage Tray.

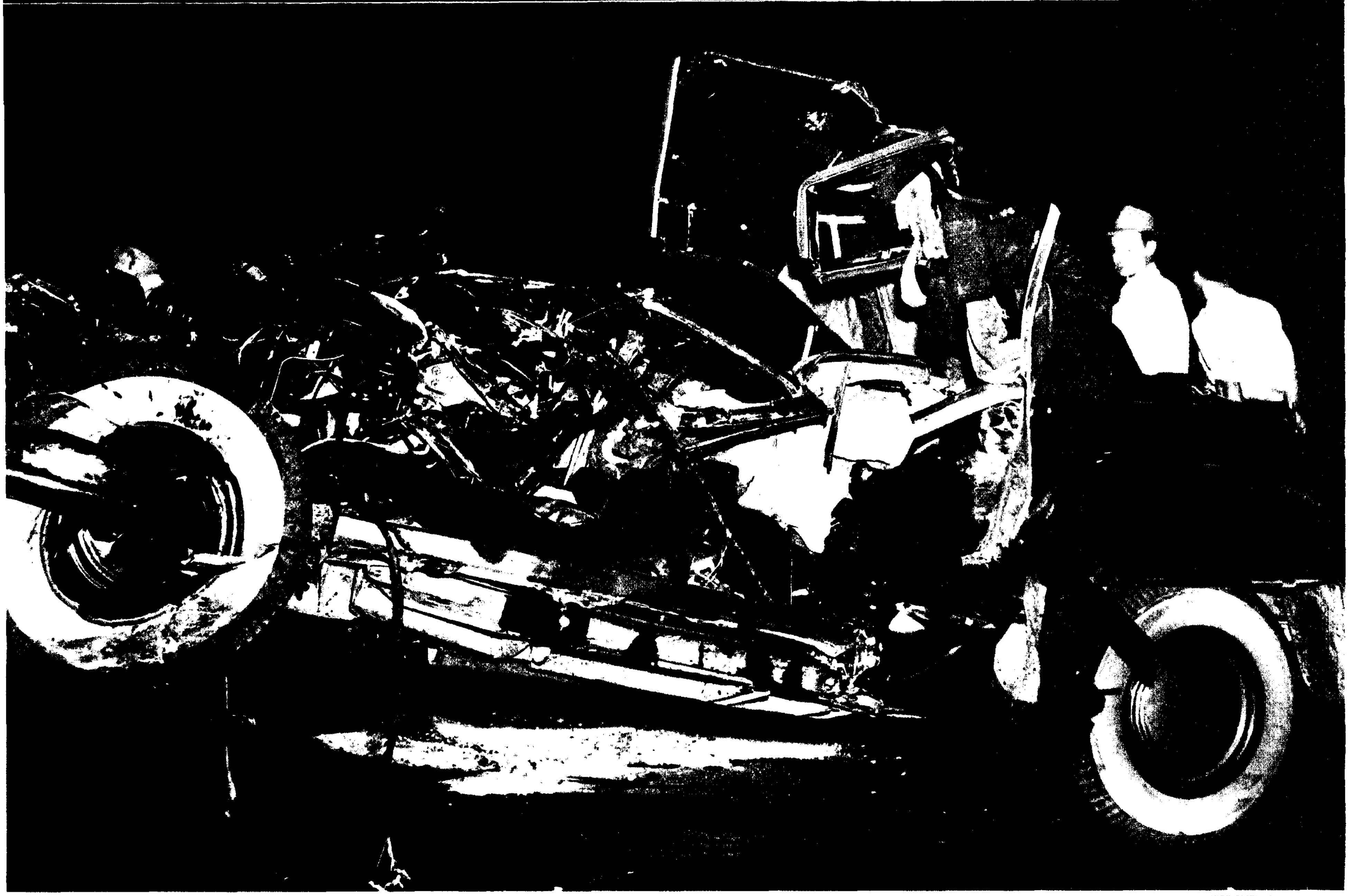
The greatest low-priced refrigerator ever built!

Yes, it's the [illegible] of the industry . . . unparalleled in appearance [illegible] which more fully usable capacity than any other refrigerator in [illegible] of its price.

Tune in [illegible] and the Breakfast Club [illegible]

PHILCO *Famous for Quality the World Over*

VOL. 123, NO. 22 Collier's MAY 28, 1949


MERCURY PICTURES

A tragic number of cars driven by teen-agers end as piles of flesh and steel. Four died when driver Ellice Copeland, 19, collided with a truck in Hammond, Ind.

Kid Killers at the Wheel

By RALPH WALLACE

Hurtling at you is a new form of mass murder and self-destruction called "teenicide." Intoxicated by stunting and reckless speed, many youthful drivers are turning our highways into human slaughterhouses

EARLY one morning last fall a car careened around a curve on Indianapolis Boulevard in Hammond, Indiana. For one paralyzed moment a gasoline truck driver saw a glare of headlights as the approaching machine bore down on him.

Then came the impact and an unearthly scream of steel on steel. Skulls burst against the automobile dashboard like overripe fruit. Blood gushed, lungs collapsed, bones snapped. Smothered hearts lurched into another beat and died.

The car ricocheted off the heavy truck, its left side ripping off and spewing bodies out through the torn steel like figures from some gory slaughterhouse. Other motorists could see it all too well. For, simultaneously, 8,000 gallons of gasoline in the ditched truck burst into glaring flame.

Even before the uninjured truck driver leaped from his cab, it was all over—all over except for extinguishing the fire; all over but police investigation. And the funeral bills for four dead persons.

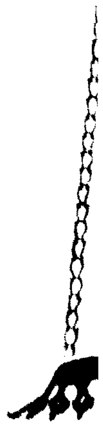
Behind this terrifying tragedy lies a new form of mass murder and self-destruction known increasingly as "teenicide." Any driver under twenty-five—insurance companies generally believe the recklessness of the teens extends to that age—is a potential teenicider. Ellice L. Copeland, operator of the car in the Hammond accident, was nineteen years old. What impulse or fault of immature judgment brought him speeding around the Hammond curve to death, no one will ever know.

The appalling fact stands out that in many such teenicide accidents no one *does* know what causes them, even when there are survivors. Can five-year-old Ila May Van Kampen of New Sharon, Iowa, tell what caused her sixteen-year-old sister, Helen, to lose control of the family car when it stalled on a hill last summer? One moment Ila May was looking serenely out of the window—the next, she was in a terrifying world of wet blackness, with a momentary wild threshing of limbs of her drowning companions. The car had rolled backward and overturned into a deep water-filled ditch. Somehow Ila May escaped through a partly opened window—but she could not tell what had caused Helen to lose control.

And neither could Helen. For, like five of her passengers, the four McMahon sisters (fifteen-year-old Geraldine, fourteen-year-old Rowana, twelve-year-old Ruth, six-year-old Caroline) and their fifteen-year-old cousin, Mona McMahon, she was extremely dead.

Once every two minutes, day in, day out, some such teenicide accident will kill or maim a victim somewhere in the United States. In 1947 the figures spiraled to a shocking 7,500 dead for the under-twenty-five group, with an estimated 275,000 injured. These figures represent 10 times more casualties than the United States suffered at Iwo

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 76)



A YOUNG MAN MARRED

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

Dan McIsaac was always right. Lucy Landor was always wrong. Then came the crisis—and she thought she had him

DOCTOR LANDOR and Lucy had spent a week or two on salmon rivers each summer since she was ten years old; but this was different. This was their own river! Doctor Landor had bought it sight unseen, on the advice of a grateful patient who had fished the water, knew the doctor's enthusiasm for the sport, knew the river was for sale.

"There's three miles of water," he told the doctor. "Nine pools. The river comes out of a bog above an old dam. You can buy from the dam to the foot of the tidal pool. Most of your salmon will run about ten pounds, but there's always an odd one, twenty pounds or better."

The river emptied, he said, into a *barachois*, a sort of estuary cut off from the sea by a long beach. "There used to be six nets on the beach," he said. "But there's only one now—belongs to a man named Joe McIsaac. He gets a lot of fish, but plenty come into the river to make good fishing."

Doctor Landor was sure he could buy out this Joe McIsaac; but in the first days after he and Lucy arrived at their river, they were both too busy catching salmon to think of McIsaac's net. Then one day the summer sun was blistering and Lucy decided to swim. The beach outside the *barachois* was a fine one. She changed into a brief bathing suit, pulled on a beach robe, remembered her dark glasses, and drove around the *barachois* to the sands. She parked her car a quarter mile from the nearest house and swam and came ashore and sprawled to dry in the sun.

Between her and the distant house a line of cork floats ran out from the shore; and she guessed that they must support Joe McIsaac's salmon net. When she was dry, she drew on her robe and walked that way to investigate, and as she did so a man came toward her from the house. There was a dory on rollers pulled high up on the beach near the landward end of the net, and before she reached the spot he had run it down into the water. He was a clear-eyed young man in a blue shirt, overalls and rubber boots—she noticed that overalls and shirt were scrubbed and clean—and he wore a peaked straw hat and his glance rested on Lucy with a calm appreciation.

She introduced herself. "I'm Lucy Landor," she explained. "Father and I own the river now. I suppose you're Mr. McIsaac."

"I'm Dan McIsaac," he assented.

"My father's coming to see you," she said. "To see if you'd like to sell your net."

"It's my father's net, not mine," Dan told her. "But Father says it's not for sale."

"Don't you think everything's for sale at the right price?" she suggested smilingly; and she asked, "Are you going out to pull the net now? May I come with you?"

"Get in," he agreed. She did so, sitting in the dory's stern; and he pulled the dory out along the line of floats, his hands gripping the net cord, peering down over the dory's bow into the clear water.

She asked questions. "How do they get caught?"

He explained without turning his head: "Why, the net is a trap and your river is the bait. They're hurrying along the beach, trying to get into your river!"

She thought he was laughing at her, teasing her, and she was not used to being laughed at by young men. He went on: "But our net's in the way, and when they try to go through it, they get caught and drown."

They reached the first pound, a wing running at right angles to the main net, returning on itself in an angular spiral. "Here's one," he said.

She came forward, resting her hand on his shoulder so that she could lean out and look deep in the water. He pulled the net up and brought the salmon to the surface.

"It's dead," she said.

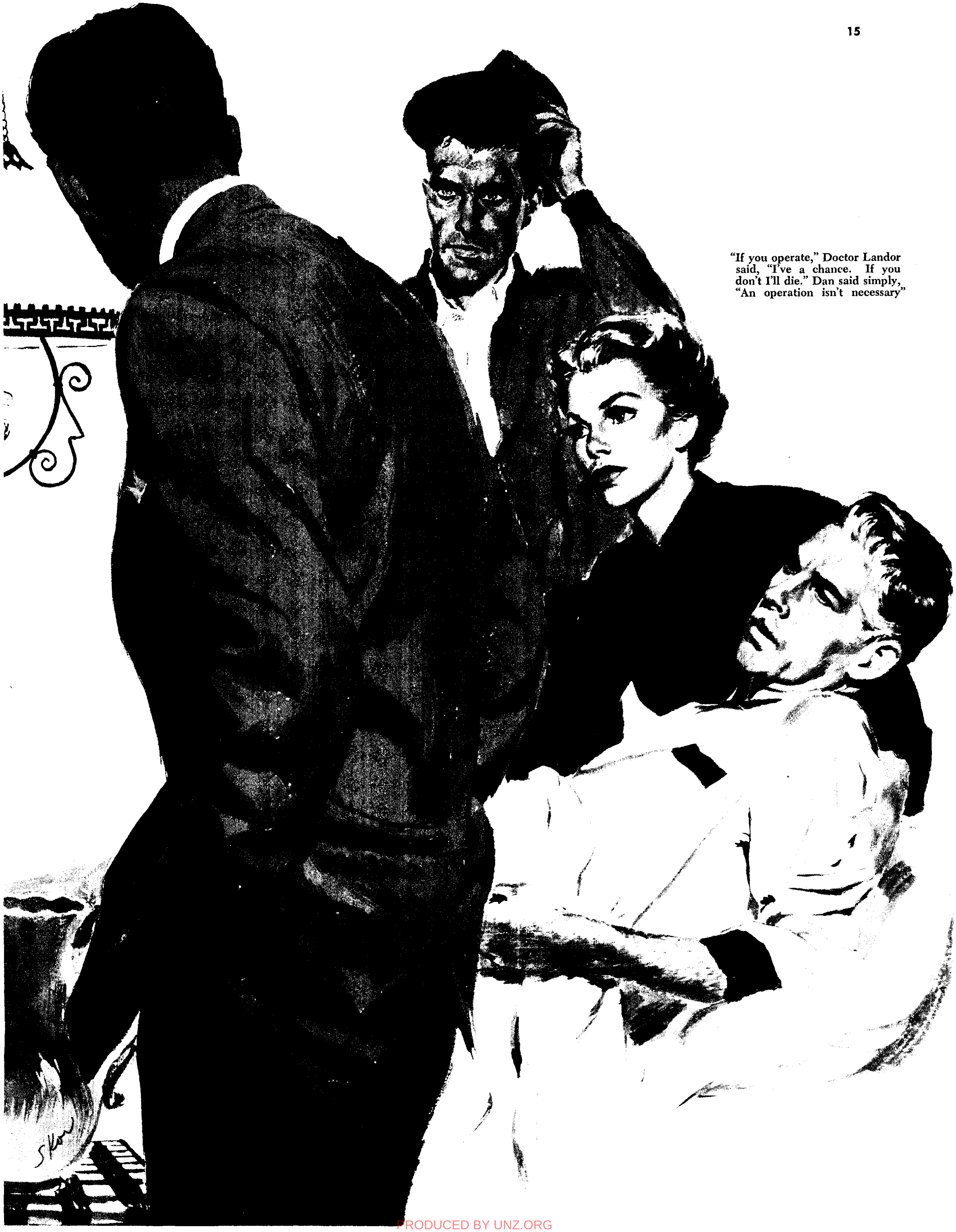
"Yes, they drown quick," he agreed, and hauled the dory out along the net to the next pound. Lucy crouched with her chin over the gunwale, peering down for the first glimpse of other fish. They took four, one of a fair thirty pounds. Dan said cheerfully, "Good take today," and began to row back toward the beach.

Lucy looked at the fish, scarred by their struggles to be free, and she watched young Dan McIsaac. Despite his peaked hat he was saddle-brown from sun. His hands fascinated her, they were so sure and strong. When the dory touched, she said:

"Isn't it cruel, to slaughter them so?"

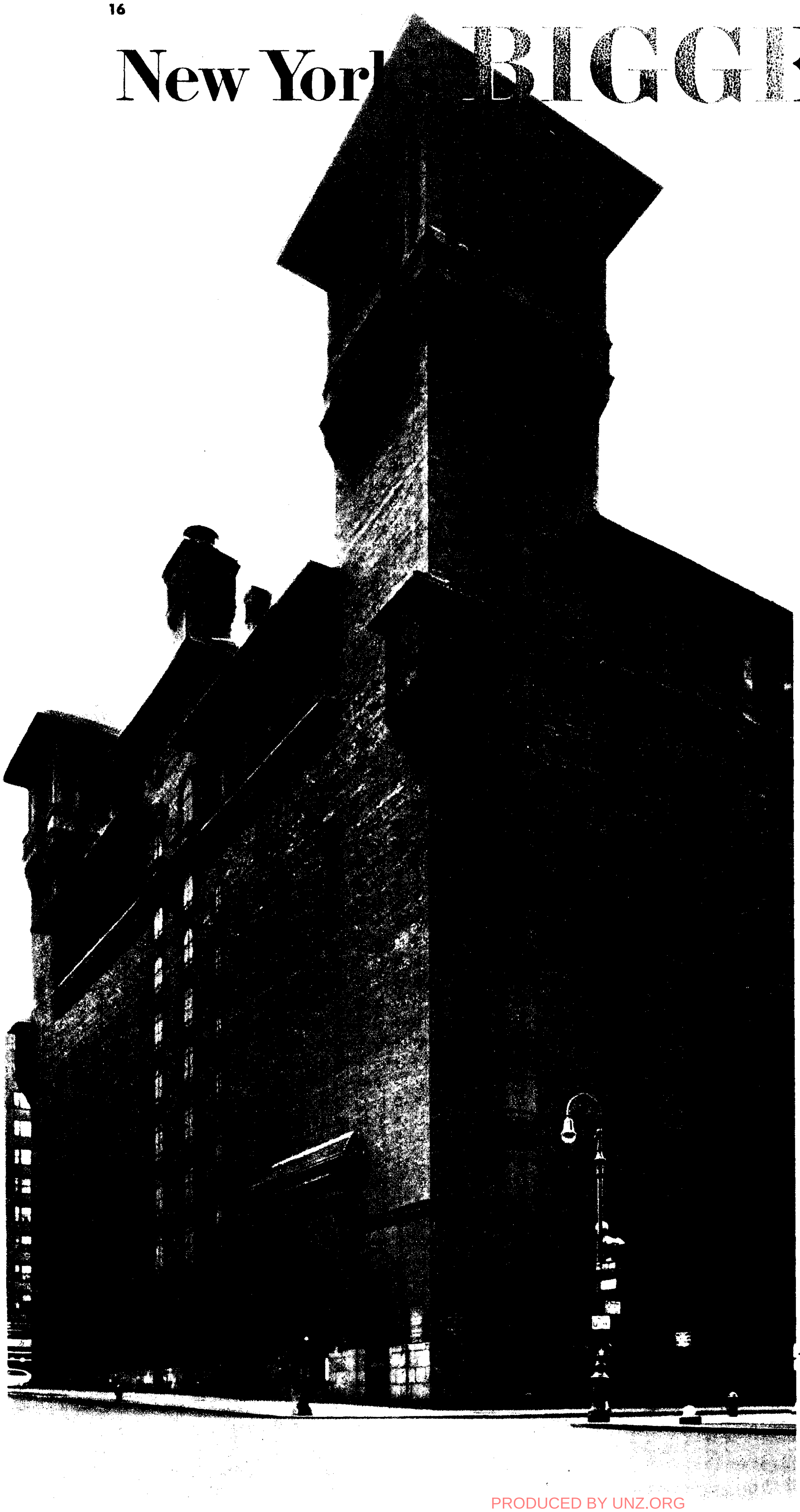
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 46)

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER SKOR



"If you operate," Doctor Landor said, "I've a chance. If you don't I'll die." Dan said simply, "An operation isn't necessary"

New York BIGGEST Attic



By FRANCIS SILL WICKWARE

They don't stop at storing ocean liners at the Manhattan Storage and Warehouse Company—everything but the hull. Stuffed whales, three-ton Buddhas, housefurnishings and trunksful of stolen soap swell the attic stores of this fantastic warehouse on the fringes of New York City's theatrical district

TAKE the prop department of a Hollywood studio; add the contents of a museum and a couple of art galleries; throw in 500 grand pianos, 30,000 fur pieces, 12 tons of silverware, acres of Oriental rugs and several trunks of precious stones. Then add 15,000 cases of wine and liquor, 5,000 cases of blood plasma, enough furniture, linen and crockery to equip 3,000 homes, and a few odds and ends like a three-ton stone Chinese Buddha, six of Fritz Kreisler's Stradivarius violins, an old dollhouse nearly as big as a Quonset hut, three stuffed Bengal tigers, a 1927 Rolls-Royce, the costumes and scenery of the musical comedy Anything Goes, a set of Prussian dueling sabers, a fortuneteller's crystal ball, and a trunkful of soap bars filched from hotels.

What you've got is a rough idea of the goods stored away in the recesses of the world's biggest warehouse.

This venerable institution is the Manhattan Storage and Warehouse Company whose main building is located at Fifty-second Street and Seventh Avenue, on the fringe of New York's theatrical district. For 50-odd years the turrets, barred windows and sheer brick walls of this ten-story pile have protected both the treasures and the trivia of a clientele as varied—and sometimes as bizarre—as the warehouse inventory. All of them—from Vanderbilts to racketeers—have been Manhattan customers, and the company's staff long ago lost the capacity for being surprised by any human eccentricity.

In Manhattan's gallery of odd characters was the quaint old chap who for many years stored a custom-built, silver-mounted casket with special interior upholstery. Every few months he visited the warehouse with an undertaker, stretched out in the casket for a few minutes, and then gave directions for adding or substracting some padding. He made the final adjustment less than two weeks before he died—and should be resting in perfect comfort.

Then there was the elderly widow who rented a private room in the warehouse, decorated it exactly as her bedroom at the time of her husband's death, and came in once a week for 15 years to sit by herself and have a good cry.

Another widow, slightly less sentimental, stored her husband's ashes in a bronze urn for a long

The Manhattan Storage and Warehouse Company's main building in the heart of New York is an imposing fortress guarding treasure and trivia

period, then instructed Manhattan to dump the ashes and return the urn—she was remarrying.

Probably the weirdest customer in the company's history was a fellow named Jacques Lebaudy, the heir to a French sugar fortune. Lebaudy affected a turban and flowing robes and referred to himself as the Emperor of the Sahara. He never deposited anything but scraps of paper, empty bottles, bits of string and similar junk, but he always made a big production of his visits, arriving at the head of a platoon of Western Union messenger boys who were armed with broomsticks. These, he said, were the shock troops of his Army of the Sahara and were going to take over the warehouse as his headquarters. Manhattan was relieved to close the Emperor's account after his wife killed him. She pleaded self-defense, and the jury agreed with her.

Nowadays, the company gets fewer of these colorful figures, but life in the warehouse is still no dull routine. A few years ago, for instance, the F.B.I. confiscated a cache of Ford automobile parts worth $2,500,000, which had been stored by the head of a nation-wide ring specializing in stolen auto equipment. Soon after Pearl Harbor the Alien Property Custodian appeared to take over a priceless art collection that had been deposited by Nazi agents, and in 1944 the police seized better than 10,000 pairs of black-market nylon stockings from a private room.

In 1945, Manhattan officials got a nasty turn when a customer named Walter H. Dahl, Jr., murdered a friend and disposed of the body by tossing the dismembered parts from various ferryboats. The police recovered everything but the head of the victim. Then the warehouse people remembered that Dahl had had them pack and ship a couple of trunks of his friend's effects to California. They were addressed to the parents of the murdered friend. Perhaps the head was in one of them!

But the records of the packing department showed that no head had been packed, and, as the department chief remarked, "We probably would have noticed an item like that." It turned out eventually that the head had been dropped off a ferry, too, and never was found. Dahl is doing a 10- to 20-year stretch for the killing.

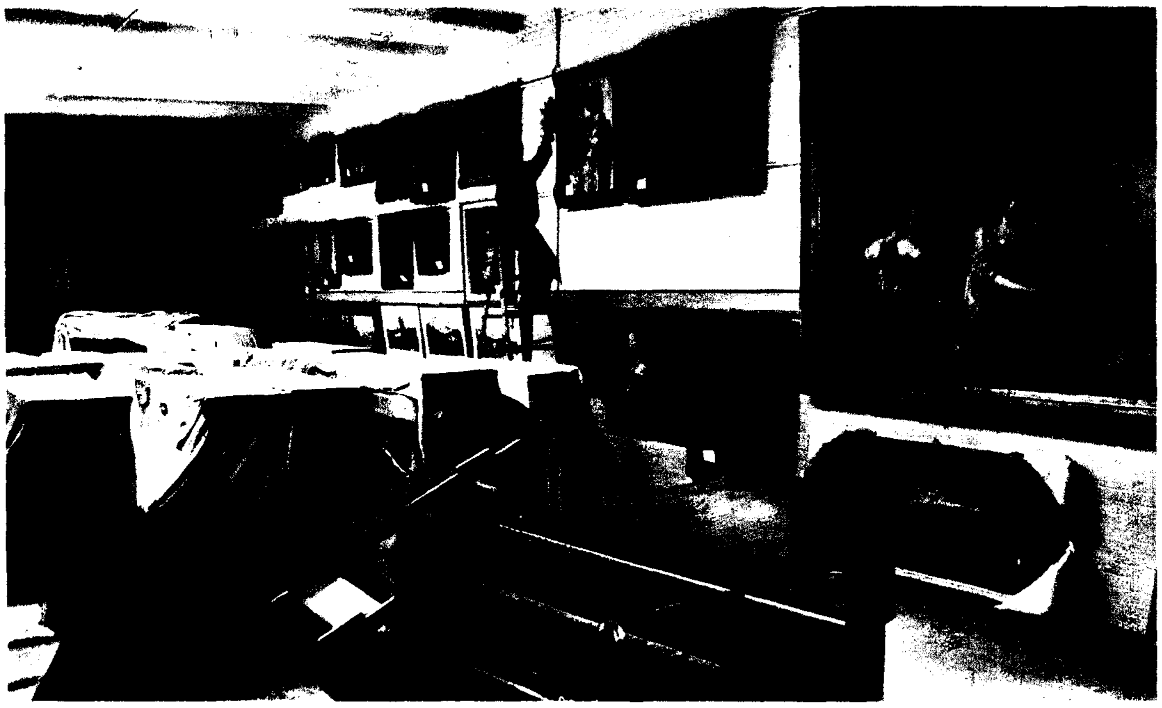
For the Valuables of the Wealthy

Manhattan Warehouse had its beginnings about 70 years ago, following a series of spectacular fires that had caused heavy losses in various parts of New York. A group of moneyed citizens, headed by Adrian Iselin, an investment banker, decided that it was high time the city had a really safe place in which the wealthy could store valuables. The group set about planning a warehouse which would be proof against fire, burglars and all other hazards to property. The original site was at the corner of Lexington Avenue and Forty-second Street, where in 1882 the first Manhattan building opened its doors.

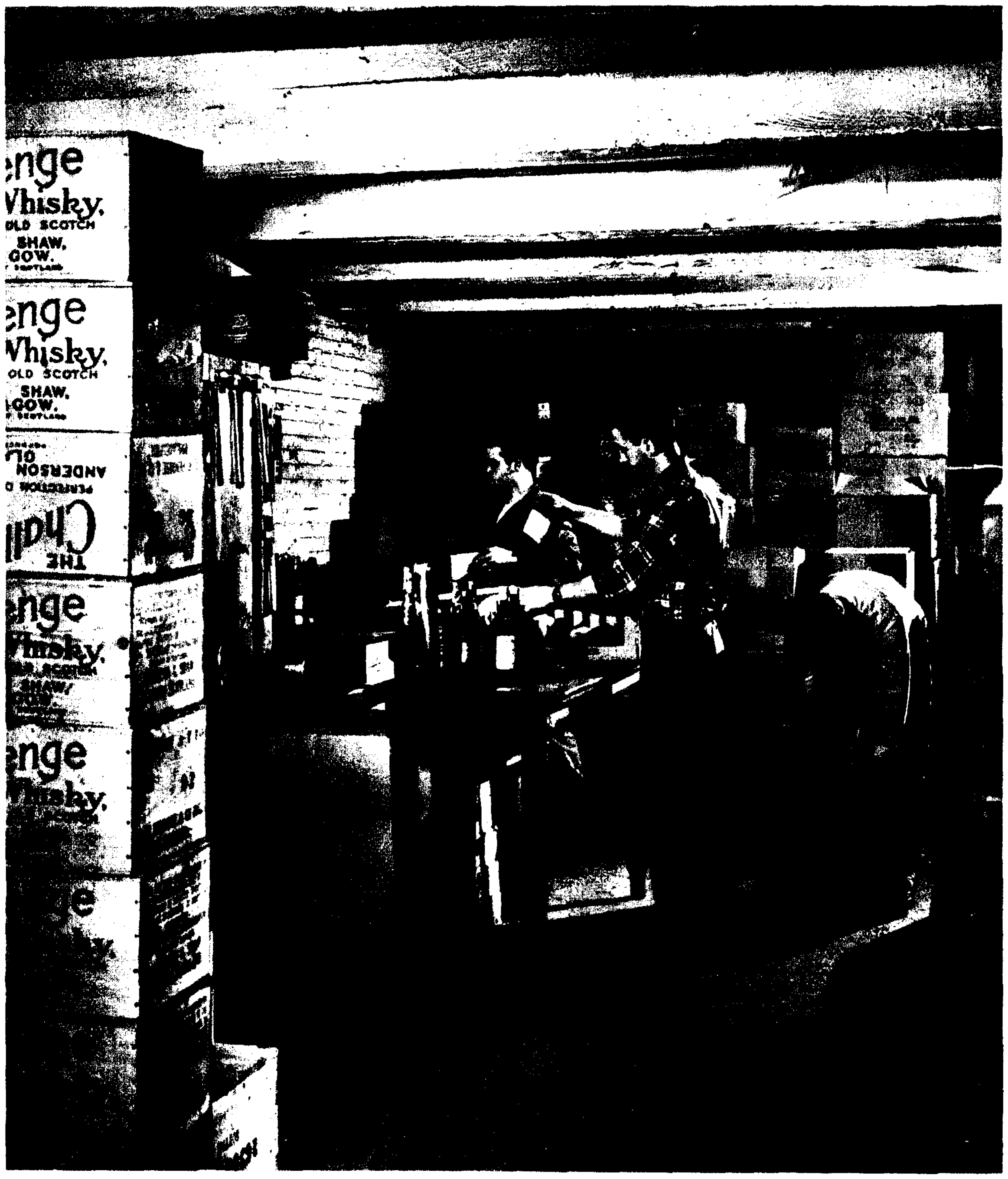
"They really knew how to build in those days," one company officer recalls. "Why, when we sold the property in 1925, it took two wrecking companies close to a year to tear down the warehouse. In fact, one of the companies lost so much money on the job that it went bankrupt."

The company built the warehouse on Fifty-second Street early in the 1890s, and created an architectural landmark. Copied from a Florentine castle, with walls three feet thick, it is considered one of the finest brick structures in the U.S. During the war it was certified as one of the very few bombproof buildings in New York. Passers-by often mistake it for an armory or a jail, and in summertime the doorway is a favorite resting place for passers-by because the natural indoor temperature of the building is at least 20 degrees cooler than outside. The cellar, which is even cooler, is esteemed by wine connoisseurs because it is absolutely free from traffic and subway vibrations,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 70)



Paintings and pianos are stored in a special room on the top floor of the massive brick pile. The room is air-conditioned, kept at a constant temperature and has special lighting designed to prevent any fading of colors. There are also elegant display rooms for persons wishing to sell their art treasures



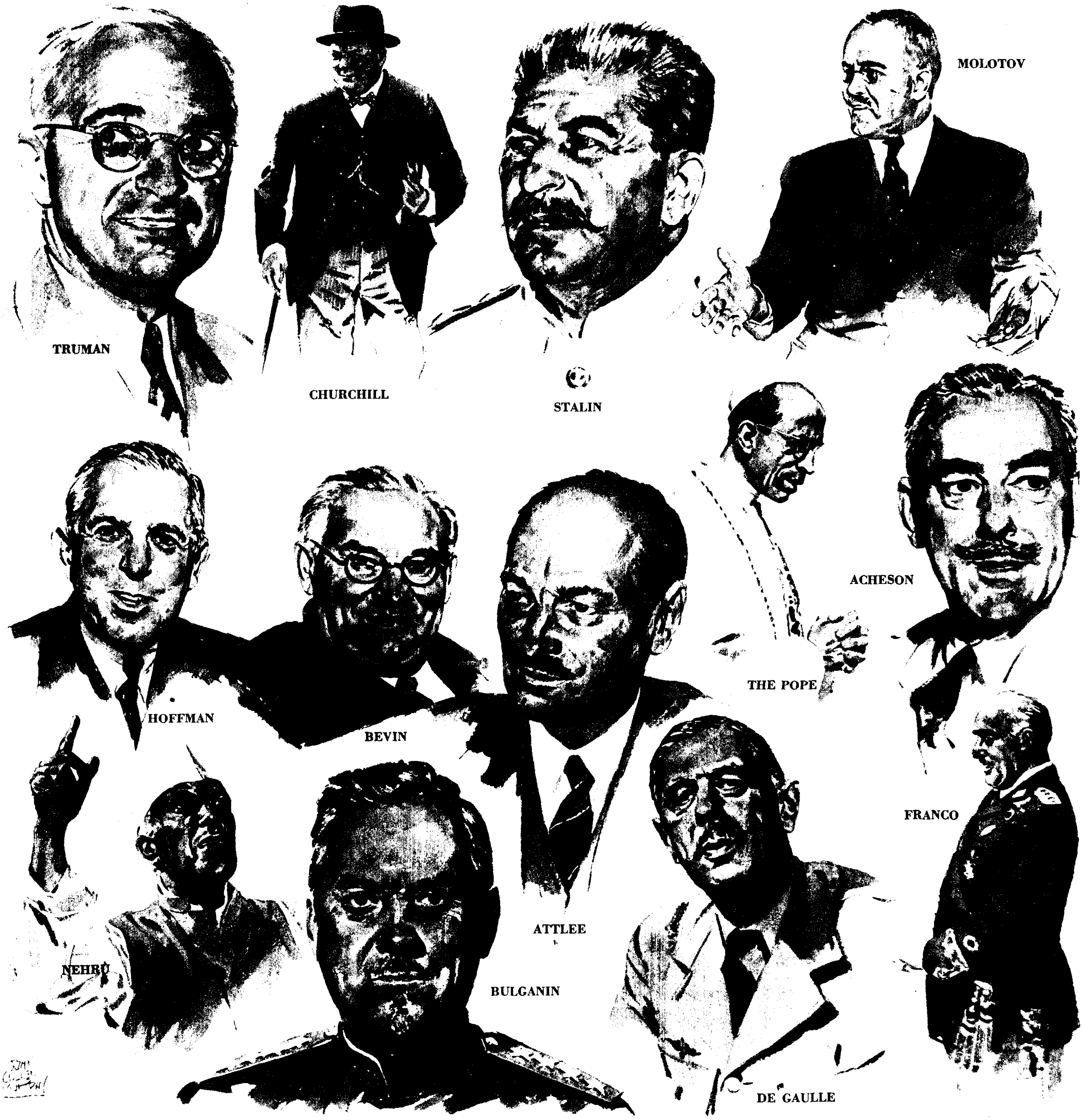
The wine storage room is at the bottom of the warehouse. This is esteemed by connoisseurs because it is free from traffic and subway vibrations that would stir up sediment in old vintages. More than a million cases of wine and liquor are handled each year, many of them deposited as security, like money in a bank

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HAROLD CORSINI

The 25 Men Who Rule The World

In this checkerboard world the major pieces are prime ministers and politicians, not kings and bishops. But a handful of men still move nations of pawns. Meet the men who are mapping your future in a cold game of global chess

By GEORGE KENT


MOLOTOV
TRUMAN
CHURCHILL
STALIN
ACHESON
THE POPE
HOFFMAN
BEVIN
FRANCO
ATTLEE
NEHRU
BULGANIN
DE GAULLE

IF THE pages of your autograph book prickle at the words *foreign correspondent*, the place for you is in the Overseas Press Club in New York. There you can find men like Homer Bigart, Wythe Williams and Ed Murrow drinking their strong whisky, and women like Anne O'Hare McCormick sipping their old wine or weak tea. You can also find any of several hundred others, most of whom you know by reputation.

Here are the eyes, ears and, in a way, the brains of Capitol Hill and the State Department. Here are men and women who have lived within lapel range of the world's great so long that they always know what's going on aboveground and underground, and can make a shrewd guess at what's coming next.

Basically, these reporters are not given to making large statements. But when they do—it's news! Recently, the Overseas Press Club's membership crawled out to the end of a limb. They picked the twenty-five men who are shaping the world for war or peace. There is no group better qualified to make this kind of list than the club's membership. Their selections will be published in a book next fall, but for the present, the list makes as neat and authoritative a summary of our global dilemmas as you will ever have.

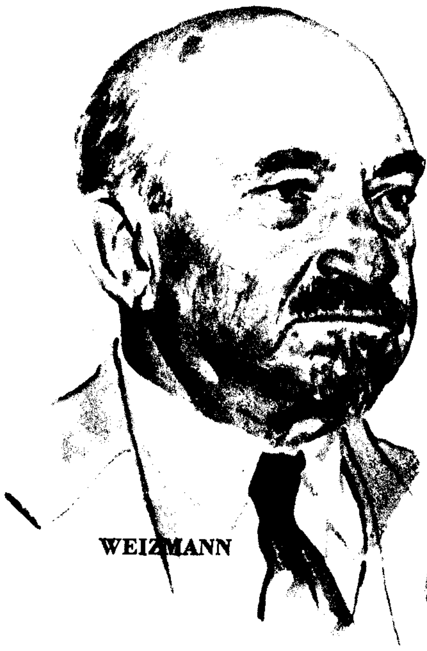
These twenty-five leaders who have been chosen are occupied, unfortunately, in shaping not one world but two. On the one hand you have the three greats of Russia—STALIN, MOLOTOV and MALENKOV—who are building a world of their own in the East. They have done more making and shaping than the West. They have taken, by grab and by loan, virtually everything from the borders of Russia to Berlin. And they continue to reach. By propaganda and by threat, their fingers are ever exploring and ever clutching more people and more power in every country.

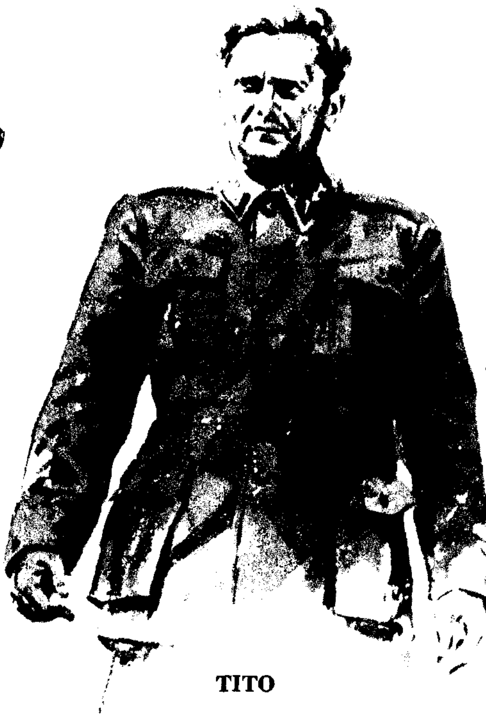
Stalin, chirp the optimists, is but the instrument of the Politburo. Granted, but where does that leave you? His smiling face, most of us at the Overseas Press Club feel, is a cheerful Halloween pumpkin, but unlike a happy hobgoblin, it conceals a Capone mind. He rules an unmerry band of ruffians who are all set to daub your peaceful walls with mud and unhinge the gates of civilization.

Vyacheslav Molotov is a more honest man. He looks like what he is: a dead-pan ball of relentless, conspiring flesh. Vishinsky doesn't count. He is a phonograph record to be turned on when vituperation is needed. Infinitely more important are

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 84)

DRAWINGS BY JOHN CULLEN MURPHY


WEIZMANN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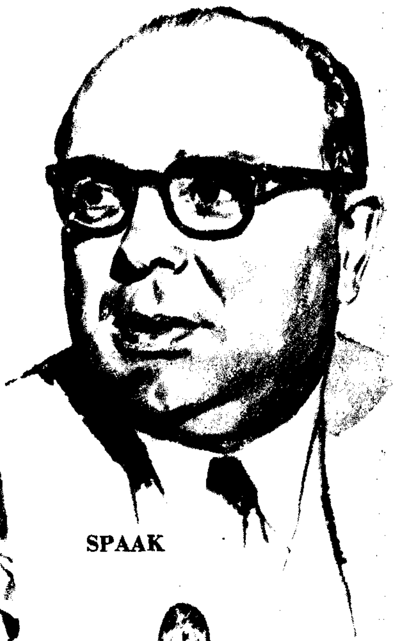
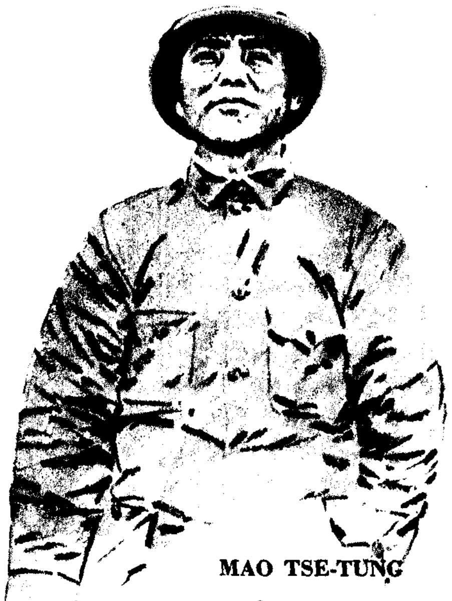
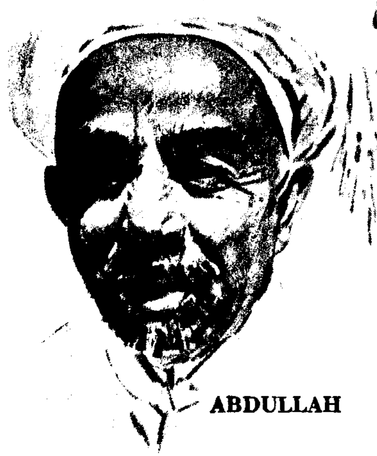

SPAAK


MAO TSE-TUNG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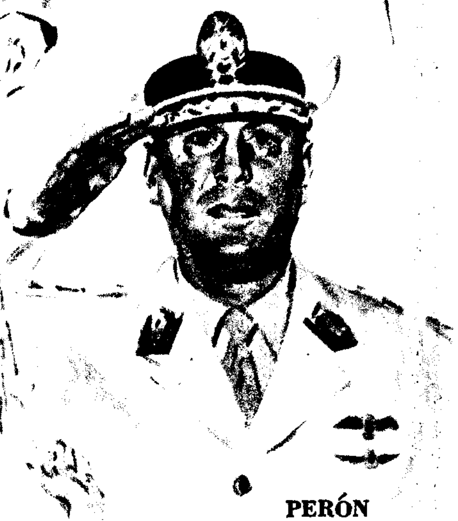
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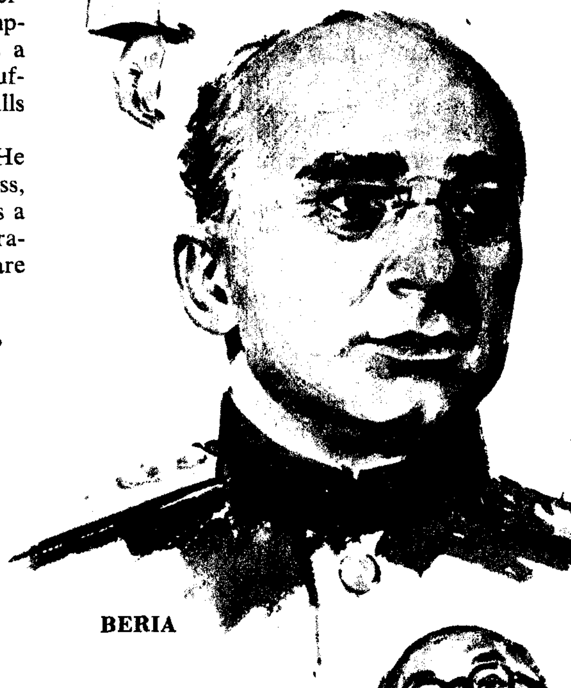
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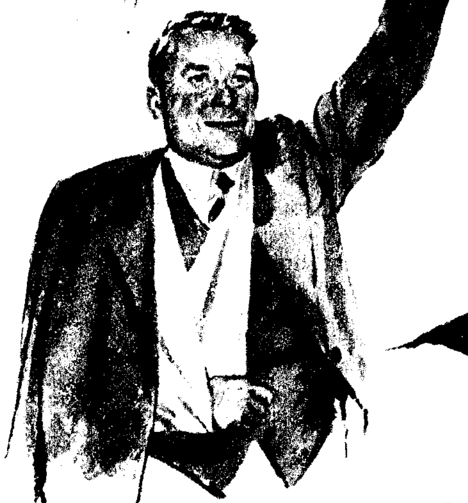
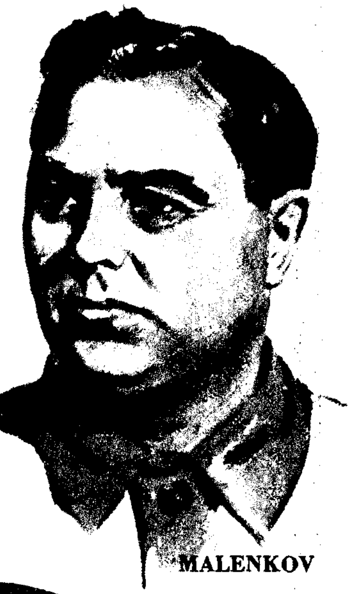

REUTHER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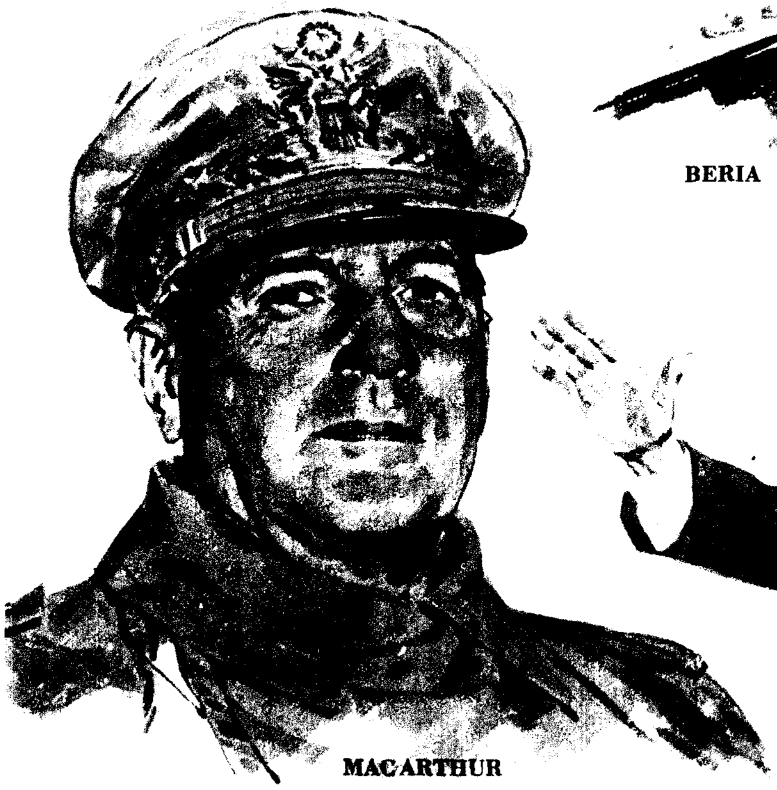
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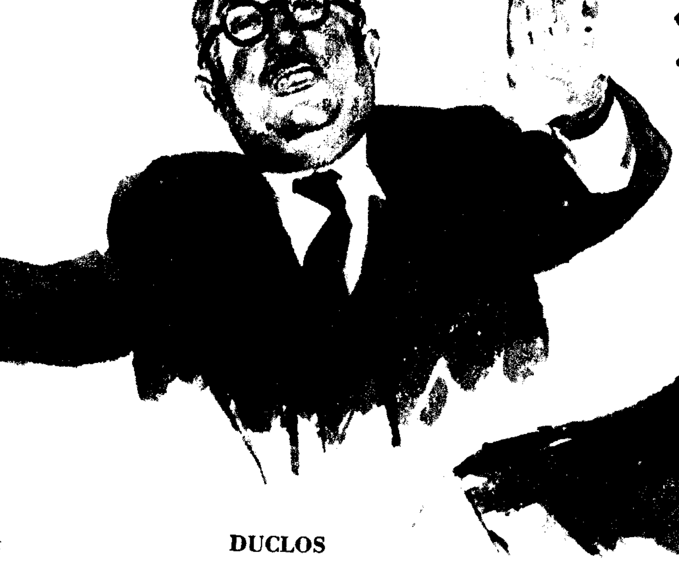
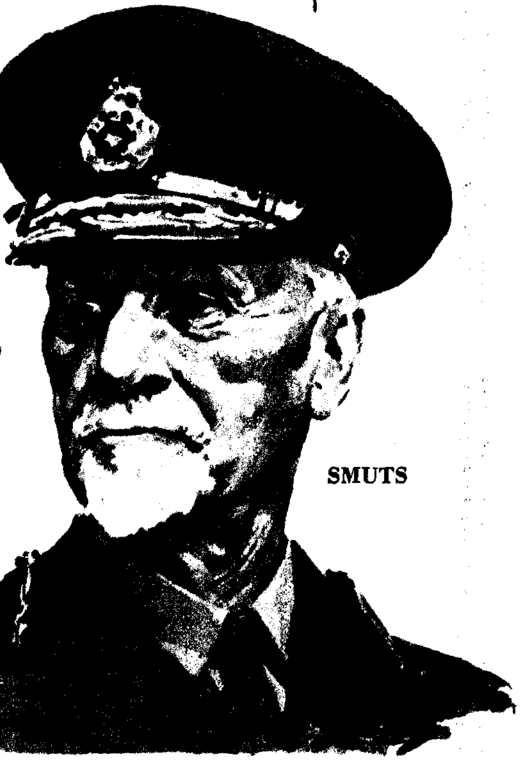
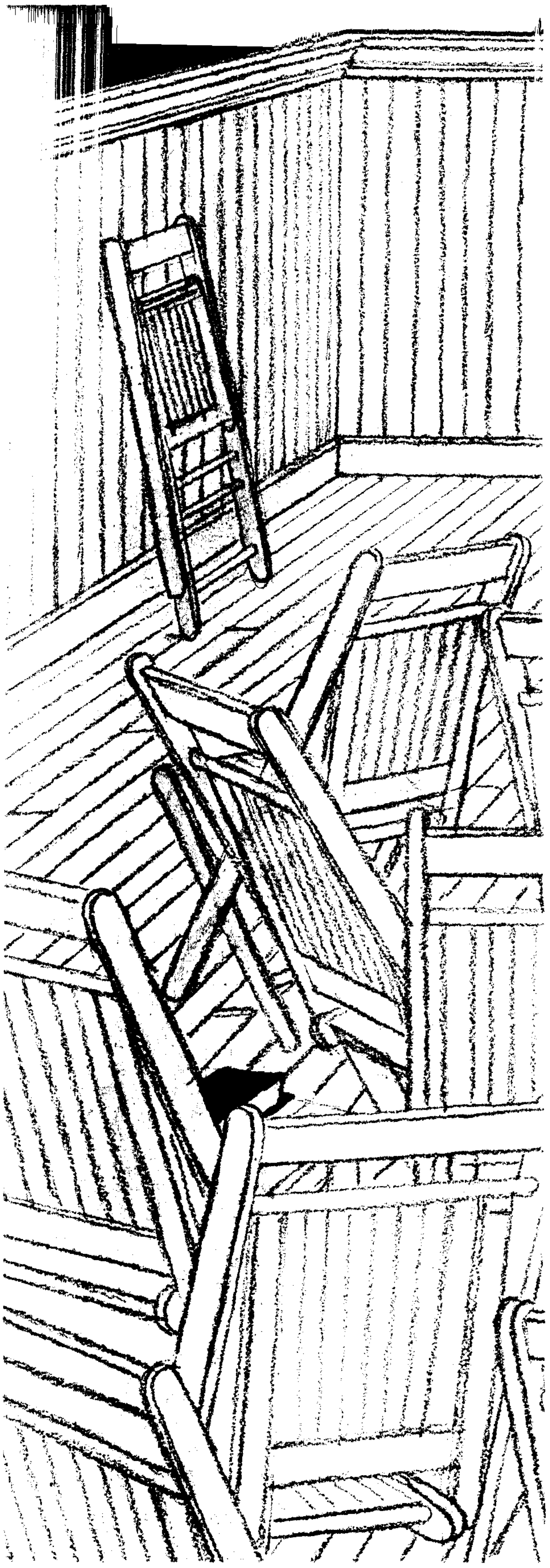

DUCLOS


SMUTS

ONE DAY WHEN I WAS LOST

By SAM ELKIN

He only asked to be treated as a man—who might live, earn his way, and be trusted, and be allowed to mourn a friend



CALVIN DAVISON was a tall, thin, wiry Negro with stooping shoulders, a long, bony face and sensitive brown eyes. His dark skin had the texture of old and cracked leather, though he was a man in his early forties.

Calvin worked in Janowitz' Clothing Store and, on warm, pleasant mornings, before the store opened, he waited at the front entrance, his gray woolen cap with the floppy brim which had long ago lost its virility pushed back over his deeply furrowed brow. If it were a cold, or a bitter and rainy morning, he waited deep in the entrance.

But no matter what kind of day, Calvin Davison was always there, waiting, smiling a greeting at Mr. Nevitt, the short, fat, excitable manager, or at Mr. Janowitz, or at Mrs. Janowitz, who rarely, these days, came down to open the store in the mornings.

Calvin liked Mrs. Janowitz best of all. For her, his smile was always warm, and of late, whenever she did appear at the store, he tried to quiet his own anxiety by telling her how well she looked. But Mrs. Janowitz, with a kind of knowing weariness, thanked him and asked after Mrs. Davison.

"Oh, she's fine," Calvin replied. "She always wants to know how you are."

Mrs. Janowitz smiled, a small soft smile. "Thank your wife for me, Mr. Davison. And tell her I'm feeling much better."

To Calvin, Mrs. Janowitz was the most thoughtful, considerate person, white or colored, he had ever known. She was small and chunky, with sad eyes, a sad smile and a heart that played tricks on her. From the very beginning, when Calvin first took the job and she was at the store every day, she made him feel like a man, not like a second-class citizen or some piece of machinery without heart and mind and feelings and likes and dislikes. The other people in the store (except for Mr. Jacoby, who seemed more like Mrs. Janowitz) were friendly and pleasant—up to a point. Then the small things came out, the small things made up of reservations and unwritten clauses—like that bad time of the quick glances behind his back.

He had been working in the store only a few days when certain amounts of money were found to be missing from the cash register. The staring began then, and the turning away from him, and the interrupted conversations when he passed by. It unnerved him. He got jittery and his work was affected, and he was about ready to quit when Mrs. Janowitz came to him one afternoon and asked him how he liked his job.

Calvin looked down at her, his lips tightening into a thin line. "Mrs. Janowitz—" he began, but she cut in on him quickly and easily.

"It isn't the best job in the world, Mr. Davison. I know that," she said. "But I hope you do like it. I'm pleased by the way you do things. And please understand that you won't be burdened by more work than one person can handle. Also, you'll receive two weeks' vacation with pay, like everyone else here. And in time you can expect regular increases in salary."

She stood looking up at him a moment, then turned and walked away. Thoughtfully then he went outside in back of the store and smoked a cigarette. Afterward, he came in again to work. And that night he said to his wife, "Mrs. Janowitz is a real human being."

His work in the store was hard—sweeping and cleaning and lugging boxes and keeping stock in order. But Mrs. Janowitz always saw to it that he had help when stock came in to be unloaded from trucks. After six months there was an increase in his pay envelope. And, one day, just before Christmas, while he was down in the basement fixing a valve behind the oil burner, he heard Mr. and Mrs. Janowitz come down the stairs, and he heard Mr. Janowitz saying, "Well, Esther, all the Christmas gifts are made up except Cal's. You know what I was thinking? I'll give him a couple of dollars and a bottle of whisky. He'll go for that bottle, believe me."

Calvin froze. He felt trapped. As he waited, hardly daring to draw a breath, Mrs. Janowitz said in a quick angered voice, "What a thing to say, Harry! Shame on you!"

"Why, what's wrong, Esther?"

"How can you say that about Mr. Davison? That's what's wrong!"

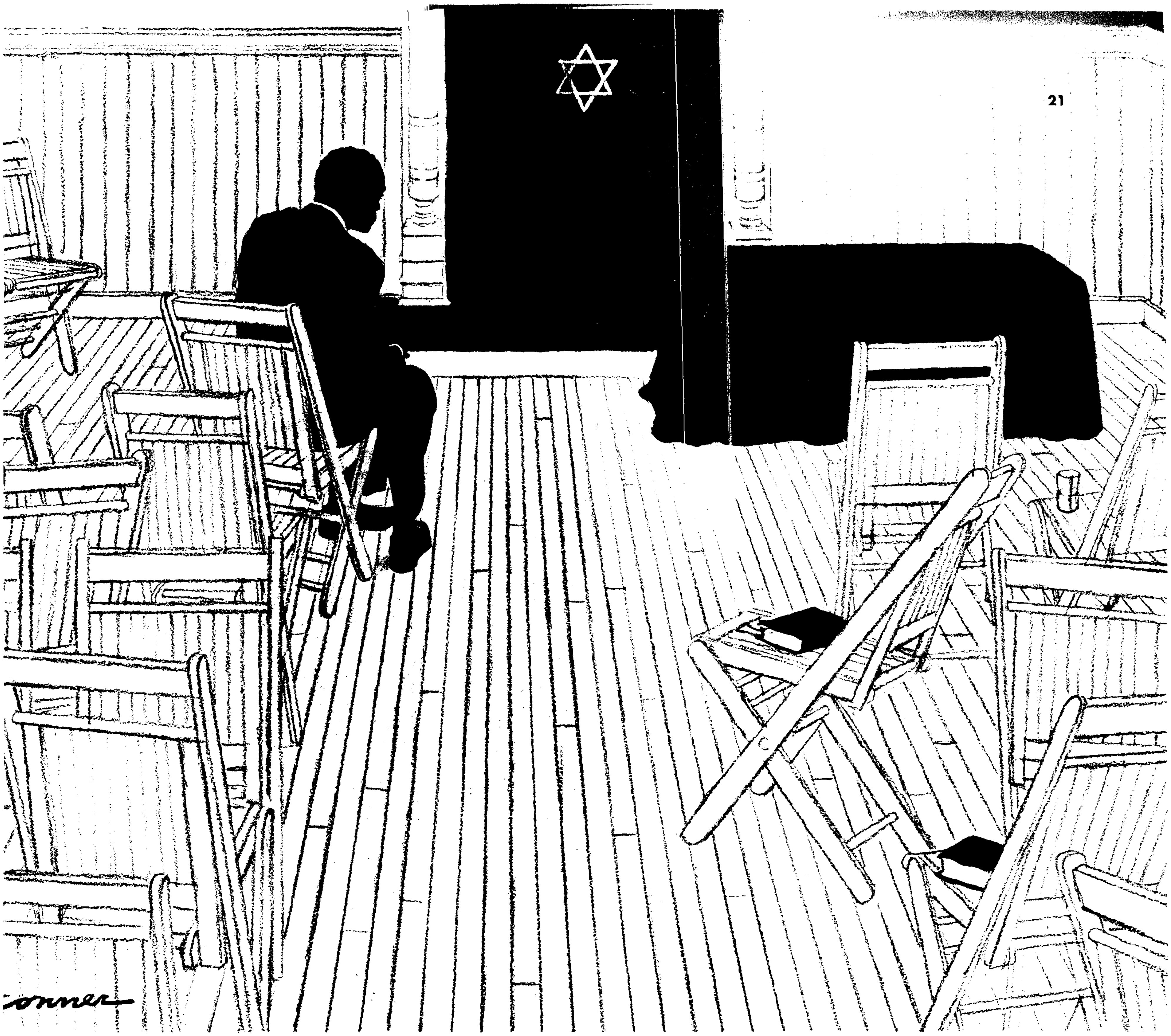
"All right, all right. I'm sorry."

"How can you even *think* such a thing?"

"I said I'm sorry."

"Never mind sorry. You'll give Mr. Davison a twenty-five-dollar bonus. And besides that you'll let him pick out any suit he wants in the store. I'm ashamed of you, Harry! Mr. Davison is one of our best workers! That's the only basis he's to be judged on! Do you understand, Harry?"

It wasn't the extra twenty-five dollars, or the suit



Calvin sat very quietly for a few moments. Then he slowly took his hat off and put it on his lap and stared at the place where Mrs. Janowitz' coffin had been

of clothes. He was happy about that, of course; but it was the outraged tone of her voice that meant the most to him. It was as though her husband had insulted the most respected man in the community. It was the anger against a man for having spoken carelessly about another man, and Calvin Davison would never forget the memory of that voice. Often, as he waited in the entrance of the store in the mornings, he remembered it and thought of Mrs. Janowitz, hoping she was feeling well, wishing to see her walking down the street to open the store, thinking of things he could do, if she did come, that would make her stay in the store comfortable.

THESE were exactly his thoughts one bright, warm, sunny morning when Mr. Nevitt, whose turn it was to open the store, arrived a half hour late. Calvin started to smile his greeting, but it withered away from his lips as he saw Mr. Nevitt's pale face and watery eyes.

Mr. Nevitt said, "She's dead, Cal. Mrs. Janowitz died this morning. Heart attack."

Calvin blinked once. And then, as though hypnotized, he stood with his eyes wide open. When he finally moved he brought his right hand up over his underlip, a sudden overwhelming sadness sweeping into him.

Mr. Nevitt sighed and wiped his eyes. "No sense for you to stay, Cal. I'll tell the rest when they come."

Calvin turned away in a half circle, stopped, then turned completely around and held his hands outstretched in front of him.

"What can I do, Mr. Nevitt?"

"Nothing, Cal." Mr. Nevitt's voice cracked. "What can we do?"

Mr. Nevitt started to cry and Calvin felt helpless, empty. He stood looking down at Mr. Nevitt crying softly in a handkerchief. He glanced out through the entrance and saw people, window-shopping, staring at him, then walking away and looking back. He could feel the warmness of the day. What a day for a woman like Mrs. Janowitz to die, he thought. He clasped his hands in front of him and stood this way until Mr. Nevitt stopped crying. Then he asked, "When is the funeral, Mr. Nevitt?"

Mr. Nevitt wiped his eyes. "Ten, tomorrow morning," he said.

"And the service, please? Where will it be?"

"At the synagogue."

Calvin nodded and turned and walked slowly away up the street. He walked a long time before he realized he was way on the other side of the town from his home. . . .

He slept badly that night. He spent most of the night talking with his wife about Mrs. Janowitz, And when morning came he dressed in the black suit which Mr. Janowitz had given him at Christmas, and in black shoes and white shirt and black tie. He placed a black Homburg on his head and left for the synagogue.

When he got there, many people were in front of the synagogue. They were standing around, mostly, speaking in hushed voices. Some of the faces

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 53)

ILLUSTRATED BY MAC CONNER

A tense moment during the 1948 National Spelling Bee when Darrell Flavelle misspells a word. **Jean Chappelear, who won, can hardly stand the suspense** ACME

Wizards Of Words

If your life depended on it, could you spell acanthopterygian? Or caesalpiniaceous? Or taeniafuge? Meet some kids who just eat up words like those. They're our crack young spellers—the pick of 5,000,000—who'll soon battle it out, in the nation's capital, for the spelling championship of these United States

By ERNEST L. BARCELLA

HOW well can Junior spell? As a starter test him out on *acanthopterygian*. Now slip him a change of pace and let him try swinging at *glacier* and *precede*. Then give the little genius a quick run-down on these: *caesalpiniaceous, ouananiche* and *taeniafuge*.

If the pride and joy can come through on those brain-busters, he's one in 5,000,000; a solid choice as national champion speller, with fame beckoning and a tidy $500 cash prize with which to start a bank account. For that's the type of ammunition—and opportunity—that 49 highly I.Q.-ed kids will face on the stage of the National Press Club Auditorium in Washington, D.C., on May 27th—B-Day ("B" is for National Spelling Bee).

Caesalpiniaceous, ouananiche and *taeniafuge* were but a few of the toughies that appeared on the Master List of words for the 1948 National Spelldown. There were others, such as *chlorophyll, foliaceous, syzygy,* and the old perennial, *tintinnabulation*. And *oligarchy*, the word that brought the 1948 National title to a country barber's blond, curly-haired daughter—fourteen-year-old Jean Chappelear of Black Horse, Ohio (pop. 300).

Jean was one of 40 finalists, all under sixteen, all eighth-graders or less, and all representing the best in grade-school spellers from every section of the land. One by one they went down swinging (in this game, one strike and you're out) until, some five hours later, only Jean Chappelear and fourteen-year-old Darrell Flavelle of Washington, D.C., were left.

For 58 rounds, Jean and Darrell rattled off some of Noah Webster's trickiest, such as *senescent, interstice, cytoplasm, sardonyx, plebiscite, piccalilli.* It seemed as if they could, and would, go on forever. Then—

"Oligarchy," said official pronouncer Benson S. Alleman.

Darrell winced, hesitated, then gave it the old try: "A . . . l . . . i . . . g . . ."

The 600 persons in the National Press Club auditorium gasped. Darrell had come a cropper. Under the rules he was done unless Jean fumbled the word, too. Quietly, Alleman fired the same word at Jean. She fielded it cleanly, stepped back smiling and waited. Now all she had to do was spell one more word correctly. If she missed, Darrell would have another chance.

"And now," said pronouncer Alleman, pausing dramatically— *"psychiatry."*

That was word No. 607 on the list of 816—beginning with *bleach* and ending with *taeniafuge*—the spellers had had to face that day. Jean's freckled face broke into a quick smile of recognition. She paused a moment to make sure, then stepped confidently to the microphone. When she clearly enunciated the last "y" a thundering of applause swept over the stage. You'd have thought that Joe DiMaggio had just clouted a two-out, last-of-the-ninth, 3-2 pitch into the bleachers.

A spelldown can be, and usually is, that exciting, even in the smallest classroom of the smallest school in the country. But when it's a national championship, a spelling bee packs all the dramatic wallop of a World Series. And you don't have to look further back than the 1947 finals for a large gob of pathos. That was the year Mattie Lou Pollard beat out Sonya Rodolfo.

From the start, Mattie Lou and Sonya were the sentimental favorites of the audience, blond Mattie Lou because she came from a one-room little red schoolhouse in Thomaston, Georgia; raven-haired Sonya because everyone knew she had gone through the horror of war on Luzon and had, after being in this country only two years, spelled down 475,000 competitors in the Chicago area to reach the finals.

Sonya had conquered the word *guerrilla* after asking the pronouncer whether he meant "gorilla—meaning ape, or guerrilla, meaning a member of the underground." Then she stumbled on the word *maggoty*, putting in an extra "t," and lost the day. Great tears welled up in her eyes. When it seemed that Sonya's heart would burst with disappointment, Mattie Lou put a consoling arm around her shoulders, kissed her on the cheek and said softly, "Sonya, I wish you had won."

For what must be the finest example of sportsmanship in the history of the National Spelling Bee, there is the memorable case of towheaded, thirteen-year-old Dickie Crews of Lynchburg, Virginia, one of the 1948 finalists. He muffed the spelling of *quell*, not giving it enough "l." It chanced, however, that the judges didn't hear the mistake. The youngster looked at pronouncer Alleman who, being powerless to disqualify a contestant, in turn looked inquiringly to the three judges for a right or wrong signal. They nodded an okay. Dickie didn't hesitate. "Sir," he told Alleman, "I missed that word. I know I did. I'll have to withdraw."

The audience saluted the lad with a salvo of palm-pounding that shook the ceiling.

That's the way it is with spelldowns. They're a test of ability, poise, intelligence, sportsmanship, preparation (some of the kids practice as much as two hours a day throughout the year) and concentration. They are a tribute to the youngsters and to the unsung, untiring and frequently underpaid heroes and heroines of the classroom—the teachers.

Historic Background of Spelldowns

The spelldown seems to be as American as Yankee Doodle. Its exact origin is a trifle obscure and thus open to dispute. But it appears that the British must be credited with some sort of an assist. The Library of Congress is authority for the information that a forerunner of the spelling bee is to be found in the practices of the Elizabethan schools as far back as 1596. A schoolmaster of that day, one Edmund Coote of Bury St. Edmunds, set forth a method by which the teacher "shall direct his schollers *(sic)* to oppose one another."

Available data indicate that the spelldown, as we know it today, originated in the New England colonies. At least, history records that there was, in 1766, a custom in a school in Newport, Rhode Island, wherein the teacher held "trials" in spelling in which "the pupils took their positions according to scholarship."

Down through the years, the spelling bee was confined pretty much to the individual schoolhouse. Then, in the early 1920s, newspapers opened up wider horizons. Before long—in 1925 to be exact—the spelldown became a countrywide contest, with the Louisville Courier-Journal spawning the first National Spelling Bee and inviting the Detroit News and seven other newspapers to join in. The Courier-Journal conducted it annually through 1940, then relinquished the sponsorship to Scripps-Howard. Since, with the exception of war years 1943, 1944 and 1945, Scripps-Howard has been running it with other leading newspapers. Like the fabled Topsy, the bee grew and grew until, this year, an all-time record number of newspapers—47 of them—are sending 49 spellers to Washington.

Each newspaper sponsors in its particular city, state, area or region a preliminary spelldown that qualifies the winner for the national finals in Washington. And each antes up a sponsorship fee, a sum ranging from about $125 to $250. This goes into a common kitty to defray costs for the finals—prizes totaling $3,005 (including $500 to the winner plus a $75 bonus to finance a trip to New York; $300 for the runner-up; $100 for third-place winner; $50 apiece to each of the next 19 finalists and $40 each to the rest of the finalists); gold medals for each of the finalists, with a ruby inset added to the champ's medal; sight-seeing tours in Washington, and a banquet.

The spelling bee is a strictly nonprofit-making proposition. After the finals every year each of the sponsoring newspapers gets an itemized list of all expenses for the finals (individual sponsoring newspapers pay the costs of their "local" bees, plus the transportation to Washington and back for the local winner and an escort). If any money is left over, the sponsors are polled to determine how they wish it to be used. In the past, they have voted to let surplus money accumulate for use in keeping the National Spelling Bee going in leaner times.

It takes months of tedious, painstaking preparation to get ready for the big spelldown in Washington. The wheels start turning in December for the following year. Kids all over the country—an estimated 5,000,000 of them—start their "spring training" during the Christmas holidays.

It's a serious business with them. They bone up for the classroom competition, the first rung in the ladder to the finals. Classroom winners compete for individual school titles; school winners for town and city championships, and on up the scale until the winner in the area covered by the sponsoring newspaper is selected for the Washington finals.

Interest is whipped to white heat by local promotion stunts such as broadcasting spelling contests between prominent civic leaders; reader contests; spelldowns for schoolteachers themselves; cards in shop windows showing a new word a day and asking, "Is this word spelled correctly?"

Until 1948 the task of directing the National Bee was ably handled by Max B. Cook, Scripps-Howard aviation editor. But the giant strides made by aviation, Cook's specialty, now require him to devote all his time to that calling. The masterminding now is done by handsome, black-haired Charley Schneider, thirty-seven-year-old Scripps-Howard promotion editor, who has had more than a little experience with spelldowns.

A Mastermind's Nightmare

Schneider recalls—with a chuckle, *now*—a nightmarish experience two years ago when he directed the local area spelling bees for the Cleveland Press. Indelibly impressed in his memory is the word *briquette*.

The Cleveland finals were on the air. The competition had narrowed down to two girls, and the key word was *briquette*. The first girl spelled it *briquet* and was declared in error. The second spelled it *briquette* and was proclaimed the winner. The band played and the announcer cried "On to Washington!" as the program faded off the air.

Then, up from the radio audience stepped a schoolteacher to raise a point of order. *Briquette*, she insisted, had an optional spelling—*briquet*. Hurried thumbing through Webster's confirmed this. There was no alternative but to announce in the newspapers the next day that a terrible mistake had been made and that the contest would be reopened on the radio that night with the same two girls picking up where they left off. Do you know what happened? Yes, the girl who had "lost" the previous night went on to win.

Even the most carefully devised plans are not always foolproof. There was the case of twelve-year-old Johnny Donnellan of Grade 8-B, Holy Name School, New York. Johnny, competing in the World-Telegram's 1948 runoff at the Town Hall,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 51)

NATIONAL PRESS CLUB
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9

ACME

The finalists in the 1947 bee. The winner, Mattie Lou Pollard—product of a one-room Thomaston, Georgia, schoolhouse—is No. 3. The runner-up, Sonya Rodolfo, from the Philippines via Chicago, is No. 9

How

are you in Trunks?

By DARBY ST. JOHN

The gigolo business was a pushover for young William. He didn't see the catch till he was caught

WHEN the door to Mr. Cornwall's Sunset Strip office finally opened, William Carter unfolded into nearly six feet of pinkish well-knit young man with a cool, inquisitive glance, a wide, tortured mouth, and a blond crew haircut covering a mind which the senior Pommel, of Pommel & Pommel, had recently described to Mr. Cornwall, of Cornwall, Dana & Winter, as a legal bear trap.

"Come in, Carter," Mr. Cornwall said cordially. "I've heard about you from George Pommel. Very favorable."

William kept his face blank. "I enjoyed my work there," he said. He folded himself into the leather chair and looked at Mr. Cornwall across a polished desk as bare as a Dali landscape. Mr. Cornwall was fiftyish and graying; he had a white flower in his lapel, and a polished and affable air of success.

"Pommel & Pommel is a good law firm." Mr. Cornwall said. "It's a wonder you want to leave."

"It's the setup," William said frankly. "I've had four years' experience at corporation work now, and I've got to think of the future. George Pommel's son Henry joined the firm a few months ago and Angus Pommel's son James graduates from Harvard Law School next year, so the firm will eventually become Pommel, Pommel, Pommel & Pommel. Then there's a brother Asa whose son Arthur Pommel is studying law—"

"Say no more," Mr. Cornwall said. "I see you have more above the ears, William, than a sunburned paintbrush."

He looked at William candidly and saw a young man who would make an acceptable dinner partner judged by strictest Hollywood standards, who could probably find his way through a rumba without falling over his feet.

"Can you play tennis?" Mr. Cornwall asked irrelevantly.

"I won the men's singles in college," William said.

"How are you in swimming trunks?"

William eyed him with growing reserve. "I never had any complaints," he said coldly.

Mr. Cornwall looked greatly pleased. "Good," he said. "Klippinger was a total loss to us there."

Mr. Cornwall settled back in his chair. "As you know, William," he said, "a large part of our business comes from women who are in matrimonial distress. This type of business requires special handling: It is obvious that a woman suing for divorce or back alimony, or a court ruling on who owns the family limousine, suffers great emotional stress. She appreciates an occasional orchid, a congenial night-club escort, an agreeable opponent in a friendly game of tennis."

"I'm afraid that's rather out of my line," William said. "All my experience has been in corporation law. That's my real interest and—"

"We might be able to work you into the corporation end later," Mr. Cornwall said. "Meantime think of the experience, William! You'll have an expense account, a salary and bonuses; you'll find your name mentioned in gossip columns as the escort of glamorous women—"

"No," William said, getting up. "Thanks just the same, Mr. Cornwall."

Mr. Cornwall mentioned a salary. They looked at each other across the desk. William sat down.

"I think I ought to tell you," he said, "that I intend to continue reading up on corporation law in my spare time."

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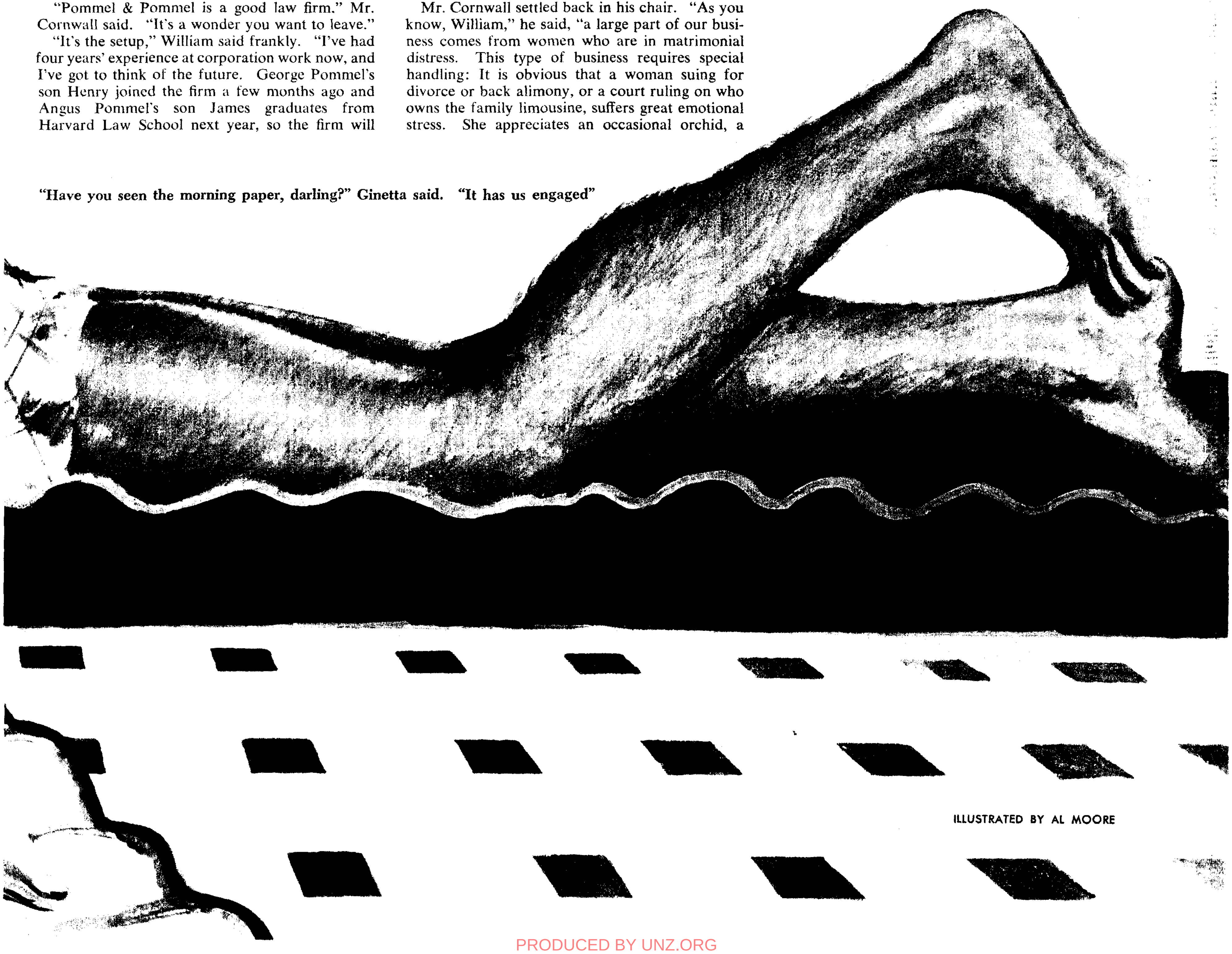


"Have you seen the morning paper, darling?" Ginetta said. "It has us engaged"

ILLUSTRATED BY AL MOORE

The Great LARYNX

By ROBERT SOUTHERN

Art and Lois Linkletter join their five children in a family sing. The young Linkletters are, left to right, Robert, Sharon, Dawn, Art, Jr., and baby Diana

Art Linkletter, emcee of People Are Funny and House Party, has made his ball-bearing gags pay like the mint. He is the handsomest, talkingest man on radio, whose harassed victims laugh with him—or else

SOME 20 years ago, in a San Diego high-school play, a brassy and mutinous kid named Arthur Gordon Linkletter perversely abandoned the script and went into a spiel of his own that broke up the show. When order was restored, after Linkletter had been jerked off the stage, an indignant teacher screamed at him: "You talk too much! Someday you'll learn the hard way that you can't ad-lib your way through life."

The teacher has long since gone into oblivion, but Arthur Gordon Linkletter, after a 17-year odyssey with his freewheeling tongue, is now using it to earn $250,000 a year. Eddie Cantor, a superb off-the-cuff artist himself, claims Linkletter is the "best ad-libber in radio," and Bing Crosby once made the irreverent but friendly observation that Linkletter can persuade people to do anything "because he suffers from astigmatism of the skull, a malady that distorts his brain."

The real Linkletter operates somewhere between these two extremes. He's a remarkable performer who is neither actor, commentator nor comedian, but whose slick and shrewd handling of people sometimes makes him appear to be a fusion of all three. In a profession dedicated to the sanctity of the rehearsed script and the ruthlessness of the sweep second hand on studio clocks, Linkletter is unique because he can, and does, ignore both. He has no gag writers and works without a script, but he has a butcher's instinct for slicing the ham that inevitably crops out of the participants in his two shows, People Are Funny and House Party.

A case in point, which is said to have given his sponsors temporary paralysis, occurred in Cincinnati some weeks ago. Linkletter asked a visitor, "What is tall, gleaming white and dependable?" The contestant was supposed to mention a refrigerator on the stage so Linkletter could follow up with the commercial. Instead the man coyly replied, "It must be my wife." Linkletter quickly located the man's wife in the audience and asked her to stand. "Yes," he snapped, "I can see she's tall—and maybe gleaming white—but does she have a built-in quick freeze?"

Flustered, the man blurted, "Yes."

"And," said Linkletter, delivering the *coup de grâce,* "does her upper compartment have room for 70 pounds of food?"

With the audience in a spasm, the amateur humorist said no more, but slunk up the aisle with his fuming wife and disappeared.

Linkletter has rarely been outflanked in these surprise thrusts, and now has such a reputation for the lethal squelch that even professional wisecrackers hesitate to stick their necks out. Only one man ever ignored the Linkletter sting, a fuzzy pest who once got a strangle hold on Linkletter's sleeve and refused to let go.

"Pardon me one moment," Linkletter said to his nation-wide audience. He handed the microphone

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MURRAY GARRETT

to an engineer, knocked out the intruder with a short right and went on with the show.

Historians in the meringue world at Sunset and Vine insist that Linkletter would be unruffled even if he found himself in the electric chair, and would probably have some quip about hot current events. This seems like a fair appraisal, because in almost two decades of ad-libbing, he has breezed through crises that would shatter more sensitive souls.

Once an inebriated governor passed out at a crucial moment and Linkletter was forced to spend precious minutes describing the "emotions" that had floored the state executive.

Another time Linkletter fired a shotgun into a barrel for a sound effect, blew out the station transmitter and cascaded 20 feet of plate glass into his sponsor's lap.

He has been sued half a dozen times by disgruntled listeners or participants, and at least once —he says there were no others, despite critical opinion to the contrary—found himself with a genuine lunatic on his hands.

He lost a sponsor just before the war because a strange character praised Hitler on the air and started a riot in the studio. Another sponsor dropped Linkletter because he fell over a log while broadcasting a beach party at night, and lost the microphone in a clump of seaweed. "I was quietly buried at sea," he says.

Gift of Gab Pays Big Dividends

Linkletter survives these imbroglios because, as one piqued contemporary puts it, he is sustained by the conviction that Marconi invented the radio for Linkletter. In any case there is no doubt that Linkletter is the talkingest man on the air and, with no other equipment than his ball-bearing gab, has made it pay like the mint on his two big network shows. The package price on the pair is $307,000 for 39 weeks.

Sponsors for the House Party alone claim a minimum of 5,000,000 women listeners for Linkletter five afternoons a week, and periodically galvanize their local dealers with flashy bulletins about Linkletter's curious effect on "all types of women—young, old, newlywed, long-wed, and just waiting." One recent communiqué, a four-page illustrated paean, exhorted the merchants to let the public hear the program through loud-speakers outside their stores "if local ordinances do not prevent," and added that "the old Linkletter charm really gets the ladies."

These claims are not entirely hyperbole because 75 per cent of Linkletter's audiences are women, and year after year his fan mail runs a steady 4,000 letters a month. On special occasions, when there is a free catalogue or some other gimmick, he has been deluged with as many as 37,000 letters in one day. Despite the fact that he is happily married and has five children, Linkletter's women fans send him more than 100 proposals a year, some so earthy that he promptly turns them over to his lawyers. Other women clutter up the Linkletter home in Hollywood with gifts the year round, including hand-knitted socks and supplies of fresh butter, eggs and other foods.

Each time Linkletter announced the birth of a new baby for him and Mrs. Linkletter, he was swamped with enough goods to stock a store. A soft-drink company, one of the regular donors, has sent two cases of its product to Linkletter's home once a month for the past five years. The family gulps it down in a few days, but Linkletter takes a cynical view of the unsolicited gift on the grounds that the company probably hopes for a free plug on the air. Some statisticians once estimated that any gratuitous mention on a network show is worth $500, so the soft-drink company may have to risk sending the stuff for another fifteen years.

Last year Linkletter was offered personal appearance dates in more than 100 cities, with a minimum guarantee of $3,000 for each performance, plus a percentage of the gate. He accepted six of these offers, appearing alone on the stage for two hours, a tour de force grudgingly admired by rivals whose own stage shows are bolstered by orchestras, singers and props. Linkletter audiences paid up to $2.75 a seat, and he came home with a $25,000 net for the brief trip.

Linkletter also takes the House Party on the road, an expedition on which he is accompanied by 14 people and which runs about $9,000 a week in travel costs alone. But the sponsor considers it a cheap investment and says lyrically: "Sales resistance collapses . . . the sheer enjoyment of the half hour works on prospective buyers as effectively as any windy wordage we have ever heard."

The Hollywood misanthropes profess to be baffled by the Linkletter phenomenon, but it's no mystery to some 3,000,000 people who have seen him and his ubiquitous mike face to face, or the 35,000 men and women he has interviewed on the air. He is probably the handsomest physical specimen in radio, with 210 pounds of muscle on a six-foot-plus frame. His daily gym training program continues to appall the gin-rummy athletes of radio row.

Linkletter brings a *Turnverein* glow to the microphone, augmented by a raffish grin and raised eyebrows that give him a look of perpetual excitement and wonder. The impact is inescapable.

"Linkletter," says Bing Crosby, "has the viewpoint of the divvil himself."

Putting a Show Girl on the Spot

This is a sound analysis if you assume that the divvil believes in sex, because the experts say Linkletter could find something gaily risqué in a quilting bee at an old maids' home. A master prospector for *double-entendres*, he has an uncanny way of extracting them from innocent studio guests without offending either the people involved, or the sensitive FCC. Not long ago, for example, he asked a popular Broadway show girl to describe her "secret" hobby.

"Oh, Mr. Linkletter," the girl breathed, "I couldn't talk about *that* on the radio."

When the audience whooped, Linkletter shook his head reprovingly and ad-libbed: "That's all right. Go ahead and tell them. They won't think it's silly that even a glamorous show girl likes to make fudge in her kitchen on Sunday nights."

Another incident involved Lillian Fontaine, mother of Olivia de Havilland and Joan Fontaine. Linkletter asked where her two famous daughters were born.

"In Tokyo," she said.

Linkletter's eyes widened from coast to coast. "In Tokyo? How on earth did *that* happen?"

Mrs. Fontaine seemed nonplused for a moment. "Well—" she said lamely, "in the regular way."

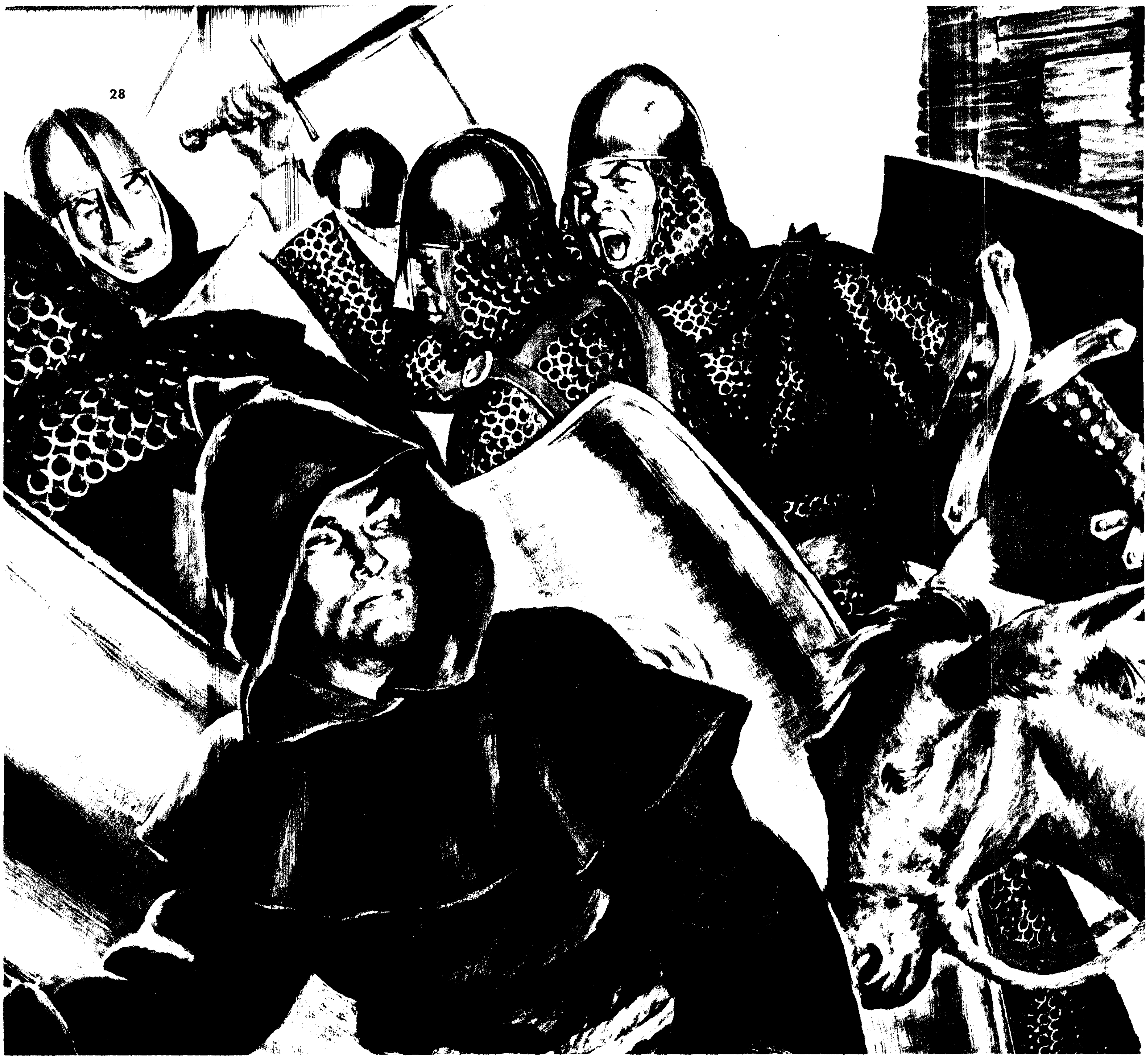
Admittedly, Linkletter is on mushy ground in his ad-lib explorations and takes risks that would chill veteran joke merchants. His stock devices include interviews on such subjects as the honeymoon, how

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 66)

On People Are Funny, Art ribs from the side lines as this bewildered pair are confronted by a dummy, instead of the Hollywood "model" they expected

Linkletter and partner, John Guedel, chuckle over a script in Guedel's office. Obviously they have some surprise in store for an unwary contestant

Linkletter jests with Joe Ferrarer and Gladys Ma on the G.E. House Party show. His methods are gentler with children but results are as hilarious



LIONHEART

By HAROLD LAMB

A story of love in the Dark Ages—and of the last stand of England's greatest fighting man

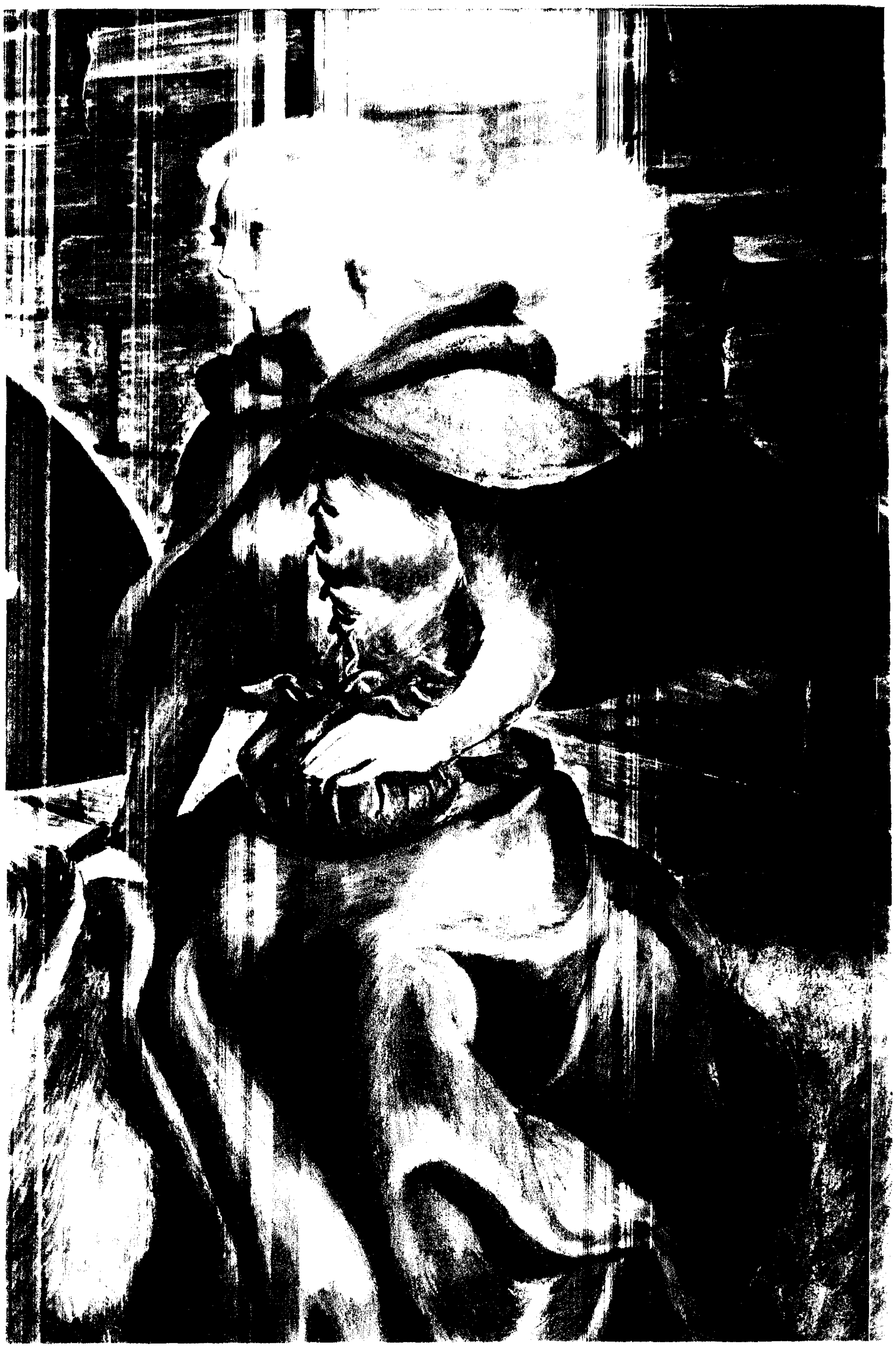
ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

THAT cold April afternoon Brother Clement felt an ache in his heart. He expected to see Satan running over the roofs of the hamlet of Limoges, vanishing with the chimney smoke into the damp mist. Brother Clement even glanced at the ground near his sandals to see if the mark of a cloven hoof did not show in the gray patches of snow.

"There is so much of evil afoot," he said to himself.

And he counted the evils on his fingers as if they had been the beads of a rosary. "War." (For Limoges lay within the frontier zone, in France.) "Avarice." (Yes, Achard, lord of Châlus, hoarded sous.) "Rapine."

That very morning after matins some of the shepherds had lingered at the church door to warn Brother Clement that Cadoc's men had been seen along the road. These men, *routiers*—fighters for whoever paid them and spoilers on their own



While Richard's companions were [illegible] getting ready to follow him into the forest, Brother Clement persuaded Marie to climb to the donkey's back

account—were more dangerous than a wolf pack. Cadoc himself, a noble by birth and a mercenary by trade, boasted that no man could stand up to him and live.

"And sickness." Moodily the young friar ended his check of the evils around him. He was thinking of the girl Marie, the serf girl who embroidered within Limoges castle because she was too thin and weak to do outdoor labor. The mark of the white death was on her, though she was no more than sixteen years of age. Still, she could laugh, and her gray eyes had a way of slanting up at him.

Because he was thinking of her, the friar strode through the stubble of wheat to the field gate of the castle where she was apt to appear at this hour of the afternoon.

Almost at once he saw her, running toward the gate. She barely paused to glance at the geese within their pen—the geese for which Brother Clement knew she was responsible. With the mist sparkling in her loose hair and her cheeks flushed, the little Marie looked lovely as an elf. "My stint of work on the loom is finished," she cried when she saw the friar waiting. "The chatelaine bade me go—"

To feed the geese, Brother Clement thought, and she had not fed them. The girl drew her wide wool mantle closer about her throat, uneasily, pulling it over the chunk of bread under her arm. But not before he had seen the slice of cheese thrust into the bread. The castle folk at Limoges allowed the serfs to take bread at will. The cheese she must have stolen. And she must have stolen it for Peter, to whom she was hurrying now.

"Take warning—" he began, and changed his words. "Cadoc's *routiers* are on the roads. You should not go forth, Marie."

At such a time it was dangerous for any woman to venture alone beyond call of the castle guard. Marie pulled the hood of the mantle over her hair. "I will be a mouse. Besides, I am not going by the Châlus road."

She smiled up at him appealingly, and before he could speak she closed her eyes and breathed a prayer: "O Mary, full of grace, protect Peter wherever he goes; watch over my aunt and all her children; aid me by thy mercy to get more than thirty-one sous. And make me well—amen!" she added quickly.

Even more quickly she ran on, waving to him. Brother Clement she knew to be very wise—he read pages of the written words of saints when other folks slept, by candlelight—she did not want him to read her thoughts. When the mud dragged at her feet she slowed to a walk, coughing and wiping a trace of blood from her lips.

Looking after her, the young friar murmured, "Amen." If by some means the girl Marie could leave the damp plain of France and venture south to the sun-warmed mountains—he had heard wayfarers tell of the Pyrenees—she might escape the white death. Yet how could a serf woman make such a journey, like a noblewoman? He thought: *If even a sparrow falls—*

PAST the haystacks, in the dimness of the wood, Marie searched for the arms of the windmill, her landmark. The windmill was abandoned; people avoided it because the torn sails on the creaking arms made the spot seem eerie. Although it stood on a knoll above the Châlus road no one had come prying about the windmill when she was there with Peter Basil, dreaming that the mill was actually a ship borne by its sails over all the seas of the earth.

Lying on the chaff in the cold mill chamber, she peered through a hole in the broken boards. She could see the road, and—when the mist eddied away—the distant tower of Châlus castle. She did not see Peter Basil come, because he ran through the trees, keeping out of view of the road.

"A wolf pack holds the road," he said, throwing himself down by her. Although he had run a league with that long stride, he did not breathe heavily.

Thin and smiling and dark with the sun he was. Taking her in his arms he bent her head back When he did that she felt warmth in her body. The dark walls around them became friendly and safe. Marie wanted to tell him about that, but instead she held out the bread with the cheese in it.

"Wait!" Peter was excited. The shock of his dark hair hung over his eyes. Older than she in years, he was younger in mind, with his wild Gascon temper. Not touching the fresh bread, he held out a scarred fist, closed. "Little Marie, a miracle has happened here in Châlus wood." He opened his hand. "Look at it."

She smiled because he was joyful. Then she gasped. The thing he showed her was a round coin of heavy gold bearing a king's head. Marie had seen such gold in the armbands of the ladies of Limoges. "You found it," she cried, fearful that Peter had stolen it.

"An ox found it," Peter laughed, caressing it. A peasant starting his spring plowing had turned up some of the coins by a standing stone at the edge of Châlus wood. Digging down for more, the peasant had unearthed an iron pot. "Old as old." Peter nodded. "Who knows who buried it, or when?"

Gold. She touched it and shivered. Never before had she been within reach of it, and here Peter held it carelessly in his hand.

"With this you are free, Little Marie—to go. Tell me, do we need more? Three—six? Nay, six gold pieces *must* be worth three marks of silver."

Three marks of silver was her price. A huge sum, to pay for the labor of a serf for thirty years. Paid into the hand of the chatelaine of Limoges, it would free Marie from her service, so she could go to the southland with Peter.

"Take it back," she begged, "quickly."

Amazed, he stared at her. In a year she had been

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 32)

I Was King of the Safecrackers

By HERBERT EMERSON WILSON

as told to DEAN JENNINGS

It takes an amazing amount of conceit and cunning to master crime, and Herbert Wilson was oversupplied with both. Matching wits with law and order, he pulled off job after job with a success that will fascinate you—and frighten you

BOB AND IRA SPRING

Wilson examines one of the mementos from his days of crime—a walrushide bag in which he carried tools

Queen Victoria decorated him for Boer War service

As a minister, he posed with a lady in his parish

Synopsis: The author was minister of an established congregation in East San Diego, California, when, through an inexplicable psychological quirk, he decided to turn to a life of crime. With some nitroglycerin formulas that he owned serving as a nucleus, WILSON assembled a gang of safecrackers in Toledo. He took his men to Detroit, experimented with his techniques until they were smooth, and then chose a downtown department store as his first big job. At five minutes to one on the selected morning, Wilson's brother, LOU, a member of the gang, stopped the cop on the beat and snapped, "Stick 'em up!"

PART 2 OF A FIVE-PART ARTICLE

THE cop was smart. He stiffened like a guy with a sudden cramp and didn't even try to get a look at the rod. "Okay," said Lou. "Now ring the night bell for the store like you always do and tell the watchman you're coming in with a friend."

I was watching across the street. I had Cox and De la Pena with me and we pulled up in the big sedan right on schedule. We were all set if anything went wrong. I had a .38 automatic in a shoulder holster and I was ready to use it. I also had a cute little .25 strapped around my leg just above the ankle, in case anybody should frisk me for the big gat.

We left Dave with the car and moved up behind Lou. We flattened ourselves against the wall on either side of the door, and when the watchman opened up, we fronted him before he could open his mouth. Every second counted on a job like that, and we didn't fool around. Lou searched the cop and the night guard. Herb Cox got out his circuit bridgers, for the alarm network around the safe, and I opened my little doctor-size tool bag. It was 30 seconds before one A.M. when Lou steered the cop to the phone to make his check-in call, and the watchman was already handcuffed to a big chair.

I slipped on a pair of silk gloves I had bought in a haberdashery, but they were too heavy and my fingers felt as though they were wrapped in pillows. I made a mental note right then to get some better ones and a couple of weeks later I found a place in Chicago where they would make very light, skin-tight gloves for every man in the mob. For years we used to order them by the dozen and I still have two pairs left. Once in a while I take them from the trunk and slip them on my hands. They still fit, but they give me a queer homesick feeling.

The safe that night looked like a soft one—a soft pete.

It had felt padding between the jamb and the door, so I filled a glass syringe with sulphuric acid and shot it into the cracks. The acid ate out the packing, making space for the soup. Herb Cox and I each kneaded a chunk of brown kitchen soap until it was soft; then we filled in the chinks the way a glazier putties a window. Along the top crack, in the center, I made a little soap cup about an inch

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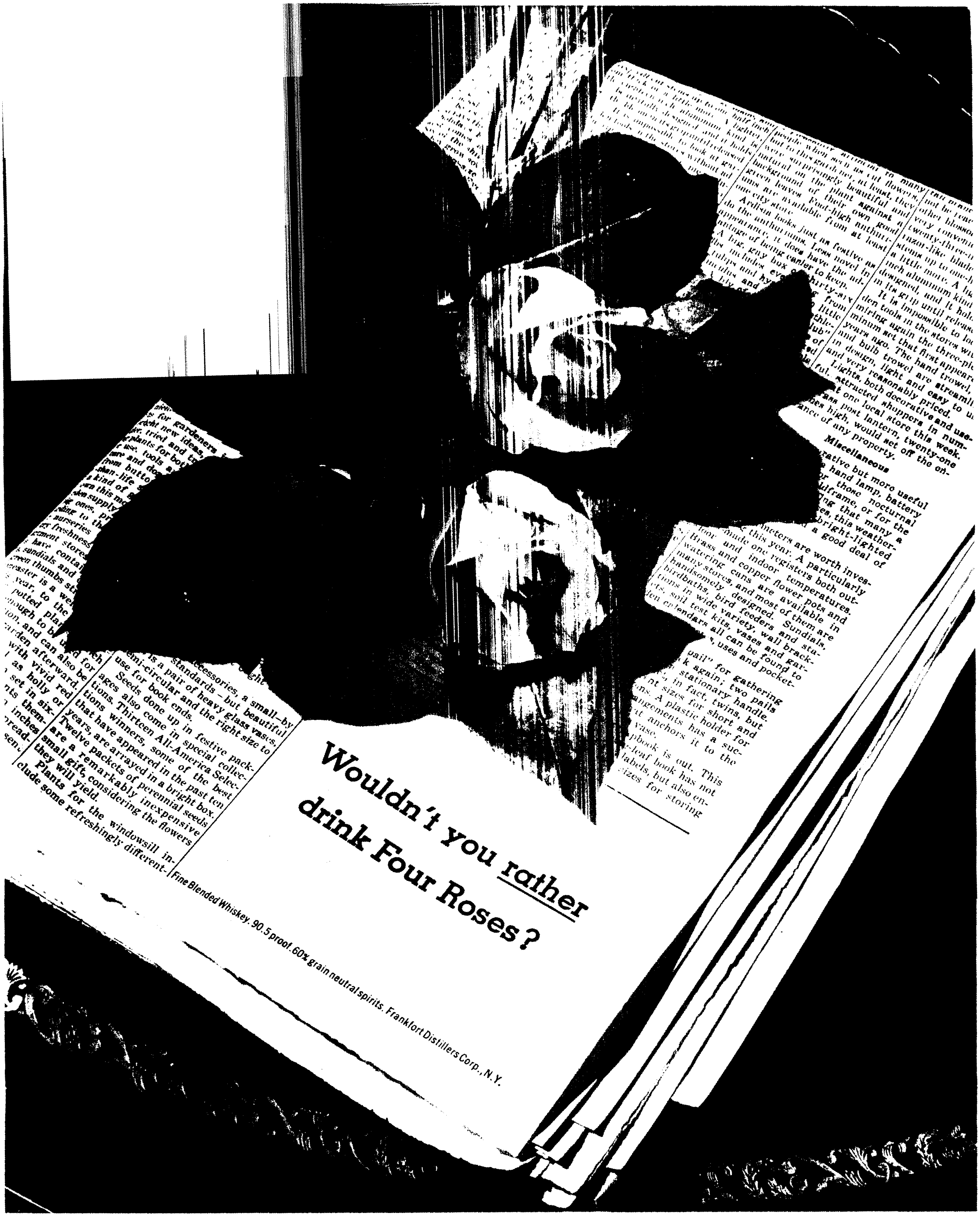

Wouldn't you rather drink Four Roses?
Fine Blended Whiskey. 90.5 proof. 60% grain neutral spirits. Frankfort Distillers Corp., N.Y.

Fine Blended Whiskey. 90.5 proof. 60% grain neutral spirits. Frankfort Distillers Corp., New York, N.Y.

LIONHEART

Continued from page 29

able to save only thirty-one sous—not nearly a single mark of silver. Peter never had a sou in his belt. "No," he said.

"Listen to me, Peter." Frightened, she told him carefully about finding buried coins. She had learned such matters of law by listening carefully to the talk of the Limoges ladies. True, three pieces of gold might buy her release, but how could a serf possess gold? This coin came from a treasure-trove, dug out of the land, and as the land belonged to its overlord so did such a trove. If they took even this one piece—and the peasant knew Peter had it—they would be guilty of thieving, and thieves were hanged from the trees along the highroad where crows flocked to the dead flesh.

"Then *I* will pay them," cried the Gascon, "and they will fare but ill if they lay hand on me."

She had to be ware and yare with Peter, who knew or cared little about the seigneurs. A starveling, up from the south, he had sworn himself into five years' service as villein to Achard, lord of Châlus. Although he still had two years to serve as crossbowman, he wanted her to run away with him to the Gascon land where the wine grapes grew. When Marie thought of going with him, the two of them walking at will with their packs, she felt faint with joy. Peter was carefree as an animal; he could crawl into a cave after a bear and come out unscathed. But she could not run from Limoges because the debt of three marks would then be put upon her aunt and the children as they grew up to working age.

"It's a sin to talk of what you cannot do," cried Marie, angry because she wanted so to do it, and the gold coin made her afraid.

"What? A sin? And doesn't my Seigneur Achard sin? He'd drain the Tardoire if he dropped a sou in it. He gives us bread would make hogs vomit"—seizing the fresh bread from her he munched it angrily with his white teeth—"and it would be the greatest sin to let him have our gold! *Yeux-Dieu.* I will take only three pieces."

For the moment they forgot to lie quiet in their hiding, or to watch out.

"Nay, not one. Surely," she ventured, "if you and the peasant yield up the trove, there will be a reward."

"If Gabriel sounds his horn, Achard may part with a gold florin"—Peter laughed—"but not otherwise."

ABRUPTLY he stopped chewing and slipped the gold coin into his belt where a pair of crossbow bolts were thrust. Marie had not heard the armed man come to the door of the mill. The soldier glanced quickly around and jerked his head at them. "Come out, lovebirds," he said without feeling. He carried a pack and a light hand ax.

The Gascon obeyed warily, tensing as he saw the road below filling with horsemen, dismounting and unsaddling their beasts. Already they were gathering wood for a fire, while bowmen threaded the forest on either flank, searching the coverts. At a glance Peter knew them for veterans making a halt in their march. Cadoc's men, he surmised, or—

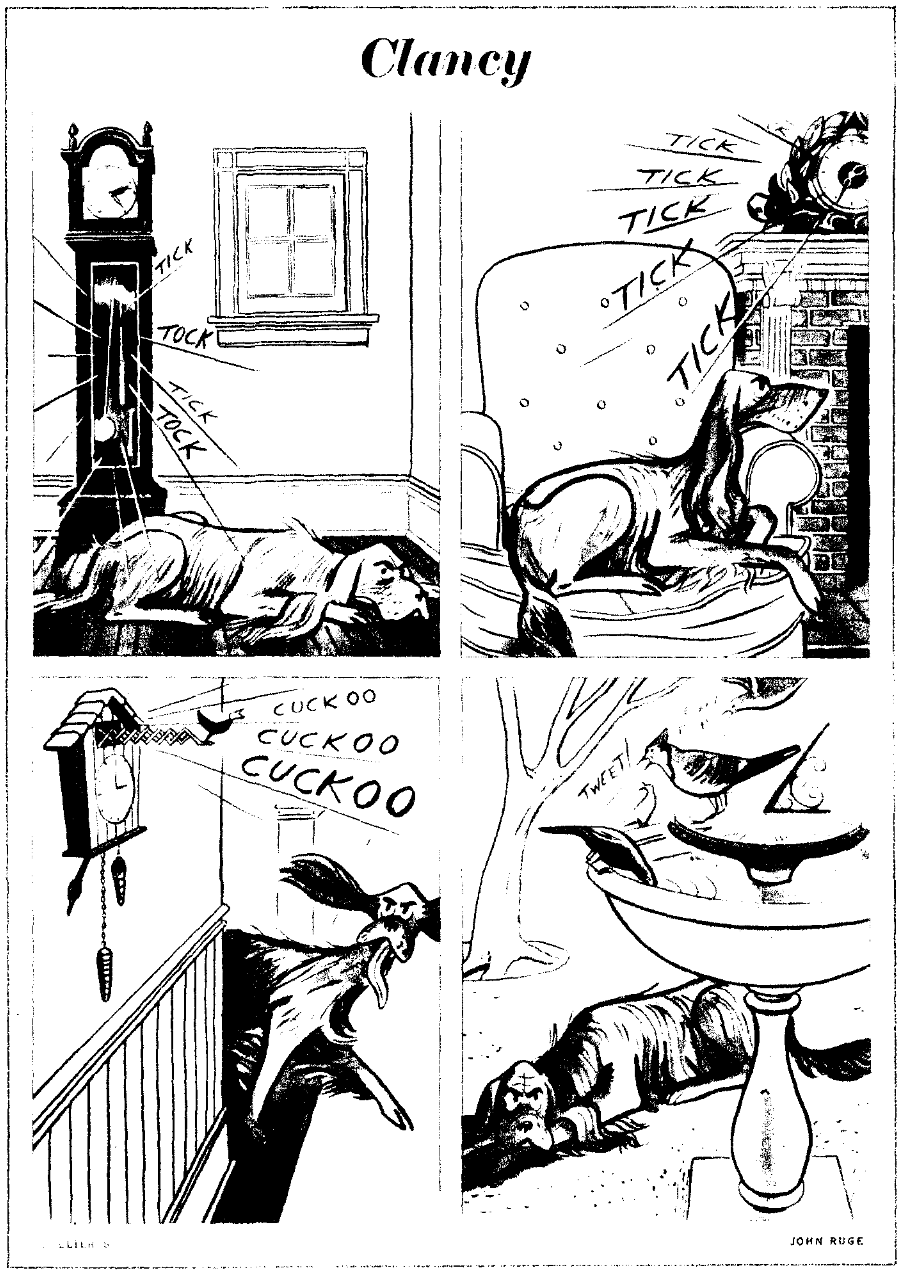
"Keep walking, youngling," the scout advised him, "the captain wants to chat with all skulkers."

"The English," Peter exclaimed, relieved. Marie held to his arm helplessly. Until now she had only seen the war bands passing through the streets of Limoges. Sometimes they had been followers of the English king, Richard; sometimes they had borne the banners with the fleur-de-lis of the French king, Philip; but always they had snatched up loot or driven off cattle. She had heard it said that they fought about the frontier line from Abbeville to the Pyrenees.

She dreaded that Peter might provoke these emotionless men, so boldly did the Gascon answer the questions of the English captain. The officer hardly looked at her; his gray face seemed lifeless.

"*Dieu!*" cried Peter. "If you think I am not of the Châlus guard, take me to the Sieur Achard—or give me a weapon and I will best you with it, at any distance."

Instead of answering, the English officer pulled one of the crossbow bolts from the Gascon's belt, and examined its barbed steel head and oiled wooden shaft curiously—as if the missile were more important than his two prisoners.



Then a deep voice called. "Mercadier, if you will not take his challenge, I will."

"Sire," the gray captain, Mercadier, answered instantly, "these villeins are of no account, but this bolt has a rare good balance." His expressionless eyes shifted to Peter. "Kneel, thou. Richard the king speaks."

As they knelt in the mud of the road, Marie saw a man rise with an effort from a saddle by the fire. He moved heavily, like a bear. His mail shirt and steel cap bore no signia.

"A mark—a mark, some of you!" he called impatiently, and held out the crossbow in his hand for Peter to see. "Can you hit a mark with this, youngling?"

It was a fine new weapon of tempered steel, the shaft inlaid with ivory.

"Aye," said Peter.

When his men had stripped a band of bark from around a slender tree fifty paces off, and had marked a black cross on the white band with charcoal, Richard wound up his bow himself. Raising it to his shoulder he sighted carefully and pulled the trigger free. The bolt tore through the side of the tree—a good shot at that distance.

"Have you skill to better that?" the English king asked.

"Aye."

Rising easily, the Gascon balanced the fine weapon in his hand and quickly slipped one of his own bolts into the slot. As he did so Mercadier stepped between him and the king. Sudden excitement seized the girl Marie as she realized that Peter had a chance to show his skill before such great soldiers as these. With his own weapon, Peter could bring down a hawk in flight—

His shot cracked full into the tree at the edge of the cross.

Yet Richard said no word of praise. Grasping the bow impatiently, the king took more time for a second try. His bolt struck fair beside the Gascon's near the cross, and for the first time merriment gleamed in his tired eyes.

Peter, however, took the bow again. He had the feel of it now, and he lifted it and loosed it in a single motion. His shot cut the center of the black cross, and the onlooking men-at-arms shouted involuntarily.

Marie felt a stab of exultation. Even Mercadier grunted, and bent his head to Richard's. Marie heard him say, "Sire, this marksman's worth having in our pay. Achard will yield him up for a new florin. You'll take him?"

Holding her breath Marie waited for the answer that might mean honor for Peter. Richard, flushed with anger, turned to the young Gascon. "You've proved your skill," he choked. "From this minute, keep out of my sight." And he strode back to the fire to snatch up and empty a goblet of wine.

Defeat at this boyish test of skill had stirred him more than a sudden wound. Mercadier looked at him, and shoved Peter away. The Gascon walked through the silent men-at-arms as if he cared nothing for Richard's anger.

Marie did not move. Down the road the English were questioning a slender friar astride a donkey, and the friar was Brother Clement. At sight of him the girl felt her fear diminish; she thought he might have come to look for her in the goodness of his heart, hearing that a war band had camped by the mill.

MERCADIER, confronting the friar, laughed suddenly, contemptuously. Drinking, Richard glanced that way and motioned them over to him, bidding them say their say in plain words before him.

"The little shaveling lies greatly," protested one of the English knights with Mercadier. "He says and maintains that he hath come this hour from the presence of the king of France."

"Let him say it to me," snarled Richard, in his restless mood. Brother Clement dismounted before the king, his diminutive figure dwarfed by Richard's.

"You know my face?" Richard demanded.

No more than Marie did Brother Clement recognize the mailed figures around him. He shook his head. "You are not Cadoc—"

"Cadoc!" Richard stared, amazed. "Have you never seen Richard of England?"

Marie longed to cry out to Brother Clement. In the hard watchfulness of these *routiers* she felt a danger she did not understand. Brother Clement lived with his books, and his mind otherwise was simple. "Why, yes," he answered at once. "In years agone I saw the Lionheart. He was riding forth to Marseille, to the great crusade. He was gay."

Richard stepped closer. "Then who am I?" he asked.

Troubled, Brother Clement gazed up at the bloodshot blue eyes and the broad head encircled by steel mesh. "I know not," he said honestly, "except that you are sick."

"Sick?" Richard's ungovernable temper rang in the words. "By the Horned One—how am I *sick?*"

Uncertainly, the young friar tried to explain. "Not in the body. In the spirit."

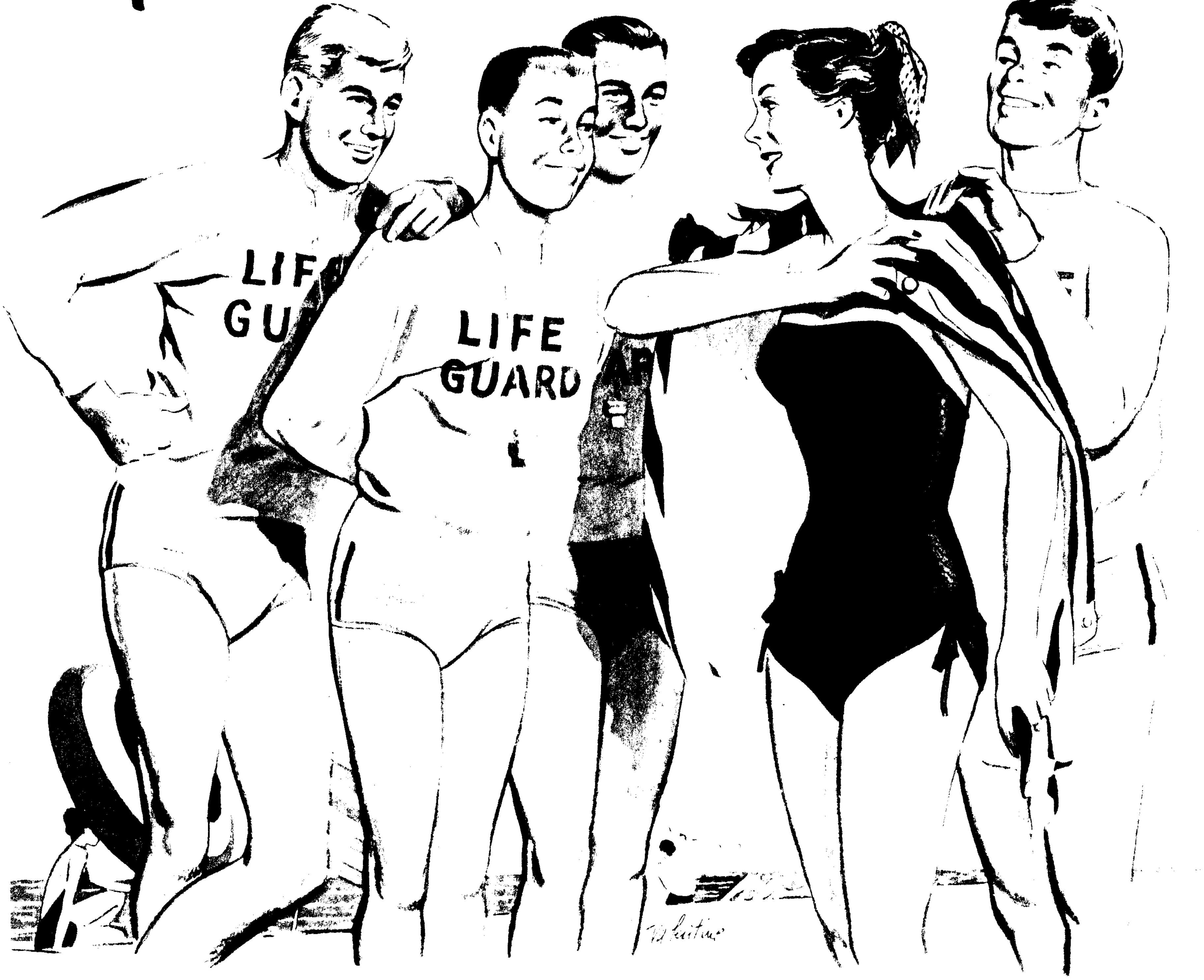
Richard emptied the cup in his hand without tasting the wine. The gray mist clinging to the treetops weighed on him. Within an hour he had seen his own likeness in the carefree Gascon, as he had been when he first mounted the saddle to ride to war. And this friar had seen him ride to the great crusade, to the battles beyond the sea, to the height of Torun where he had turned away so that he would not see in the distance the summit of Jerusalem that he had failed to win with his sword.

"Will you heal that with prayers?" he said quietly.

The friar did not answer.

The moment at Torun was gone—and the bright day he had been greeted on England's shore after his imprisonment in Germany. The scarlet coronation robe they brought him, the hue of blood, to be crowned again, with the good Arch-

4-WAY PROTECTION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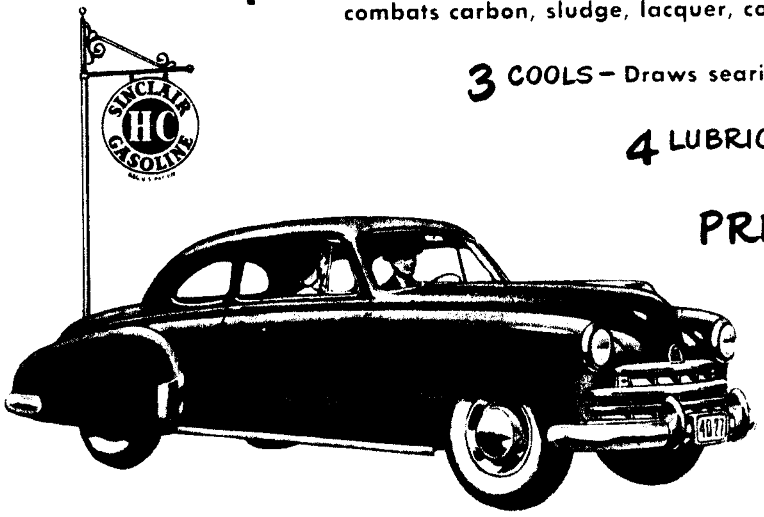
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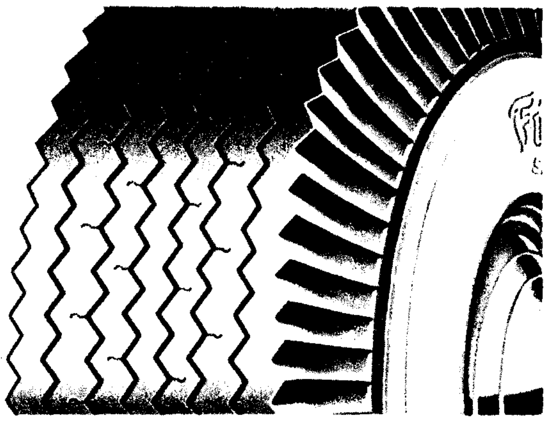

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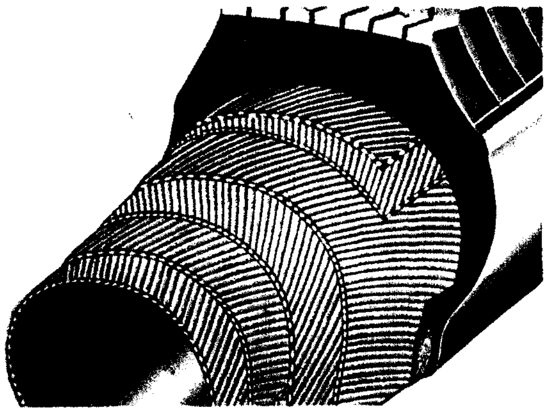

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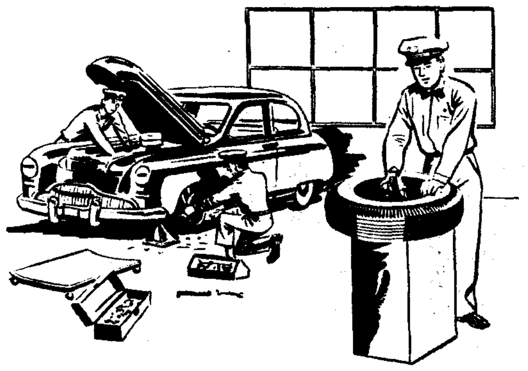

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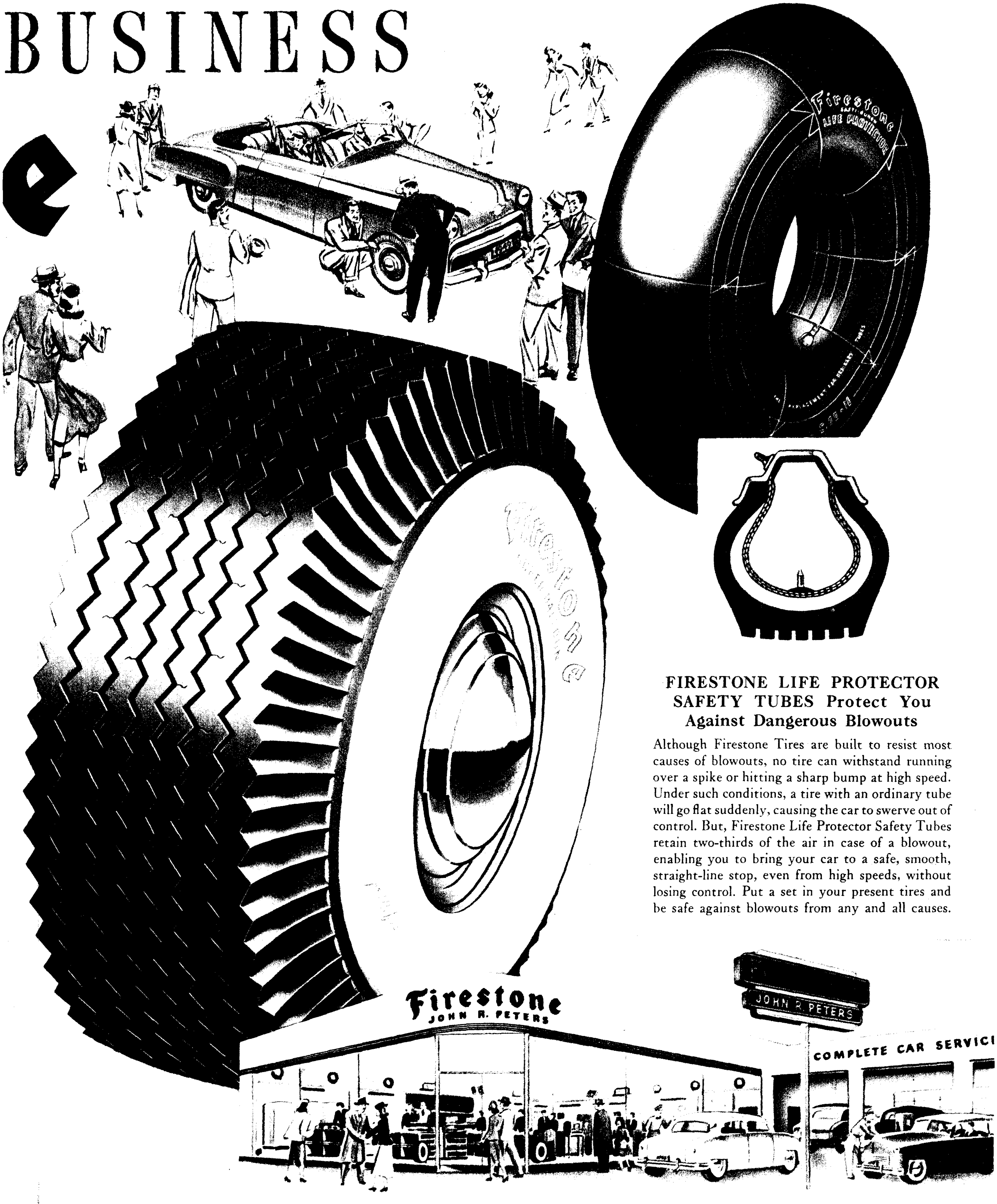
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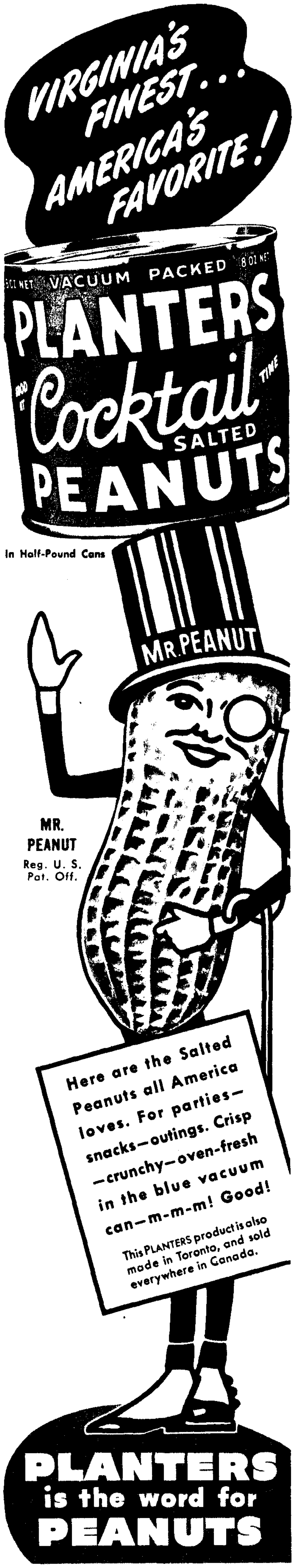

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bishop Walter speaking the words about the spirit of a king—he had that coronation robe somewhere in the packs, still.

Richard did not reason about this. His wine-soaked memory searched for what angered and hurt him. In England, he had not been able to endure the arguments of the assembly of barons. He had taken ship in a storm to cross to the frontier in France—to march with his men-at-arms, as in the Holy Land, seeking relief in action—to lead *routiers,* veterans of many wars like Mercadier's crew, gleaning their pay from spoil while they raided Philip's border castles. . . .

Philip lay safe at Orléans with the French court, scheming, taxing, bribing, getting his clutches on new lands. Philip was wiser than he, Richard, who could endure only the camps of his veterans. Because he was so painfully aware of this, it seemed somehow important that he should make this wandering servant of God understand that he was the king.

Perhaps if he showed the friar the coronation robe—but he had never put that on his shoulders again. Instead of calling for it, Richard went to the fire and brought back in his own hands a weather-stained mantle embroidered with the crouching lions of England. "If you do not recognize me," he said mildly, "you may know what this means."

Brother Clement nodded. "It is the royal signia of England." Suddenly he smiled. "Strange it seems to me, that I passed a rider an hour agone with the royal sign of France upon him."

"What!" Richard stared.

Mercadier almost smiled. "For a little friar that is a great lie."

Every man within hearing knew that no one except Philip Augustus, king of the French and Richard's most dangerous enemy, could wear such royal marking, and Philip had never been known to risk himself within a day's ride of the adventurous Richard.

"I have told," said Brother Clement, "the truth of what I saw."

He repeated it to Richard—how, riding hither through Châlus forest, he had passed a band of armed riders. They were going away by the river road, toward the ford, and their chief, who kept his face hidden, had worn a cloak ornamented with the fleur-de-lis of France.

"At dawn," Richard reflected aloud, "the shepherds sighted a war band on this road."

STILL, he could not believe that Philip was so near. The clever Frenchman would never venture so far from a safe fortress. "Why did you come here?" he asked the friar abruptly.

"To find this woman," Brother Clement explained simply, pointing to Marie.

"Sire"—Mercadier touched his arm—"This riddle smells of treachery. Ay, it smells of bait for an ambush. Be ware of it."

"The roan horse!" Richard called suddenly. "Saddle the roan, I say. I'll see for myself if it be Philip, or a trap."

A craving for action gripped him; though the sober part of his mind admitted that Mercadier must be right. Philip would be more apt to pay another to set a trap than to lay one himself.

Richard ran to his horse, feeling the ache of old wounds in his legs. His sight, too, was not so sharp as it had been; he had not seen the black cross clearly in the white band of the tree. Taking a shield from an esquire, he swung himself into the saddle and turned the great war horse into a forest path without waiting for his companions, who were saddling in desperate haste.

Left to himself, Brother Clement persuaded Marie to climb to the donkey's back. While he led her home she told him wearily of her fear that harm would come to Peter Basil for taking the gold.

The mist was darkening with the end of day. It seemed to Brother Clement that no human power could check the evil gathering about the girl Marie. . . .

Riding headlong through Châlus forest, Richard felt himself again. As he bent to clear the branches, and searched for a pathway to the river, he felt free and joyous. The roan charger was fresh and, even carrying Richard's weight, it had the pace of the other road-weary chargers.

When he glimpsed the castle tower through the trees he turned away toward the river. Often he had hunted this forest with its lord, Achard, and he knew the way. He did not think of riding to the castle for aid, now. He pressed the roan hard, not looking back for his followers.

The trees fell away on either hand and he galloped out into a meadow. He heard the rush of the river beside him and at the same instant sighted the other horseman.

On the path before him this rider had his back turned, and from his shoulders hung a mantle of blue velvet, splendid as Richard's coronation robe. With a glance over his shoulder the other put his white horse to a run. The light was failing fast.

The white horse flitted through the mist, and up over a rise. Following at a gallop Richard topped the rise to find a pavilion where a score of horses grazed, and as many armed men waited quietly. And here the rider of the white horse turned in his tracks. Richard did not slacken his pace as he thought: *They do not call out, so they wait for this; they do not move, so they have their orders given them.*

The other's face was half hidden under a light helm. As Richard came up, he held the path. *This is never Philip,* Richard thought. Without warning, the man's sword lunged toward Richard's eyes, then swerved down to his groin. Richard's shield followed the swerve, brushing the point clear as he rode past.

As he thundered by, he drew his own sword, and instead of reining in, he bent in the saddle, circling fast to the right. Quick as he had been, the unknown rider was behind him and upon him. Richard's sword lashed back at him, and sparks flared as the other's shield deflected the long blade.

The nameless man was fighting silently, viciously, and to kill. His horse shouldered the flank of Richard's charger, and the point of his shield ripped across the king's face. Richard strained back, covering himself with his own shield. The other's sword point thrust under the shield, and broke the links of the king's chain mail.

Feeling the bite of the steel, Richard twisted his body. The blade slipped across the leather covering his ribs. Richard, with his shield arm, tried to clamp the other's sword against his body. All the strength of his great shoulders went into the grip as he struggled for life.

THE white horse was reined back, the sword was wrenched away. But in the seconds before the other got clear of him, Richard smashed the pommel of his long sword at the man's head. Again deftly, the other's shield came up. This time it was beaten down against the swordsman's head.

Hurt, the other lashed out blindly at Richard's head. Richard bent under the blow, his legs clamping the saddle, spurring the roan horse. As the horse leaped forward he swung his sword in low, beneath the shield. He felt steel snapping as the blade cut over the man's hipbone, deep into his body.

The other shouted a curse, and lifted his sword weakly. Knocking it to the ground, Richard reined forward and pulled the helmet from the head of the dying man.

Peering into the face draining of blood, he knew it and said, "Cadoc, you have earned your death."

The captain of mercenaries clung to his saddle, the blood rushing out of his body as his horse backed in fright. Richard heard the beat of hoofs behind him and turned to meet the onset of Cadoc's followers.

They rode at him warily, trying to circle him. He backed the roan to the river's edge, jeering them, bidding them watch Cadoc die. They knew they faced Richard, and they pressed against him slowly.

Then over the rise came one of Richard's knights. At sight of the king he flung himself at the pack of mercenaries,

Debunking Expedition

THE DEBUNKER	THE DEBUNKING	
Physician, Journal of Pediatrics	French-fried potatoes are not hard to digest; they assimilate more easily than boiled potatoes.	
Horticulturist, University of Minnesota	Plants don't die from lack of moisture during a drought; the roots cook to death in the earth's high subsurface temperature.	
Anatomist, Journal of Anthropology	The brain case of modern man is not more capacious than that of the Neanderthal man; the difference is only in shape.	
Bibliophile, New York City	Old Mother Hubbard was not a mythical character; she was a noted housekeeper of the 18th century.	
Artist, New York City	The ordinary camel's-hair brush has no camel's hair; it's all squirrel hair.	

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followed by Mercadier on a wearied black horse, and others behind him.

Richard reined his horse into the fray, as his followers came fast to the ford. They drove the mercenaries headlong into the water and across the river.

When the English turned back in the twilight they counted eight men dead and eleven horses captured. They had taken no human prisoners. They found Richard inspecting the pavilion, fitted up in royal style, with wine jars waiting on the carpet. He filled a silver goblet and drank, saying that Cadoc had never paid for all this finery. "Look about, my lieges," he urged, "and see if any French gold be hid away here."

Tasting the good cool wine, he felt pleased and excited—almost as if he stood again on the field of Arsuf or at the broken wall of Acre in Palestine, where thousands had waited his command—

Torches flared in the mist. From the ford, Achard of Châlus approached warily with a strong following of men-at-arms. In the castle they had heard the clatter of steel down the road. "He smells gold," muttered Mercadier, "as a hound scents out a hare." Although the English had ransacked all the trappings of the pavilion, they had found no money.

Recognizing Richard, Achard reined back and dismounted hastily. "Majesty!" Coming upon Cadoc's body covered with the blue cloak, he paled visibly.

"My lord of Châlus," Richard laughed, "you sent me no warning of this ambuscade on your land."

"Sire," Achard stuttered, "I did not know—I was busied with another matter—"

Richard silenced his mouthings with a contemptuous motion of his hand. The exultation of the fight left Richard. What had it availed him to risk his life? A soiled pavilion and a baker's dozen of horses—the death of a soldier who had merely tried to earn a payment. Richard had craved more than that. "Did this hireling leave aught of valuables with you, for safekeeping?" he asked Achard.

The man's thin face puckered as if in pain. "I swear by the Holy Three," he protested, "that Cadoc left no gold coins with me."

Richard studied him, the blue eyes curious.

"I swear no other gave me gold," cried Achard.

Filling two goblets with wine, Richard said, "Did I speak of gold? Faith, Achard, we'll drink together till you resolve me the riddle of what gold you have, and for what."

And out of that drinking by torchlight came the doom of Châlus.

PETER BASIL felt it coming like the wind in the treetops before a storm. He whispered it to Marie the next afternoon—at the haystacks in the field where he stopped her on her way to the mill. "The gold, little Marie. Achard smelled it out. The churl who found it told of it. Achard e'en took the coin from me. Then worse befell. Richard the King looked around for hidden gold, and my lord Achard lied to him, swearing he had not a florin—aye, while he had the trove locked i' his coffer, the skulking fox!" And the Gascon swore at his liege lord.

He told her, too, that the English king demanded the treasure-trove be yielded up to him, as Achard's overlord, or he would tear down the walls of Châlus to get at it himself.

"Come away," he begged. "Fetch your gear and goods here on the morrow—we'll go while we can."

How could she go? The next day she waited at the hayfield to tell Peter she couldn't, but although she waited until dark, he did not come.

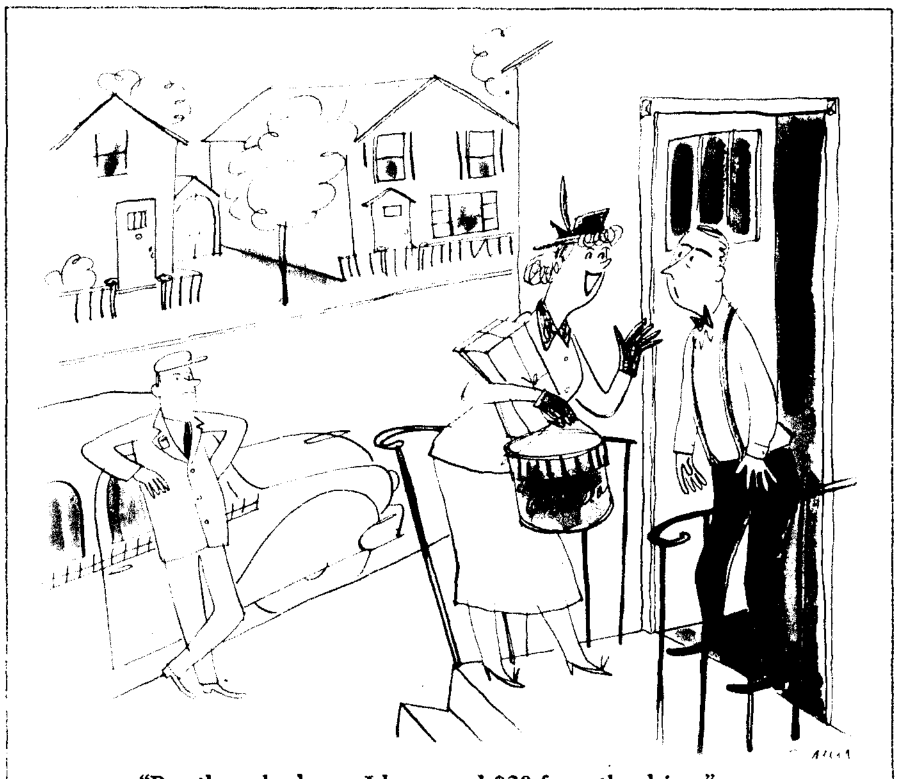
Frightened, she went around to the street gate to hear the talk of men coming in, and she learned the fate of Châlus. The English were attacking it. Achard had refused to part with his gold and had fled, after ordering his captains to defend the tower castle. She made bold to ask of the gossipers, "Did no other souls escape?"

The men laughed at her. One said, "Wench, I cannot tell thee of souls. Yet four men-at-arms tried to steal out and were noosed and hanged by the English."

Then she waited by the door of the great hall until Brother Clement came by. He listened to her, and said quietly, "Only the king can grant mercy to those who have taken arms against him. Pray for them, little Marie."

Still she did not understand the doom that had befallen those in Châlus. The next morning she performed none of her duties. Instead she did up bread and cheese, putting them with her good leather shoes and rosary in a kerchief to carry.

Escaping out the field gate with her bundle, she stopped only briefly to say her accustomed prayer. "O Mary, full of grace, protect Peter Basil wherever he may be." It did not seem necessary today to repeat the rest of the prayer. If she could reach Peter she would go where he wished, now, never leaving the touch of his hand.



COLLIER'S "Pay the cab, dear—I borrowed $20 from the driver" KATHERINE OSANN

When she was out of sight of the castle guards, she began to run, not to the windmill but toward the forest of Châlus.

The edge of that forest had changed, the far edge where huts and tents rose unexpectedly before Marie. Horses grazed and carts leaned drunkenly on the fresh grass. Above them two huge machines of beams and twisted ropes flung their long arms skyward casting stones against the outer wall of Châlus. Behind the wooden palisade that sheltered them, men tended these machines calmly, or bound ladders together. They are harvesting, Marie thought.

But they wore mail. Above them the sunlight glinted as crossbow bolts and arrows flew. On the ground before her three men lay huddled together, seemingly asleep. In one an arrow was bedded deep. The body did not stir. Marie went around it, unafraid.

The machines thudded like giant hearts beating, and dust rolled down the outer castle wall, hiding for a moment the tower behind it. Then from slots in the wall, arrows flickered again. Marie was hardly aware of this as she searched patiently for the king, who alone could give commands.

She saw Mercadier at the palisade talking to a man leading a roan horse, and the man was Richard, clad in plain mail like his captain, swinging the fine crossbow in his free hand.

Edging behind the horse, she drew closer to Richard, wondering if he would hear her. She cried out above the uproar, and Mercadier caught her roughly by the arm. "Let be!" she cried. "Let me go on, into the castle, where he is."

RICHARD, unheeding, was giving orders for an assault to take the curtain wall, and smoke out the tower with fire. Desperately she tried to touch him. "Let me go in!"

He turned on her with surprise. "In there, every one of them will die." Then he said to Mercadier, "The Gascon's wench—send her beyond bowshot."

Impatiently Mercadier thrust her toward an archer, who pulled her away by the arm, grinning. Drawing her past the tents he gripped her waist, making a hissing sound as if to a horse. She tore herself away from him and ran toward the trees of the forest.

From the first tree hung long strings of flesh, clothed—the carcasses of four men. None of the dark faces was Peter's.

Like an injured animal, helpless, the girl felt her way into the forest. . . .

Before sunset that day the curtain wall of Châlus toppled to the ground.

The machines ceased their groaning and thudding. Voices were hushed as the English veterans thronged out, ready for commands.

When the dust cleared, Richard mounted and rode forward to examine the breach himself, taking his light shield and crossbow. He moved through a break in the palisade, with Mercadier and a few men to guard him. Behind him, hundreds awaited his order. But only Mercadier saw clearly what happened.

Richard's gaze traversed the silent battlements. He thought how ladders could be run up on either side of the breach, to attack at three points— Only one man moved on the broken stones of the breach, a slender crossbowman.

Richard recognized the Gascon marksman. Raising his weapon, he loosed the bolt at the man, who moved to one side.

Evidently the other had used up all his bolts, because he bent without haste to pull the king's shaft from the stones. Watching, Richard muttered, "Well done—"

So quickly did the man on the stones raise his weapon that Mercadier heard the crack of the steel bow and the impact of the bolt close to him before he could throw up his shield. Richard started to raise his shield, then lowered it.

The bolt had struck above his mail into the base of his neck. His hand clutched it, straining at it without moving it.

"Eyes of God!" sobbed Mercadier, covering the king with his shield.

"Give the assault now!" Richard ordered.

Sitting motionless in the saddle, gripping it with his hands, he waited until the soldiery advanced past him, carrying the two ladders, the knights riding with them. Then he turned the roan horse back toward his pavilion.

There he lay motionless while his attendants cut the lashings of his mail, and someone worked with a knife to draw the bolt from his body, but failed. It was stuck fast. The shock of pain numbed him and he could not make out the faces around him clearly. It bewildered him that he could no longer lift an arm.

His eyes watched the shadow of trees climb the tent wall as the sun sank. He had a feeling there was something he must do but what it was, he didn't know. The voice of a kneeling man questioned him: Should they send for the Archbishop Walter?

BY SUNSET it was quiet around the tent. Richard did not try to move his arm, or to ask questions himself. Although he was aware of men crowding into the tent, he had to force himself to look up at them, and to pick out Mercadier's white face bending over him.

Behind the captain was a prisoner, bleeding from the head but strong on his feet.

Richard looked into the face of Peter Basil, the crossbowman who had wounded him. Then he asked in a voice thin as a whisper, "What will you do with him?"

Mercadier did not say that the English had stormed Châlus like fiends when they heard Richard had been struck down, or that they had searched the tower, careful not to injure this man who would be tortured to death in pain beyond imagining.

"Why," Mercadier said, "we'll cut him out of his skin and let him live raw—if he can."

Peter nodded. He had expected just that.

Richard, watching, saw no fear in him. He saw in this lank youth the likeness of himself twenty years before, when he had carried a weapon carelessly to war. And in that moment, Richard felt that he himself was challenged. Closing his eyes, he thought about that. "No," he said after a moment, "let this man go."

Before Mercadier could speak, he raised his voice: "I command it. Give him his freedom and some coins—now."

Mercadier hesitated briefly, then reached down into the iron pot they had brought to Richard's bed; he drew out some gold coins, and gave them to the crossbowman, who stood like a man transfixed.

Richard tried to think of something else he had to do. "Yes," he said, "I forgive you my death." And he motioned for Peter to leave.

There was nothing more to be done....

The next day Brother Clement helped Peter Basil to buy Marie's release, and when the girl had made up her pack, he walked with them as far as the windmill on the road south. There they waited a little, to say farewell to him.

And, as they waited, they saw the English pass toward Limoges. The roan horse was led past, saddled. After it came Mercadier and the knights bearing a hurdle on their shoulders, and on the hurdle a body. They had wrapped the body in the crimson coronation robe.

"See," the friar said to Peter, "it is the king who is dead." THE END

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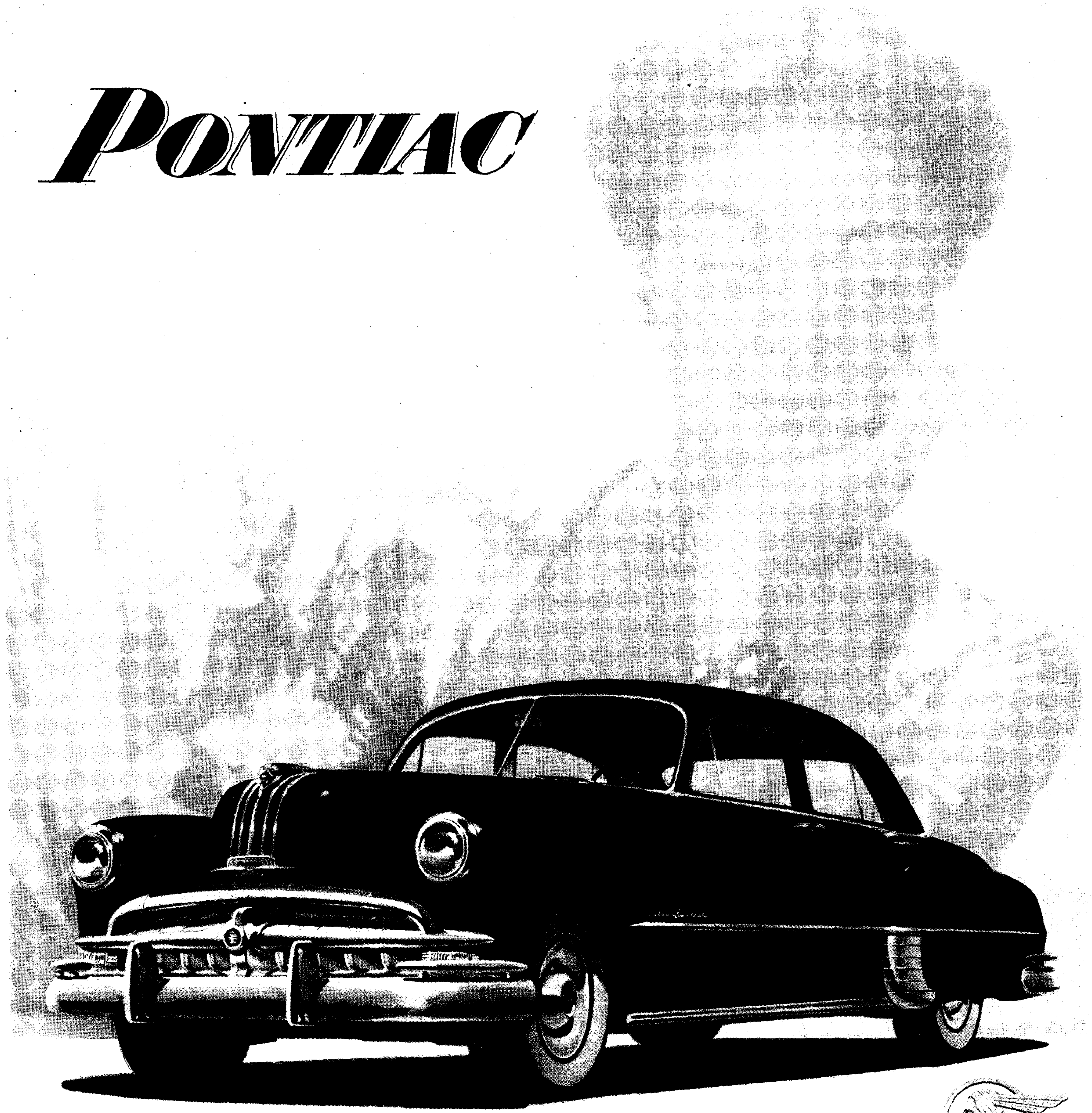

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PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION of GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

HOW ARE YOU IN TRUNKS?

Continued from page 25

"By all means," Mr. Cornwall said, "do that." . . .

In the period of the next few months William handled the legal business of several of the screen's top actresses, the wives of two directors, a studio head and a producer. This involved numerous trips to the fashionable night clubs, a good many orchids, tables for two and floor shows, with the result that William found he had no time at all to immerse himself in corporation law.

Nevertheless he did his duty as he saw it. The result was that during a single week he was reported engaged to three of his glamorous clients, a leading actress was rumored to have cut short her Honolulu vacation to fly back to him, and he denied eloping to Yuma with a skating star.

Mr. Cornwall was delighted. But success worked adversely on William. His reserve increased. He began to develop a furtive look. He perfected various means of eluding women who had a tendency to cling to him at parties, and he took to lurking behind draperies with his cocktail.

ONE spring afternoon found him hovering at the edge of the drawing room of his newest client, a lovely creature known to film fame as Ginetta Gentry. Since Miss Gentry's quick rise to prominence she had been estranged from the husband of her recent anonymous past, and had been trying to make the separation final. As the room was filled with some two hundred guests, two television sets, a tenor from a Broadway show and several actresses exercising their egos, William was sure that he had not been noticed. He was therefore rather startled when somebody spoke at his elbow.

"Lost, sonny?" an attractive voice said.

A small blonde stood beside him. She was neatly assembled, she had a lovely glowing tan under a mop of short hair the color of sand, an air of authority, and a face that made him get his shoulder out of the way for a better look.

"Not exactly," William said.

"I'm Janice Evans, Miss Gentry's manager and public relations counsel," the girl said. "I'm trying to see that all the guests are happy. Are you happy?"

"Not particularly," William said. "I'm William Carter, Miss Gentry's lawyer."

"As if I didn't know," Janice Evans said. "If you want anything just send up a smoke signal, will you?"

"If you *want* to be helpful, Janice, you might stay here."

"Listen, William," Janice said, "I'm terribly busy. This shindig is a show of strength to the bosses and a valentine to the press. As you probably know, the studio is being mulish about Our Nell's next picture."

"I've heard rumbles," William admitted.

"Her option is almost due and they're trying to take advantage of the fact to bulldoze her into doing Carmody's Revenge, a B-budget Western. They had promised her top spot in the best seller Way of an Eagle, which they've called off due to the economy drive."

"Tut, tut," William said.

"My sentiments exactly," Janice said.

"We both have Miss Gentry's welfare at heart," William said. "Do you think that gives us enough in common to justify my asking you to dinner?"

"It might," Janice said, "if I didn't have so much on my mind. I wouldn't be the least bit amusing."

"You wouldn't have to be. I could just look at you."

"There must be easier ways to kill an evening."

"I'm not kidding," William said. "The point I'm trying to make is: Do you believe in love at first sight, Janice? Do you believe in love, period?"

"Our friendship has been so beautiful until now," Janice said, "how could I shrink from a more tender relationship? Excuse me, William, but I think a big shot just came in the door."

"I'll call for you at eight," William said. "Where?"

"At the Regency," Janice said. "But I'll be fagged by then and ill-tempered as a witch. We'll probably fight."

"You can't scare me, Janice," William said.

A moment after Janice left, William's client spied him and came threading toward him among her guests. She was a fairly tall girl with great brown eyes under delicately arched brows in a face of soft photogenic planes, and a vast poise that stardom had given her.

TERHUNE
AND
COMPANY
JEFF KEATE

COLLIER'S "No, we don't get the contract, boss, but the day wasn't a total loss—I took him for six bucks on the golf course" JEFF KEATE

"I've been looking everywhere for you, darling," Ginetta said. Her eyes swept the room. "Wait till I get rid of all these people, darling. We'll go someplace where we can talk."

William said, "I'm sorry but I—"

"Something's come up, darling. Today I got the nastiest letter from Jeff. Reserve us a table someplace, will you?"

"Hey, wait a minute—" William began.

But his lovely client was gone. And William could not find Janice again until he was leaving, when he cornered her near a potted palm in the hall.

"I'm sorry," William said desperately, "but could you make that date of ours tomorrow night, Janice? Some business has—"

"Say no more," Janice said. "Tomorrow I'll stand by for the sound of the chime. Frankly, William, I can't help feeling our passionate love affair has averted a serious pitfall. I'll crawl into a bubble bath and think kindly of you."

"Thank you," William said.

SEVERAL bulbs flashed around the table at the Barishka where William sat with his client. Light from hidden sources caressed the silver and crystal on their table. Ginetta wore a low-cut black creation by Foray, and told William her troubles over a plate of fish mousse with shrimp sauce and chilled wine. William listened and ate.

"I was nothing but an innocent child, darling," she told William, "though I had been on the stage five years when Jefferson Harrison Gentry wooed and won my simple girlish heart. This sounds corny I know, but that big stinker was the first man in my life. I loved him for himself alone, the rat. His millions meant nothing."

"You sound embittered," William said.

"I'm not only embittered, I'm sore," Ginetta said. "That big crumb betrayed my trust. He destroyed my faith in men. Because of him I came to Hollywood with an aching heart, and fame has been a hollow mockery."

"The letter—" William prompted.

"Huh? Oh, yes. The letter. That unspeakable jerk, darling, is suing me for desertion and support. I want you to file a cross complaint tomorrow and take him for every cent he's got. And what he's got is thirty million dollars."

"That's a nice round sum," William said.

"Texas oil," Ginetta said. "Come to my house tomorrow, darling. We'll swim in the pool and get everything down in writing. I want you to prepare a statement naming eighteen corespondents."

William looked mildly startled. "Did you say eighteen?"

"You heard me," Ginetta said gloomily. "When I get through with that yahoo he won't have a bean."

Their tête-à-tête at the Barishka was duly reported by a morning columnist who also rumored their engagement. William presented himself at Ginetta's Bel Air dwelling at eleven o'clock. The door was opened for him by Janice.

"What's wrong, Evans?" he asked.

"What isn't? Gentry's studio threatens to suspend her unless she plays ball on the Western."

"She ought to form her own company," William said.

"That's a lovely thought," Janice said. "Have you got five or ten million on you?"

"What about her husband? He's loaded."

Janice shook her head. "He's a sucker for a good gamble but he considers the picture business poison."

"How am I going to woo you," William said, "if you're always down in the dumps over our client?"

"Relax, sonny. Ours was probably the briefest great romance on record. Haven't you seen the morning paper?"

"They have me engaged all the time," William said. "It's only natural since my work forces me into contact with many lovely, lonely women. Nobody takes it seriously."

"Wait till you talk to Glamor Puss. You'll have a different opinion. She's waiting for you at the pool."

"You're mistaken," William said. "We are simply working on her case."

"I suggest you withhold further statements pending your interview with your client," Janice said. "This time, brother, you're hooked."

WILLIAM walked thoughtfully to the pool. Ginetta was reclining on an air cushion, taking the sun. She was clad in a soupçon of a white swim suit which hid scarcely an inch of her luscious tan. She waved joyously to William. William waved back, proceeded to the bathhouse to change into a pair of Hawaiian trunks, and returned with his brief case ready for work.

"Have you seen the morning paper, darling?" Ginetta said. "It has us engaged."

"Yes," William said uneasily. "It's too bad to make you waste your time denying it."

"But I haven't," Ginetta said. "I think it's a *wonderful* idea, darling. I don't know why I didn't think of it before. I feel we can be *divinely* happy."

"You'll feel differently when the case is won and you're free of the man who has caused your unhappiness," William said. "You must realize that I have been escorting you merely because I am your counsel, in order to help you over this emotional crisis in your life—"

"Of course that was the beginning, darling," Ginetta said. "But it has blossomed to something far, far deeper. Don't you like me at all?"

"Of course," William said reluctantly. "But—"

"I knew it, darling," Ginetta said. "The day I get the settlement and my interlocutory decree we'll fly down to Mexico and get married!"

"That wouldn't be legal," William protested.

"It's a start," Ginetta said. "I am so much wiser than you are, darling. One of your rumored engagements was bound to take and it might as well be mine."

"I see," William said, and suddenly he really did see quite a lot. . . .

Later in the day William sought out Mr. Cornwall. Mr. Cornwall agreed that it was imperative to terminate the engagement without offending the client. He chose the moment to compliment William on his work.

"You are doing beautifully, William," he said. "Don't let this get you down. A few broken engagements will only enhance your appeal."

William sat, his brow tortured under his short haircut. "That's not the point," he said. "Whither am I heading? I chose the law as a dignified career, but I find myself a legal eagle squiring unhappy women around night clubs. I'm—I'm getting a reputation."

"Is that bad?" Mr. Cornwall said. "You are a success, William. You have cornered the hearts-and-flowers trade. Think how many men would give an arm to be in your shoes."

"But I must think of the future," William said. "The girl I love won't understand if I keep getting engaged all the time."

"Ah?" Mr. Cornwall raised his brows. "You are in love? Is she in legal difficulty? Can she afford our fee?"

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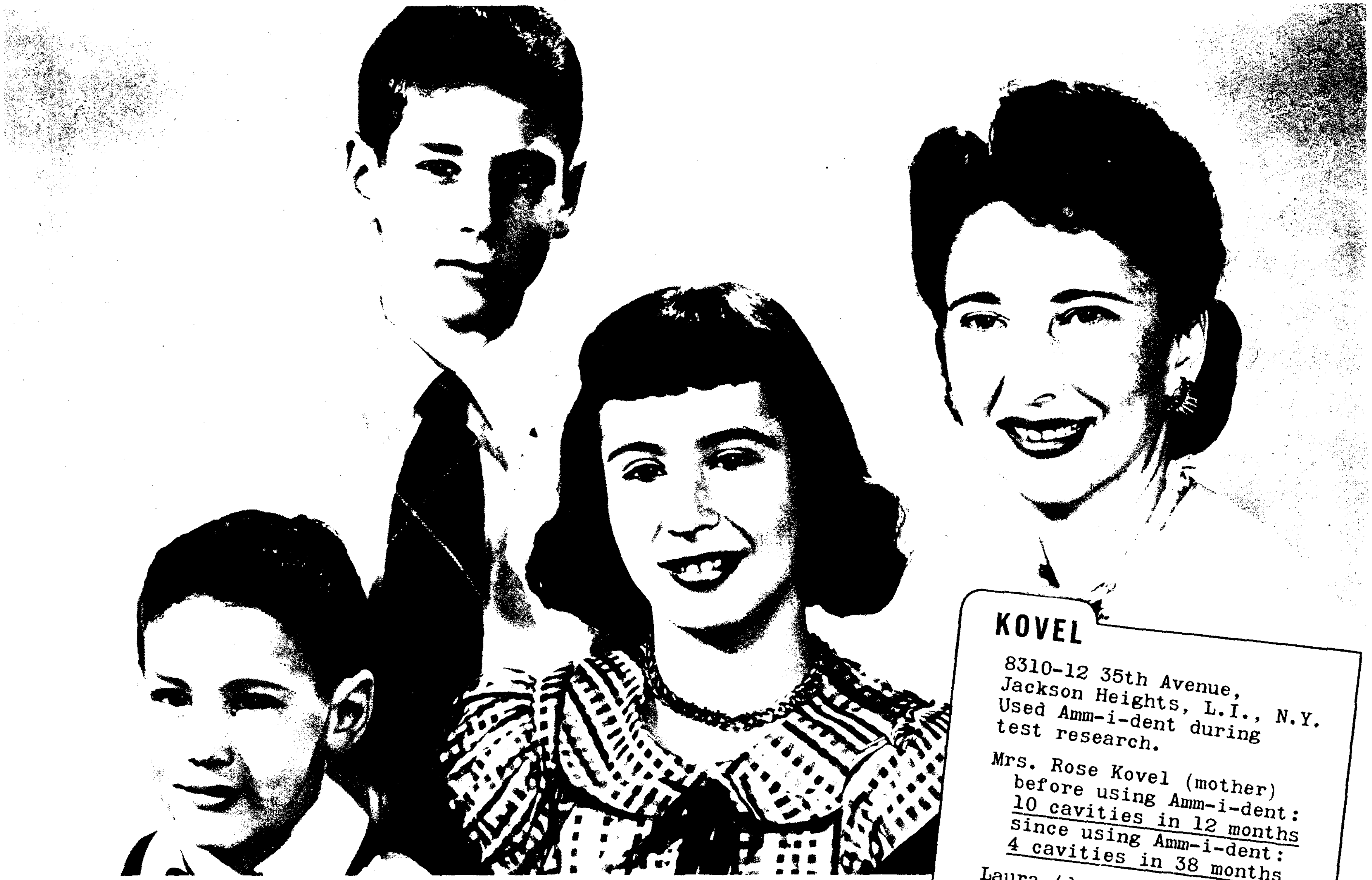

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The Kovels were among hundreds of families who helped test Amm-i-dent Tooth Powder, during early research, under supervision of dentists. They were delighted with the way it helped them reduce tooth decay. Of course, results vary with individuals. Not every family will get the same high rate of reduction as the Kovels. But your family should enjoy a substantial reduction in its rate of new cavities, with regular use of Amm-i-dent.

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Two revolutionary ingredients enable Amm-i-dent to reduce tooth decay—Dibasic Ammonium Phosphate and Carbamide (Synthetic Urea). They eliminate from the mouth large numbers of the acid-forming bacteria which can cause cavities. Now, for the first time, you can help protect against decay with your regular tooth brushing.

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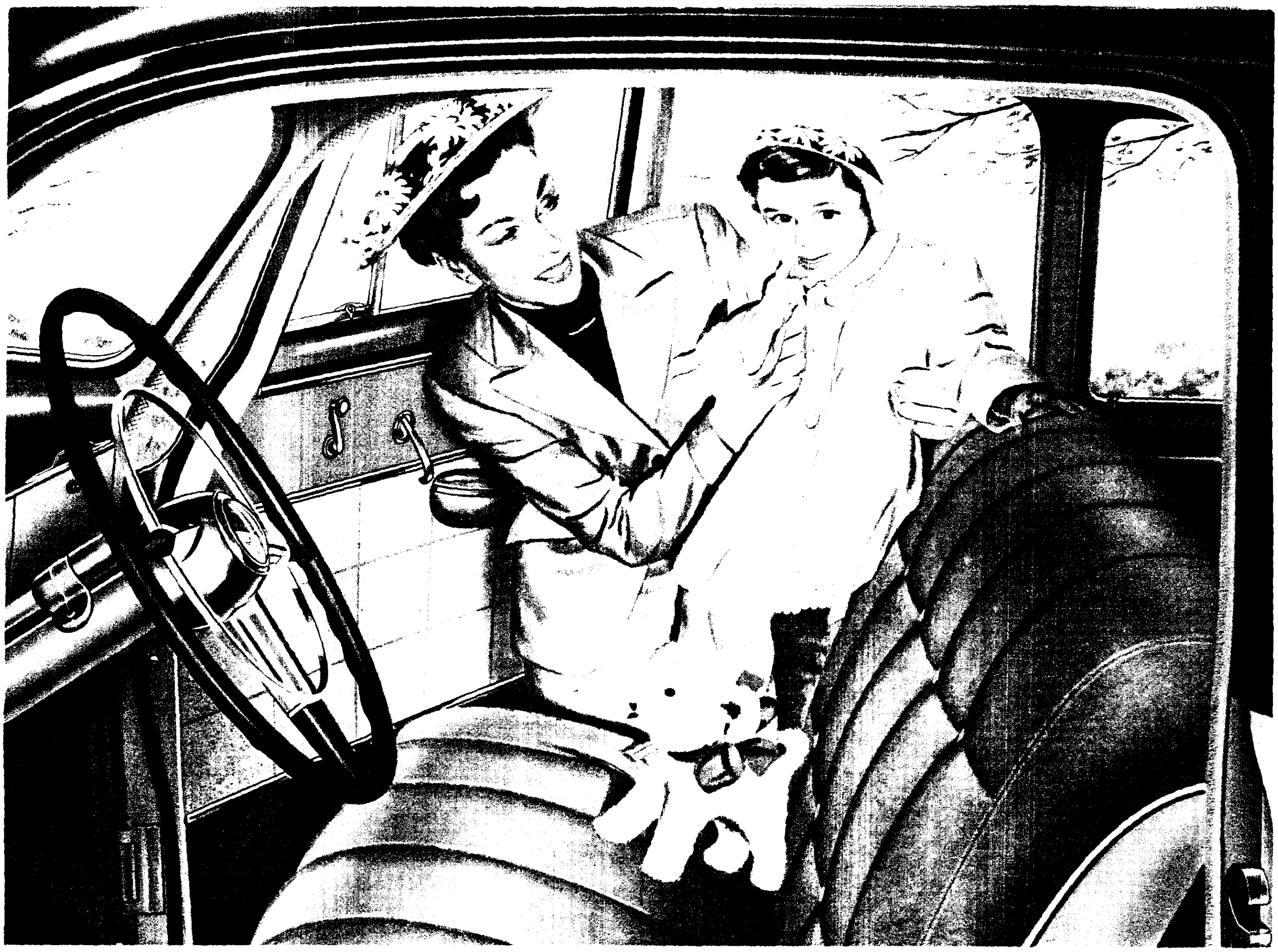

Give the Little Girl a Hand!

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But what's beneath the good looks of these postwar automobile bodies? Before you buy the car your family will ride in — *find out how well the body is built.*

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What sort of steel surrounds you? Slam the doors — and you'll hear the muffled thud of stout metal, sturdily reinforced and braced against shock and twist.

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William sighed. "No," he said hopelessly. "Excuse me for bothering you, Mr. Cornwall. I'll try to carry on."

"Send her six dozen roses, compliments of the firm," Mr. Cornwall said. "Chin up, William."

William stopped at a florist's shop and sent six dozen red roses to Janice, which he paid for himself.

For several nights William's sleep was afflicted by distorted dreams of himself and Ginetta eloping to Mexico. It was not easy to keep his emotions under control in the face of Ginetta's ardor and a press which commented upon their nightly appearances together as the hottest romance in Hollywood.

SEVERAL times he called Janice, and finally succeeded in catching her in her office.

"Will you have dinner with me tonight?" William asked.

"Definitely not," she said. "Let's face it, William. You stick to your racket and I'll stick to mine."

Two mornings before the case was to come up in court he was drinking his morning coffee and reading Variety when his eye fell upon a small item. He froze, the coffee cup half raised. Acting on the impulse of an incandescent idea William dashed to the phone in his bedroom and put through a long-distance call. When he arrived at the office his secretary, accustomed to his despondent face of the past days, looked up in amazement at William's grin.

"Miss Evans phoned. She said to tell you it's white tie for the dinner party Miss Gentry is giving Friday to celebrate her imminent freedom and remarriage."

"Thank you, Miss Willbright," William said, and went into his office with a sprightly step.

At four o'clock the next day he phoned Ginetta from the municipal airport and asked if he might drop by her house. Janice relayed the messages with a minimum of words and hung up crisply. A few minutes after five William stood in Ginetta's beige and apple-green living room with a massive man with a big ruddy face, keen black eyes, a beautiful white ten-gallon hat, and a suit obviously Bond Street or Fifth Avenue. Ginetta came in wearing a pair of black velvet slacks and a demure white dimity blouse. She took one look at the man, and stopped short.

"Jefferson Gentry," she said, "get out of my house!"

"Are you dead sure you want to go through with this, honey?"

"Wait and see," Ginetta said. William eased toward the door.

"No, you don't!" Ginetta said. "Are you willing to leave your future bride alone in the company of this—this philanderer?"

"No," William said. "I mean, yes, I—"

"Honey, did I ever philander before that week at the Corpus roundup?" Jefferson said. "When that talent scout from Hollywood dangled that seven-year contract in front of you?"

"It was a different girl every night!"

"They were just girls from the Blue Penguin chorus I took to dinner," Jefferson said. "Nice kids. I was trying to get you jealous. But instead I sent you away from me. I reckon," Jefferson said sadly, "I know more about oil than women."

He looked so big and so remorseful that William felt sorry for him. Obviously Ginetta was affected also.

"Why, you big jerk," she said, "I just got mad and that's why I came to Hollywood without you."

William eased out quietly. He found Janice in the hall, turning from the phone. He thought she had never looked so lovely, with a shaft of afternoon light from the round window filtering through her hair.

"Hi, sonny," she said briskly. "That was Star Secrets Magazine wanting to do an article on your whirlwind courtship."

William seized both her hands and kissed her surprised mouth. "Shut up, angel," he said. "Come in here while I tell you a story."

She did, and he did. Then she kissed him, and he kissed her. "William," Janice said eventually, "you're a genius. Not only that, you're wonderful."

William did not contradict her. "You told me Jefferson H. Gentry was a sucker for a good gamble," he said. "Yesterday morning I read in Variety that Ginetta's last picture grossed six million. If that isn't a good gamble, what is? So I called Jefferson long-distance."

TO BANK VAULTS
B TOBEY

COLLIER'S "Yoo hoo—" BARNEY TOBEY

"Kiss me," Janice said. . . .

Mr. Cornwall listened to the details of William's romance and its joyous outcome with an unflinching eye.

"Happy though I am for you, my boy," he said, when William had finished, "I am forced to remind you that your value to us lies solely in your capacity as an attractive bachelor."

"But, Mr. Cornwall—"

"To put it bluntly, William," Mr. Cornwall said, "the day you marry, your value to us ends."

"I see," William said. He felt like one riding a roller coaster that has suddenly left the track. He gazed across Mr. Cornwall's barren desk down a cheerless vista of bachelorhood. On the other side of the picture he saw himself starting out again with a bride and no job, with years of struggle ahead. He sighed desolately.

"Chin up, William," Mr. Cornwall said. "Maybe things aren't as bad as they seem. Perhaps this romance will wither. Perhaps her police dog will take an aversion to you."

"She hasn't got a police dog," William said bleakly.

"Something will turn up," Mr. Cornwall said. "Meanwhile, William, I have a tip that trouble is brewing between the Harry Cushmans. Mrs. Cushman will be at the beach party you'll attend tomorrow at the Bay Club. Send her an orchid. Take her to dinner. I understand she's an excellent golfer. How's your golf?"

THE phone on Mr. Cornwall's desk rang. Mr. Cornwall answered it. "For you," he told William.

William took the receiver, and while the conversation progressed, his face gradually resumed its normal cheerful aspect. Mr. Cornwall, watching, grew curious.

"Good-by, Mr. Cornwall," William said absent-mindedly. He put down the receiver and started hastily for the door.

"Wait a minute, William—" Mr. Cornwall began.

"Oh," William said. "Excuse me, Mr. Cornwall. That was Jefferson Harrison Gentry. I'm afraid I'll be resigning. He has asked me to handle his interests—a thirty-million-dollar account, Mr. Cornwall."

"Gentry?" Mr. Cornwall said. "The oilman?"

"His wife is dropping her suit," William said. "They're leaving tomorrow on an extended honeymoon. Jefferson's buying her studio and will produce her pictures. He wants me to help him locate a ranch to buy in San Fernando Valley. Good-b—"

"Jefferson Gentry? Wait a minute, William!"

"Yes, Mr. Cornwall?"

Mr. Cornwall did a turn across the carpet. William waited, his short hair standing up over the face of a serious young corporation lawyer of the future.

"William," Mr. Cornwall said presently, "you've got more above the ears than a thwarted tuft. I'm going to put Cramblett on hearts-and-flowers, though if anybody ever catches him in swimming trunks we'll run in the red. I've just remembered that we have a very interesting case coming up involving one of our corporation accounts and—I've been mulling over the idea of a junior partnership. . . ."

Janice stood up as William came back into his own office. "How did he take it, darling?" she asked.

William kissed her several times. He looked terribly happy, and he obviously had stuff on his mind. "Come on, angel," he said. "I'm supposed to order you six dozen orchids, compliments of the firm."

THE END

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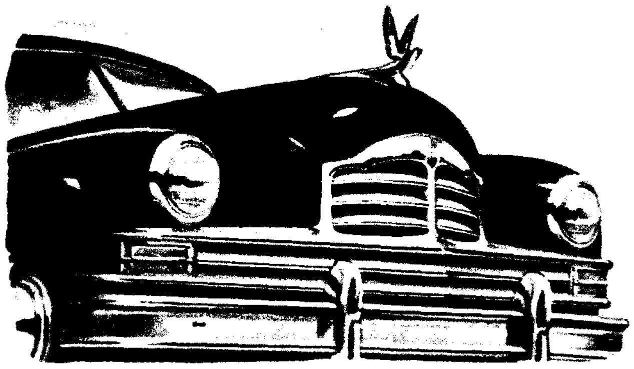
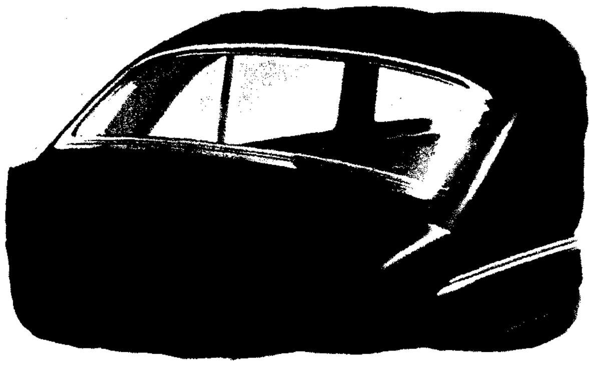


New, bolder identity. Massive new grille and bumper treatment accentuates its exclusive beauty. In this age of "look-alikes," this car is still proudly *Packard* at a glance!



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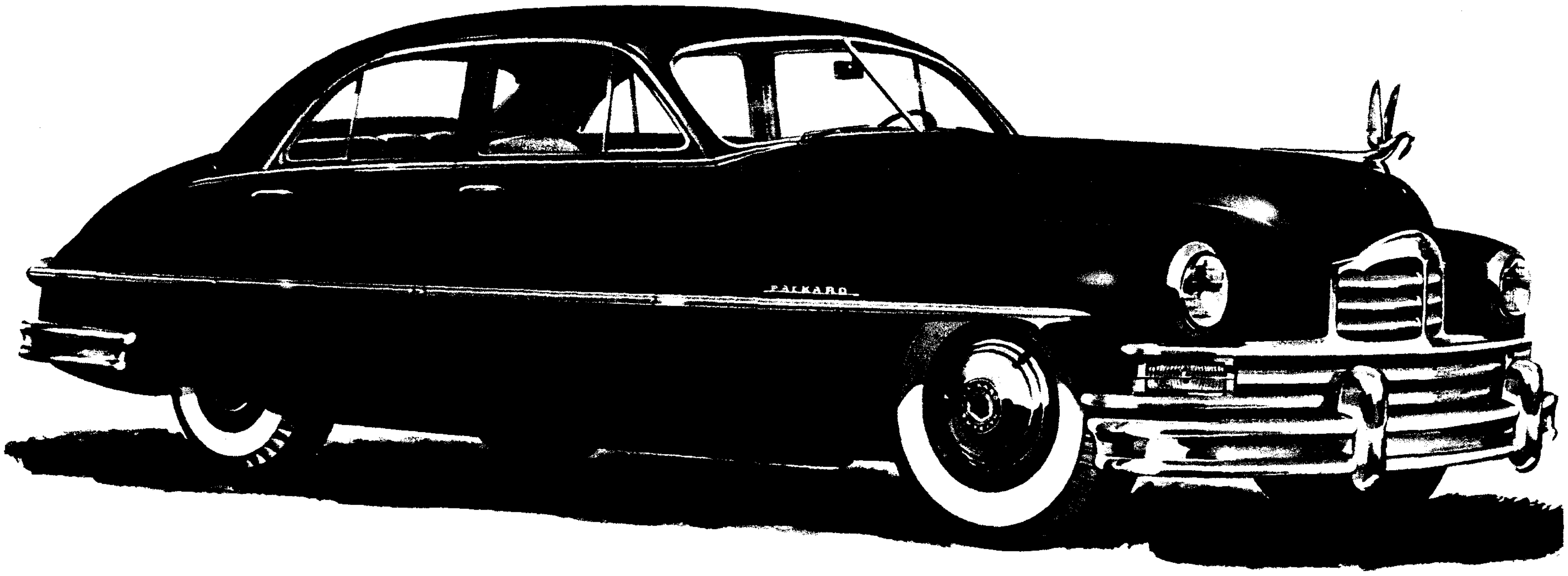

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Today—50 years later—Packard presents a line of motor cars which adds new lustre to this tradition.

In their sleek *new* beauty . . . their *new,* increased power (coupled with amazing fuel economy) . . . the roominess and luxury of their *new* soundproofed interiors . . . and in their superb *new* riding qualities

New Golden Anniversary Packard *Super*, shown above, offers you the powerful surge and delightfully silent performance of its stepped-up 150-HP straight-eight engine . . . and the smooth "limousine" ride of its new, longer 127" wheelbase.

. . . these Golden Anniversary models are the greatest ever to bear the Packard name.

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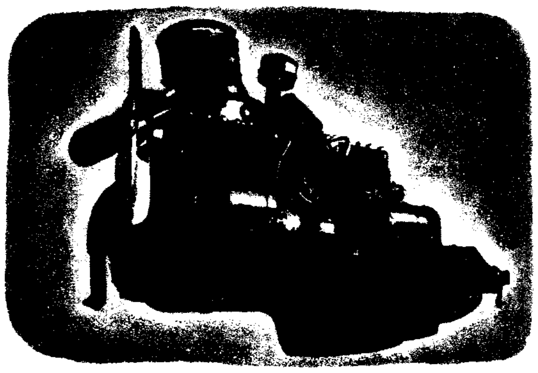
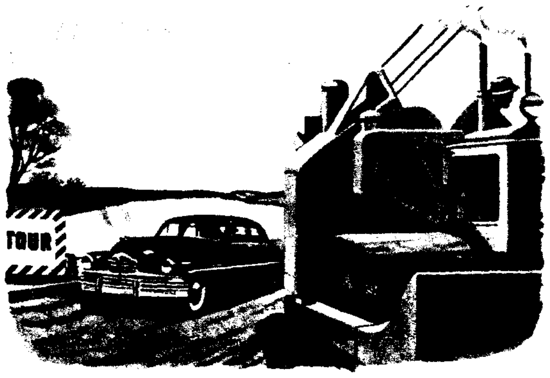


New spectacular performance from quieter, more powerful Packard straight-eight engines—with no sacrifice of Packard's sensational new postwar gasoline economy!

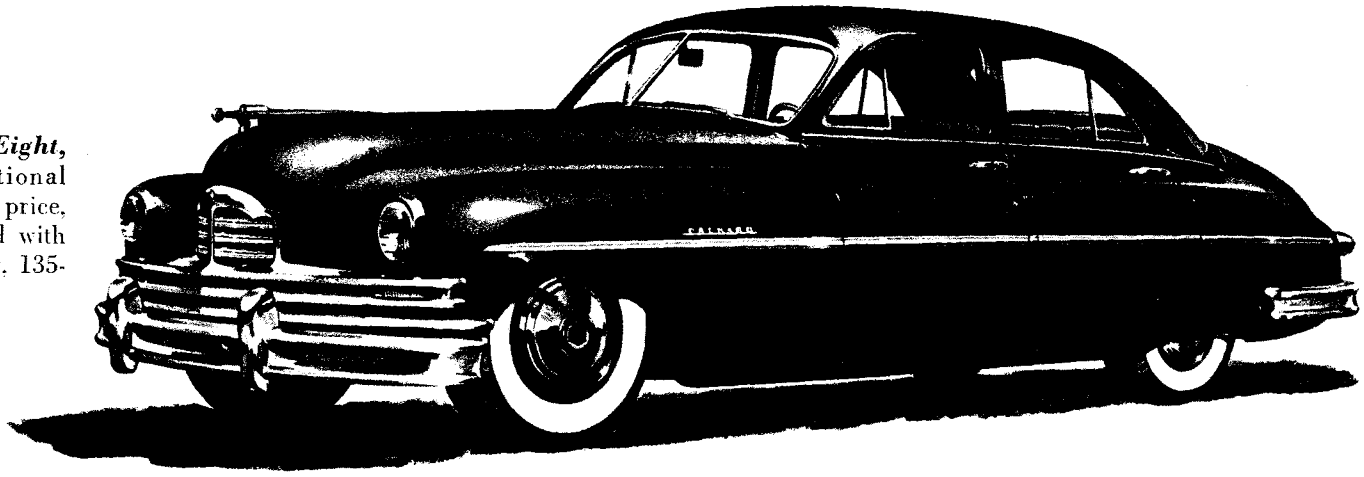
New all-weather comfort from the improved Packard automatic heating and ventilating system. Changes air once every minute . . . even with all windows closed!

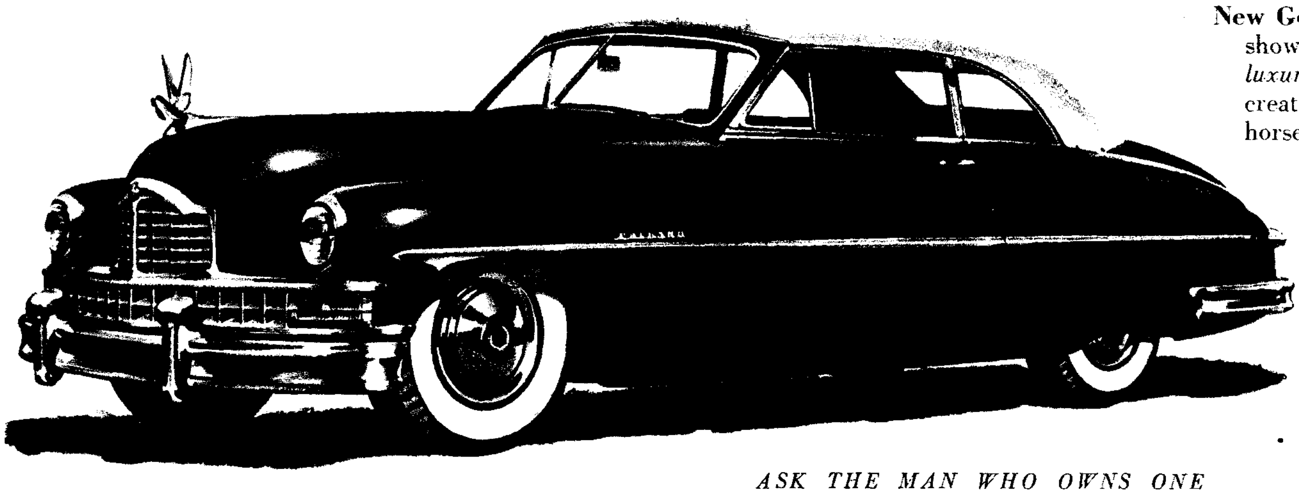


New smoother "limousine" ride. Packard's costly "self-controlling" suspension system combines delightful new smoothness with level-keeled roadability.

ary PACKARDS

New Golden Anniversary Packard *Eight*, shown at right, brings you traditional Packard quality at its most attractive price, in a choice of four new models—all with the more powerful, amazingly thrifty, 135-horsepower Packard Eight engine.





New Golden Anniversary Packard *Custom*, shown at left, is more than ever *America's most luxurious motor car.* Two stunning new body creations, both powered by the famed 160-horsepower Packard Custom Eight engine.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

Sorry, Pal! You're Dispossessed!
LOOK, DREAM-BEAM! IF YOU WANT ME TO GET OUT FOR HECTOR, TALK! YOU DON'T DENY YOU'VE BEEN LEADING ME A DOG'S LIFE, DO YOU?
NO, BUT THE REASON'S TOO TOUGH FOR ME TO HANDLE, JACK. YOUR DENTIST IS THE ONE TO GIVE OUT ABOUT—ABOUT BAD BREATH!
TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!
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NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE CLEANS TEETH BETTER THAN COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! AND HOW I GO FOR COLGATE'S GRAND WAKE-UP FLAVOR!
COLGATE'S IS THE REASON WHY HECTOR'S GLAD—AND SO AM I!
Cleans Your Breath While It Cleans Your Teeth!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
ECONOMY SIZE 59¢ ALSO 43¢ AND 25¢ SIZES

Always use
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
after you eat
and before every date

A YOUNG MAN MARRED

Continued from page 14

Dan picked a sliver off the tholepin and began to chew it. He asked a counterquestion. "Had good fishing on the river?"

"Fine!" Lucy assured him. "We've hooked forty-odd fish this week, killed thirty-two."

Dan nodded, smiling. "We've only caught twenty-three this week," he said. "You've—slaughtered nine more than we have."

Lucy cried indignantly: "But we've caught them in a sporting way!"

Dan threw away the sliver. "Sporting?" he repeated, in an amiable tone. "You sit in a Gaspé boat with two men to paddle you. If you get tired of casting, one of the guides takes the rod. If he hooks a fish, he gives you the rod and you play the fish and he nets it. Maybe that's sporting—but I wonder if the salmon likes it better than our way? You kill your fish the slow way, for fun. We kill ours the quick way, for money."

Lucy was thoroughly angry. What he said was true, so she resented it. She repeated scornfully, "Oh, for money?"

"Yes," he said. He added gently: "You see—we need the money!"

She colored, remembering that she and her father did not need the salmon they caught. Of course Pete Cornier and Jim Ross and the other guides—Jim was also the guardian of the river—were glad to have the salmon, and sometimes her father shipped some fine fish to friends at home; but neither she nor Doctor Landor particularly liked to eat salmon. This Dan McIsaac had an irritating trick of putting her in the wrong, yet she argued stubbornly:

"Wouldn't it be more profitable in the long run if you had good salmon fishing here—to attract sportsmen? The whole community would be better off."

"Aren't you satisfied with the fishing you've had?"

She was red with anger at this unanswerable young man. "I suppose it's a question of whether you're a sportsman or not!" she said, in what she hoped were scathing tones, and stepped out of the dory.

He nodded. "That's right. Sports kill for fun, and we kill for money," he agreed. He placed his rollers and hauled the dory up the beach, and she saw the strength in his shoulders and his thighs. He tied his salmon together with a bit of cod line. "Father will be glad to see Doctor Landor," he said courteously, and turned away.

She drove home, thinking furiously of some of the things she wished she had remembered to say, disliking Dan McIsaac tremendously. He was so sure of himself, so persistently right! If luck gave her the chance, she would put him in the wrong.

LUCK gave her the chance, three or four days later. She had told Jim Ross, the guardian, that she would not fish that morning, and he went down-river to his home; but she changed her mind. The pool called the Horseshoe could be fished from the bank. She was casting over the foot of the pool when a movement in the quick water at the head caught her eye and she saw Dan there, facing upstream, a heavy pole that seemed to have been made out of a birch sapling in his hands. He wore blue denim pants, and so far as she could see, nothing else. His body was honey-colored from long exposure to the sun.

Then she heard the song of his reel and realized that he was fast to a fish, and in her father's water!

So this confident young man was delivered into her hands! He was poaching, and subject to pains and penalties. She laid her rod on the bank, slipped away to the lodge and telephoned Jim Ross. She said, "Dan McIsaac's poaching our water, Mr. Ross. He's got a fish on, in the Horseshoe."

Jim protested: "Dan wouldn't do that, ma'am."

"I saw him!"

"Maybe your father told him he could."

"Don't be an idiot! Come up here and arrest him."

"Well, I'll come up," Jim said doubtfully.

She ran back to the river to find her father. He was fishing Rocky Pasture, the next pool below the Horseshoe. The river flows into Rocky Pasture over a low cascade, then widens out till it is fifty or sixty yards across and a hundred yards long, with a ledgy bottom and boulders here and there that sometimes break the surface.

WHEN she came out on the bluff above them, her father and the guides were in the Gaspé boat halfway down the pool. Lucy could see, upstream, the shallow rips below the Horseshoe.

Dan McIsaac was wading down these rips, chasing his fish. Something splashed over the little cascade ahead of him and down into Rocky Pasture. She caught a glint of silver. It was a big fish.

Dan came to the lip of the cascade and stopped there, knee-deep in water, holding his rod well up. His reel was emitting occasional sullen sounds as the salmon took line. Dan slid off the cascade into the deep water below. He swam awkwardly, with his feet and one hand, holding his rod in his other hand, the current carrying him along. Her father saw him; and the guides brought the boat ashore to give Dan room.

Dan swam to a boulder near the tail of the pool, with deep water all around, and climbed out on it. The fish seemed to be above him in the pool; and following his line with her eye, Lucy saw it.

It was tremendous! It would weigh twenty-five, thirty, thirty-five pounds! It was so big it made the other salmon in the pool look like grilse. She could see it boring against the current, losing ground, yielding a little to the strong pull of the rod, fighting to regain what it had lost.

Dan had no net nor gaff. The salmon was not thirty feet from where he stood, but he could not hope to beach it on the boulder. He slid down into the water, swam a few strokes toward the foot of the pool, got footing, stood up in water over his waist and began to work the fish again. As it came toward him, he backed downstream into the shallows.

Lucy made her way down to where her father stood. Her heart was pounding with excitement. Dan was leading the salmon into the quick water at the foot of the pool. He waded down the shallow rips, the big fish now abreast of him, sagging downstream in the strong current. Fifty yards below Rocky Pasture lies the pool called the Pocket. There is a gravel bar at one side of this pool. Dan brought the salmon into the Pocket. He waded out to the gravel bar and took his stand there.

Lucy in her excitement forgot he was poaching! The salmon's side showed again. When Dan drew it into the shallows, it swung off in a last run, but he held it. He brought it back. He led it toward the bar till its belly touched the bottom. Then its head came out of water, the gill covers wide open and suddenly it lay still, anesthetized by the air.

Dan leaped toward it. He lifted it by the tail with one hand and carried it up on the gravel. He took his knife and bled it with a longitudinal slit in its throat.

He stood up then, looking at the group on the shore behind him. He grinned wearily. He said, "I'm tired." He lay down flat on his back on the gravel beside the big salmon.

Lucy, despite herself, wanted to cheer! Then Jim Ross, at her elbow, spoke to her father. He said, "That salmon will go close to forty pounds, Doctor! It's the biggest fish ever taken out of this river."

Seeing Jim here reminded Lucy that Dan was in the wrong. "He poached it!" she cried. "You've got to arrest him, Mr. Ross."

Dan heard her and sat up suddenly and looked toward them. The guardian spoke doubtfully to Doctor Landor. "Did you give him permission?" he asked.

Doctor Landor, almost regretfully, shook his head. Dan got slowly to his feet. Jim Ross hesitated. He said, "Dan, what you got to say?"

Lucy exclaimed: "What can he say? We all saw him!"

Dan looked at her and his eyes narrowed; but then he grinned and picked up his fine fish and took the fly out of its mouth. He reeled in his line, and with the fish in one hand, the rod in the other, he came ashore to where they stood. His feet were bare, one of them bleeding where a rock had cut it. His rod was a birch shoot, heavy and stiff and cumbersome. Leather loops were tied on at intervals to serve as guides, and an old brass reel was lashed in place at the butt.

Lucy was enough an angler to appreciate the difficulty of handling even a small salmon on such clumsy tackle, but she did not speak.

Her father said to Dan, "That's quite a rig!"

"It's my father's," Dan explained. He said, "I'll make you a present of the fish."

Lucy answered him. "No, thank you! Keep it. You catch salmon for money. You can sell it to help pay your fine!"

Dan's eyes met hers. Then he spoke to her father. "I didn't poach the fish," he said. "I hooked it up in the bog, above the dam. That's not your water, sir." Jim Ross uttered a low exclamation, and Dan added, grinning a little: "It came downstream, so I had to come along."

Lucy felt victory escaping her, but then she remembered the gate in the dam. "You couldn't come through the sluice!" she protested.

Dan still spoke to her father. "I haven't much line," he explained, "so I had to chase it. When it came through the sluice, I poked my rod through after it and kicked off my boots and swam out in the pool below the dam and picked up the rod again. We've been fighting it out ever since."

Jim Ross said in wonder, "That's over two miles!"

"About an hour and a half," Dan agreed.

The admiring murmurs from the guides made Lucy feel helplessly in the wrong. "But you trespassed on our water!" she insisted.

Her father said quietly, "Easy, Lucy. When a man's into a fish, he can go anywhere the fish takes him." He told Dan, "That's a fine fish, and a fine piece of work to land him." He extended his hand. Dan took it.

Lucy turned up the trail to the lodge, where presently her father joined her. He asked in a curious amusement, "Lucy, what's that young man done to you?"

Lucy hesitated, and then, surprisingly, she smiled. "I hate him! He's always so darned right!" she said.

THAT afternoon a thin rain began to fall, and next morning was stormy. The wind waxed all next day, it blew a gale all night, and the second morning saw no slackening in its force.

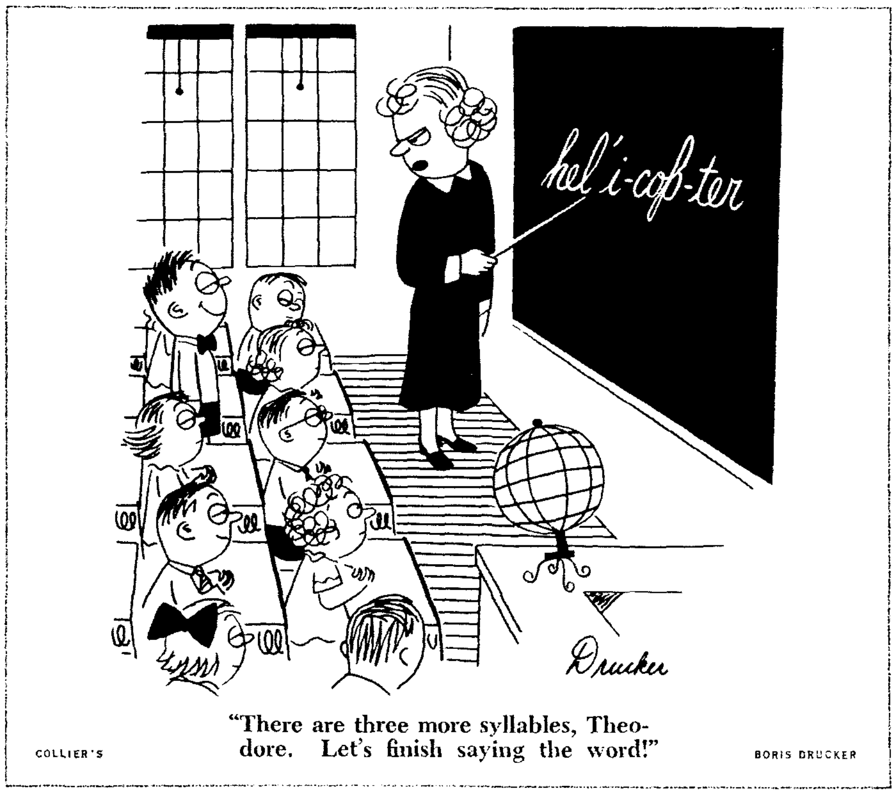
Something Doctor Landor ate for lunch disagreed with him so violently that in midafternoon Lucy put him to bed. A little later Jim Ross drove up to the lodge and came in to give them news of the storm. It still showed no sign of slackening; and already it had done heavy damage alongshore, driving great seas clear across the beach into the *barachois.*

"It scoured out under the abutment at one end of the highway bridge," Jim said. "The bridge has sagged so you can't drive a car across, and there's gullies washed out in the road along the beach. It's the worst I ever saw in summertime."

Lucy had taken him in to talk to her father. Doctor Landor asked, "Then there isn't any way to get out of here?"

"Not as long as the storm lasts," Jim assented. "I dunno as I can get home myself, only walking. The brook down below was running right over the road and the bridge when I came up."

He went out to see the guides, and Doctor Landor—he was still in bed—looked after him, and his face twisted in a sudden grimace of pain. He tried to



"There are three more syllables, Theodore. Let's finish saying the word!"

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smile. "This was a bad time for me to get sick," he told Lucy. "With the bridge out."

She was worried about him, but she would not show it. "Don't be silly. You're not sick," she said. She bade him have a nap, and left him alone.

Later she heard Jim leave in his car, but he returned to report that the brook had gullied the road below the lodge so that he could not cross, and he would stay the night. Early dusk began to fall, and Doctor Landor called Lucy.

"I think you'd better take my temperature, Lucy," he said. "There's a thermometer in my bag." He always carried a surgical kit, reduced to its essentials.

FAINT terror touched her. She knew enough about emergencies to think of an appendix, remembered that they were here prisoners of the storm. She touched his head with her hand. "Nonsense," she assured him, "you're cool as a cucumber!"

Nevertheless she brought the thermometer. He told her to shake the mercury down, but when she tried to do so, the slim glass tube slipped through her fingers and was shattered on the floor.

She cried out in dismay, then laughed. "There!" she said. "I'm glad it's broken. You don't need a thermometer! You're fine!"

He said doubtfully, "I've been having some pretty bad cramps, and that nausea this afternoon was disturbing. And I feel—hot and dry."

"I'll get you a drink of water."

He sipped it dutifully, but he declined to eat dinner. She read to him for a while afterward, the storm lashing rain against the windows. At last she told him he had better go to sleep. "You'll be all right in the morning," she predicted. "Couldn't you take something to make you sleepy?"

He said emphatically, "No." He promised to call her if he needed her, and she went to her room, but not to sleep. When hours later he called, she lighted a lamp and went to him. He said, "Lucy, you'd better see if we can get a doctor anywhere."

"Are you worse?" Her lips were dry.

"The pain has stopped," he said. "I'm afraid it was my appendix, Lucy."

"But if the pain has stopped?"

"That means the appendix has burst. Someone will have to take it out, put in drains." He added quietly, "If that can be done, I may have a chance."

"A chance?" She shivered and wet her lips.

"Yes, Lucy, if we can get a doctor."

She went to the door that opened toward the guides' cabin and called Jim. He came, half-dressed, and she led him to her father's room. "Father's sick," she said. "Is there a doctor in the village?"

Jim looked grave. "No, ma'am. The nearest one's at Gaspé. That's fifty miles."

Doctor Landor said, "Can we phone him, get him here?"

"The wires are down," Jim reminded them, "and the road's out."

Lucy touched her father's hand. "If you'll tell me exactly what to do," she said, "I'll try to do it."

He looked at her for a long moment, thinking, wondering whether she could perform the operation. She might at least put in a drain. If he were under a local anesthetic he could watch in a mirror while she worked, direct every step. But then big Jim Ross said doubtfully: "Dan McIsaac's studying to be a doctor."

Lucy swung sharply toward him. Doctor Landor asked, "Studying? Where?"

"McGill," Jim said. He added, "Joe makes enough out of his net on the beach so he could afford to send him, and Dan's been there four years. He's going to work in a hospital in Montreal next month." He added, in the moment's silence that followed, "Dan always was good at taking care of cows and horses and dogs, ever since he was a boy. I guess he's going to make a good doctor."

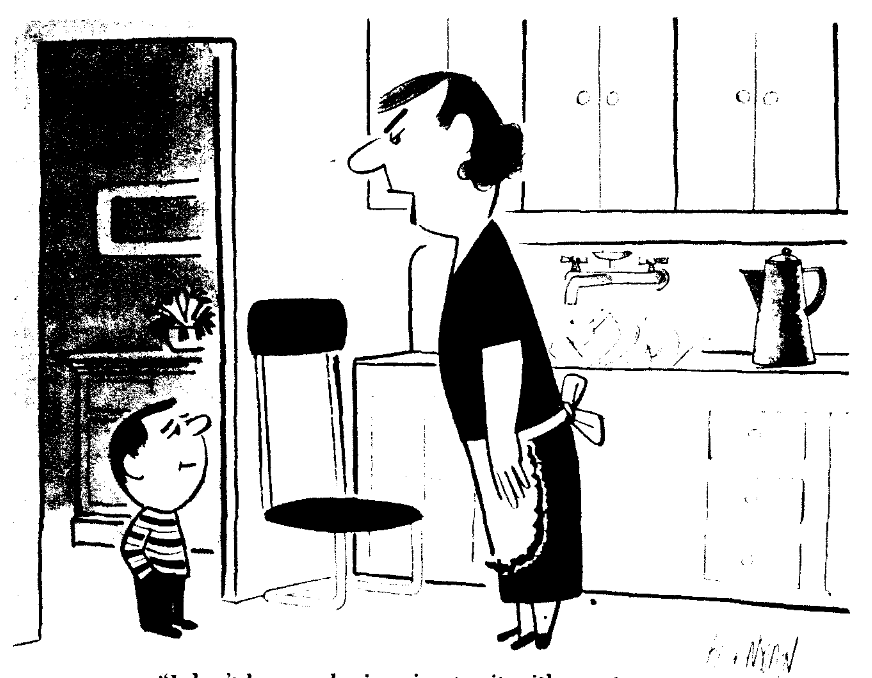
Doctor Landor smiled ruefully at this recommendation, but there was no other help at hand. "Can you get to his house?"

"I can walk it."

"Run it," the other man told him. "Tell Dan I've a ruptured appendix. Tell him I have all the instruments he'll need."

Jim without a word turned toward the door. Lucy said, "Dan can do it, Father. He's the sort of man who can do things."

"We'll get ready for him," he agreed. Under his instruction, with the guides to help, she set water to boil, prepared a table and lamps. Before Dan arrived Doctor Landor was on the table, his abdomen scrubbed, clean sheets laid over him, all preparations made. "You'll have to help him, Lucy," he said. "Think you can?"



"I don't know who is going to sit with you tonight. The 'blond character with the buck teeth' refused, and the 'old creep with the lisp' said she wouldn't be caught dead at it!"

COLLIER'S STANLEY BERENSTAIN

"I can do anything for you—if he tells me what to do." . . .

When Dan came into the room, Lucy thought he was taller than she remembered him. Doctor Landor said at once, "McIsaac, Jim says you're a McGill man. I suppose you've assisted at appendectomies?"

"I've done three," Dan said, his hand on the other's pulse.

"The appendix burst a little over an hour ago," Doctor Landor said. "You'll find everything you need. My daughter will help you. Jim Ross can give the ether. Go ahead."

Dan asked, "Have you a thermometer?"

"We broke it; but I've had a temperature since midafternoon."

Dan began to prod Doctor Landor's abdomen, pressing in on one side and then on the other with the tips of his fingers sharply. "What did you eat for dinner?" he asked.

Lucy said, "He wouldn't eat. He was sick all afternoon, nausea and pain."

"For lunch, then?"

"Grilse. Fried potatoes. French toast."

Doctor Landor said urgently, "You know time's important, McIsaac."

"I know," Dan assented. "But first I want to be sure we're right."

"I've made the diagnosis," Doctor Landor told him curtly. Dan asked two or three questions. Doctor Landor answered them, but he protested: "I'm not likely to be wrong about this."

"I know your reputation, know about your clinic," Dan assented. "There's nobody better than you in your field, but you're a brain man. How long is it since you diagnosed an appendix?"

"Probably twenty years. But the human body hasn't changed. And I haven't lost my memory!"

"Why didn't you go to Gaspé to the hospital when this attack began?"

"I didn't realize the truth until after Jim told me the road was impassable."

Dan nodded. "And then you began to worry," he said understandingly. He stood erect beside the table. "The history suggests an appendix," he reflected, thinking aloud. "In a younger man, even without a blood count, it would be fairly conclusive. But at your age, there's a doubt. The abdomen's relaxed. There's a slight spasm, but I suppose you've prodded yourself, produced a tenderness."

Doctor Landor said crisply, "I'm sure about this, McIsaac." Lucy watched them both, watched Dan with an incredulous anger growing in her eyes. Dan touched her father's wrist again. He hesitated, spoke at last in a decisive tone.

"Doctor Landor, you've an acute digestive disturbance, but it's passed its peak. Make the boys broil your grilse hereafter, and bake the potatoes. You can't handle fried foods without more exercise."

There was a long moment's silence in the room. Lucy looked from one man to the other. Then Doctor Landor said grimly, "McIsaac, I know your reluctance to operate under these conditions, and in an almost hopeless case. You don't want to—lose your first patient. But you're going to be a doctor, and a doctor has to accept such risks. If you operate, I've a chance. If you don't—I'll probably be dead in three or four days."

Dan said simply, "I would operate if I thought it necessary. It isn't."

"I'll take the responsibility," the older man insisted. "I'll write out an authorization. You go ahead."

"You'll be all right by noon tomorrow," Dan told him surely.

Doctor Landor closed his eyes as though surrendering. Lucy faced Dan. She said to him in a low tone. "Don't you suppose my father knows what he's talking about?"

"I know he doesn't," Dan told her gently.

Tears filled her eyes. "You're afraid!"

"I'm afraid, yes," Dan assented honestly. "I'm scared clear down to my heels." He looked toward Doctor Landor. "You'll understand, sir. If you're right and I don't operate, it's a lot worse for me than if you're wrong and I do. The easy thing would be to go ahead and try it." He glanced at the instruments laid ready. "If you died, no one would blame me; and if your appendix is healthy, you'd probably be all right."

The other watched him gravely. "But I'm not going to touch you," said Dan. He appealed to Lucy, smiling a little. "I'm more afraid of not doing it than of doing it," he said. "But I think he's all right. I'll not operate."

She came to her father's side, but Doctor Landor spoke again, in a different tone. "McIsaac, I've had all the symptoms of an appendix," he said. "The abdomen was distended before you came. The pain was there. The pulse was bad, and I had a pretty high temperature."

"I'm sure that's true."

"Then why don't you go ahead?"

"Because I know you haven't a ruptured appendix."

Doctor Landor asked curiously: "How can you be sure?"

"I can't tell, myself," Dan admitted. "I just know."

Lucy thrust Dan aside. She came near her father. She cried, "You tell me what to do, Father! I'll do it myself! I've seen the operation done. And—at least I'm not afraid to try!"

Doctor Landor looked at Dan McIsaac for a long time, but then he shook his head. "I'll take McIsaac's word for it, Lucy," he decided, and suddenly, remembering something she had said, he smiled and added, "I believe he's right again!"

DAN was right. By noon next day Doctor Landor was as well as ever. Ten days later when he and Lucy started on the long drive home they passed Joe McIsaac's house, and Lucy turned to look back at it, and her father said, watching her, smiling, "Dan went back to Montreal day before yesterday."

She looked toward the road ahead again, her eyes brimming with tears. She said, "He makes me so doggoned mad!"

He asked gently, "Did you tell him you love him?" Her eyes flashed to his, startled and dismayed. "I thought you might have to do the telling," he explained, and when she did not answer, he asked, "What did he say when you told him?"

"He said that was one of the things he couldn't discuss for another two or three years, till he got a start."

"Can't you wait two or three years?"

"I'll never see him again," she whispered miserably. "He'll marry some nurse or something, in Montreal!"

Doctor Landor shook his head. "Not in Montreal," he corrected, and as her eyes flashed to his he said, "You see, Lucy, a man who knows what's wrong with a patient, or what isn't, without knowing how he knows, is a born doctor. And a man with courage enough to stand by his opinions is a good man in any job. I want Dan in the clinic. He's coming to do his hospital work near us, coming to us when he's ready."

Her eyes lighted like the sun through clouds, and he added smilingly, "I count on you to see to it that he doesn't marry one of the nurses out home! You know what they say—a young man married is a young man marred."

Lucy laughed, an intoxication of triumph in her tones.

"I'll mar him!" she said vengefully. "Two or three years indeed! This is once Dan's wrong!"

THE END

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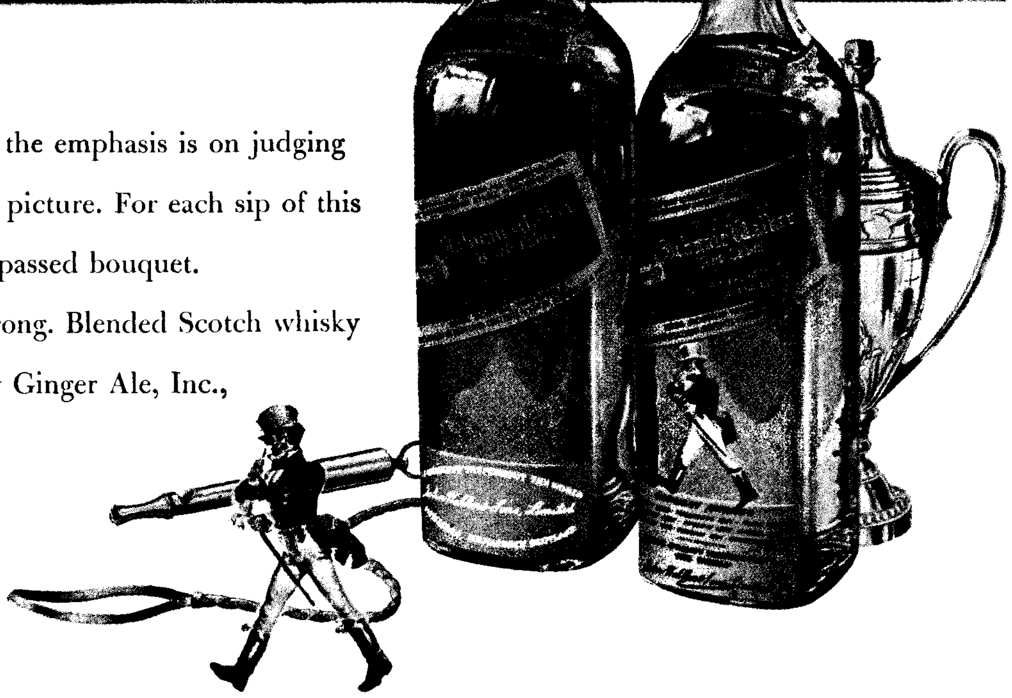

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WIZARDS OF WORDS

Continued from page 23

was declared eliminated because he had misspelled *taboret*. He left the hall with a heavy heart and lagging steps. Suddenly, the New York judges realized that Johnny had, by mistake, been given the wrong word. They promptly reinstated him. But Johnny couldn't be found. There was a highly embarrassing situation until officials finally located him and hurried him back to the Town Hall.

Still puffing, Johnny proceeded to outspell his rivals and win the bee. That day he wore No. 7. But, alas, he was eliminated in the finals at Washington. His number? 13!

Boys definitely are the weaker sex in the matter of spelling ability. Judging by past performances, girls are better by more than 2 to 1. In the 21 national bees to date there have been 15 girl champs.

No Champs from Big Cities

What's wrong with our largest cities? None of them—not even New York or Chicago—has produced a champion! The contests would seem to indicate that the young people of the Middle West are our best spellers. That section has given us 12 champions; the South, seven; and the East, in third place, two.

Let's call the roll of the winners: (1925) Frank Neuhauser, representing the Louisville Courier-Journal; (1926) Pauline Bell, Louisville Courier-Journal; (1927) Dean Lucas, Akron Beacon Journal; (1928) Betty Robinson, South Bend News-Times; (1929) Virginia Hogan, Omaha World-Herald; (1930) Helen Jensen, Des Moines Register and Tribune; (1931) Ward Randall, White Hall (Illinois) Register-Republican; (1932) Dorothy Greenwald, Des Moines Register and Tribune; (1933) Alma Roach, Akron Beacon Journal; (1934) Sarah Wilson, Portland (Maine) Evening Express; (1935) Clara Mohler, Akron Beacon Journal; (1936) Jean Trowbridge, Des Moines Register and Tribune; (1937) Waneeta Beckley, Louisville Courier-Journal; (1938) Marian Richardson, Louisville Times; (1939) Elizabeth Ann Rice, Worcester (Massachusetts) Telegram and Gazette; (1940) Laurel Kuykendall, Knoxville News-Sentinel; (1941) Louis Edward Sissman, Detroit News; (1942) Richard Earnhart, El Paso Herald-Post; (1946) Johnny McKinney, Des Moines Register and Tribune; (1947) Mattie Lou Pollard, Atlanta Journal, and (1948) Jean Chappelear, Akron Beacon Journal.

Youngest winner of all time was Richard Earnhart who captured the 1942 title. At the time, he was at the ripe old age of eleven.

The job of judging the finals has been done for years by Mrs. Wilford L. White, formerly of the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration faculty; Belmont Farley, Director of Press and Radio Relations of the National Education Association; and William H. Martin, of the Office of Publications and Reports of the Federal Security Agency. Their task is to enforce the rules—16 in all—and to decide the close ones.

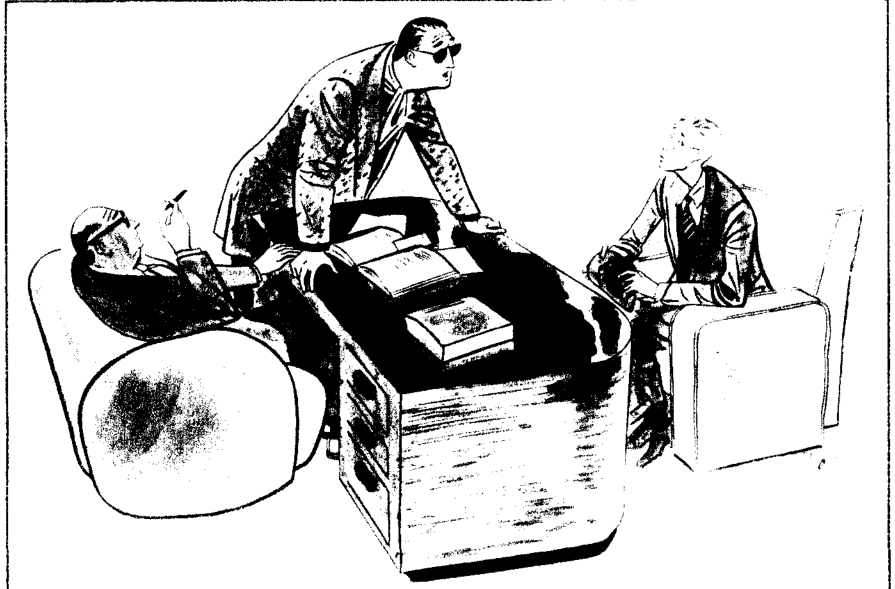
Ten of the toughest —try them

Do you think you could win your way to the top in a national spelling bee? If you had participated last year, as many of our children did, you would have probably encountered some of the ten words given here. These ten are as tough as any in the list of 816 words used in the 1948 competition.

If you really want to know how good you are have someone read them to you. Follow spelldown rules. Spell each word clearly and do not make any new starts. Slipping on one letter is a complete miss and enough to eliminate you. Here they are:

Eleemosynary
Eiresione
Autochthon
Erysipelatous
Ferromolybdenum
Archimandrite
Trinitrotoluene
Acanthopterygian
Caesalpiniaceous
Taeniafuge

The rules are firm, but fair. For instance, a contestant is given a "reasonable" time in which to deliberate before he starts to spell the word. That time may be taken up in silent praying, which is precisely what champion Jean Chappelear did last year before spelling each word, or by going through a superstitious ritual, such as that used by Sylvia Kellum of Syracuse, New York, a finalist in 1948. Before venturing to spell her words, Sylvia would cross all her fingers, stretch her arms and then clasp her hands over her head in a boxer's salute after she got by each word. Her system worked well, but, sad to relate, not well enough to win.



"I see her with scruples, see? An idealist, turning him down on account he's a millionaire. But at the same time hating herself, because she's so crazy in love with him"

COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

Among their many chores, the judges must be careful to note when the contestant is given a homonym—a word having the same sound as another, but a different spelling and meaning, such as *sale* and *sail*. If the pronouncer fails, inadvertently, to define a homonym, the contestant has his choice of spelling. But if the definition is given, the contestant must spell the right word—and the judges must know which spelling fits.

The judges, too, must be alert to the change-over in rules that becomes effective when the competition narrows down to two contestants. Up to that point, a speller failing to spell one word correctly is eliminated and another word is given to the speller next in line. But when only two remain, as soon as one misses a word, the same word is given to the other contestant, who must spell it correctly plus one more—the double-take, as it is called—to win the championship. If the second contestant misses the extra word, that same word is given to the first contestant who, if he makes it successfully, then is given another word and another opportunity to clinch the title.

Difficult as the judging job may be, there is none harder than that of the official pronouncer. Not only must he know how to pronounce the $15 words, he must be able to give definitions and use them properly in a sentence if a contestant so requests.

Part of Alleman's assignment is to set the contestants at ease—no small task when it involves a group of gradeschoolers competing for a coveted prize like the National spelling crown. But Alleman does it smoothly. In the 1948 finals, his first as official pronouncer, he noted that the boys and girls were building up to a supercharged nervous tension. A quick survey of the situation told him that he must do something about it, and quickly. The next word was *cemetery*. So Alleman seized the opportunity and volunteered a definition.

"Cemetery," he said. "Cemetery—a place where people are just dying to go."

That did it. A wave of laughter swept through the auditorium. Tenseness gave way to calmness on the part of the kids, and the rest was fun.

Japanese Ask for Word List

With all its humble beginnings, the spelldown has managed to get around. Its fame has spread over half the globe. Last August, National Spelling Bee Headquarters received from Mr. Nobuo Sato, English teacher at Takikawa Senior High School in Hokkaido, Japan, a letter requesting a list of words used in honorable 1948 finals, together with instructions for conducting a spelldown. Only three months ago, a similar request came from Headquarters of the U.S. Forces in Austria. The Army wanted to conduct a bee in the three dependents schools operated by U.S. Headquarters there for children of American troops.

The kids in last year's finals added something new and distinctive to the National Spelling Bee. At the suggestion of Nancy McDaniel of Fort Worth, Texas, they organized the Champion Honor Association of Most Proficient Spellers. Put the first letter of six of those words together, and it spells out just what these youngsters are—CHAMPS.

THE END

I WEAR FALSE TEETH

yet my mouth feels fresh, clean and cool

No "DENTURE BREATH" for me*

*"I know that dental plates that feel hot and sticky are a warning sign . . . so I soak my plate in Polident to avoid Denture Breath."

Mrs. C. W. A., Dayton, Ohio

When plates taste bad—feel hot and heavy in your mouth, watch out for Denture Breath. False teeth need the special care of a special denture cleanser—Polident. For a smile that sparkles . . . for a mouth that feels cool, clean and fresh . . . for freedom from worry about Denture Breath . . . soak your plates in Polident every day. Costs only about a cent a day to use.

NO BRUSHING

Soak plate or bridge daily—fifteen minutes or more—in a fresh, cleansing solution of Polident and water.

POLIDENT

RECOMMENDED BY MORE DENTISTS THAN ANY OTHER DENTURE CLEANSER

LOOSE FALSE TEETH?

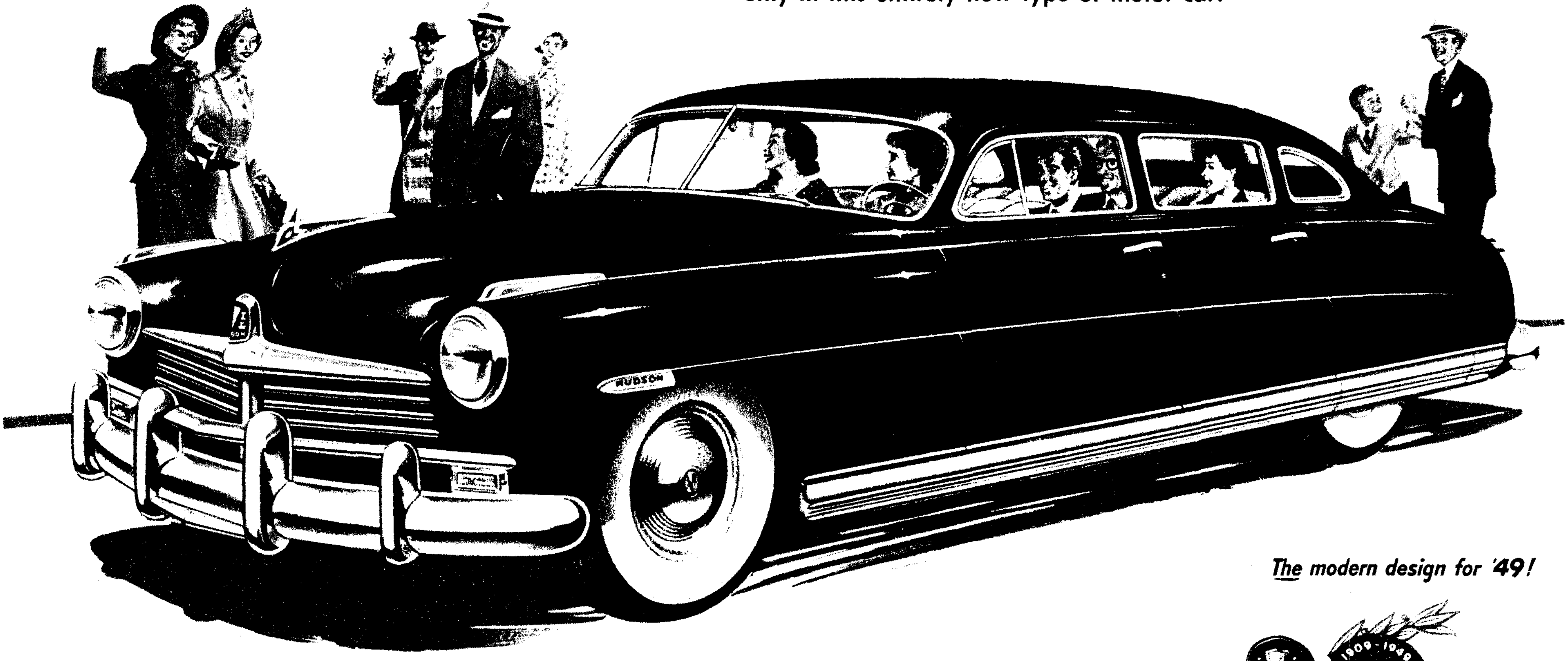
Amazing New Cream Holds Tighter, Longer than anything you've ever tried or double your money back

POLI•GRIP

Made and guaranteed by POLIDENT

HUDSON brings you THE MOST of all you've wanted most!

The amazing and exclusive New Hudson "step-down" design is the key, not to just one or two "features", but to overwhelming advantages in beauty, room, ride, performance and safety obtainable only in this entirely new type of motor car!



The modern design for '49!

ONCE you drive the gorgeous, low-built New Hudson, it's easy to forget vague promises of just a little "more" of this or that!

Here, in one magnificent automobile, is complete and thrilling proof of what designers have always known—that the lower a car can be built, the more graceful its lines can be made, the better it will ride and perform, the more surely it will handle and the safer it will be!

Incidentally, all makers now claim their cars are "lower". But the New Hudson is not just "lower". It's the *lowest-built car* on the highway! Yet, thanks to "step-down" design, Hudson has amazing head room and full road clearance!

Here is not just a "more" beautiful car, but the perfectly proportioned, wonderfully symmetrical car millions vote America's *most* beautiful. That's "step-down" design!

Here is not just a "roomier" car, but a car with the *most* seating room in any mass-produced automobile built today! "Step-down" design again!

Here is not just a "more" hug-the-road ride. The New Hudson has the *most* stability in motion you've ever experienced in an automobile, because it has the *lowest* center of gravity in any American car! That means the *most* sureness in handling, the *most* safety! And that's "step-down" design!

And here is not just "more" performance, but the *most* performance! Hudson—long famous for performance—brings you two great engines—the all-new, high-compression Super-Six—America's *most* powerful Six—or the masterful Super-Eight, the basic power plant for Hudson-built cars that hold the *most* official AAA records in the book!

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So why settle for just a little "more" when the wonderful New Hudson—at its value-packed price—brings you the *most* on every count?

Your Hudson dealer has one of these great cars awaiting you for a trial drive. Won't you see him right away?

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ONLY HUDSON BRINGS YOU ALL THESE *PLUS* FEATURES: Automatic gear shifting with ***Drive-Master Transmission***** . . . 121-h.p. high-compression ***Super-Six Engine***, or masterful 128-h.p. ***Super-Eight*** . . . ***Center-Point Steering*** . . . ***Triple-Safe Brakes*** . . . ***Full-View Curved Windshield*** . . . ***Wide-Arc Vision*** . . . ***No-Glare Instrument Panel*** . . . ***Interior Door Handles, Window Controls*** in recessed door panels . . . ***Super-Cushion Tires*** . . . ***Safety-Type Rims*** . . . ***Weather-Control Heater-Conditioned-Air System*****.

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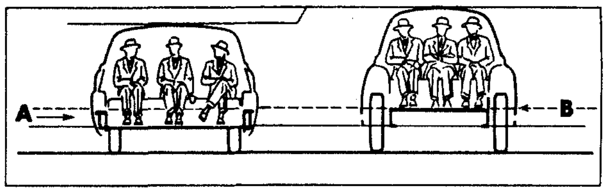


HUDSON DESIGN **OTHER CARS**

Hudson's "step-down" zone (at "A", above left) permits a lower center of gravity for greater safety, improved roadability, smoother ride; provides amazing head room, far more seat room; allows a low, streamlined silhouette—full road clearance.

All other cars have floor on top of frame (see "B", above right) so they fail to utilize vital space between frame members. Result is a higher center of gravity and either a high roof line or insufficient head room. Seats are also narrower.

New Hudson

ONLY CAR WITH THE STEP DOWN DESIGN

Eight body styles in Super Series and Commodore Custom Series. Ten rich body colors. Two special colors, five two-tone combinations—white sidewall tires—at extra cost.

ONE DAY WHEN I WAS LOST

Continued from page 21

looked sad, some tired, and some looked a little surprised.

Calvin saw Mr. Nevitt and a few other salespeople from the store. He went over to Mr. Nevitt and asked him where Mrs. Janowitz was. "I want to take a last look at her."

Mr. Nevitt didn't seem to hear for a moment. He stared blankly up into Calvin Davison's eyes. Then he pointed to a doorway, around which some people were standing. Calvin started for it and felt somebody at his side. It was Mr. Jacoby.

"So you won't feel embarrassed, Cal," Mr. Jacoby whispered. "Keep your hat on. It's the law here."

Calvin nodded. He went through the doorway and down a few steps, and found himself at the back of a small rectangular room. Men and women were seated in wooden chairs which were lined out from each side of a center aisle. He saw the casket at the front of the room. People were passing by it. There was an undercurrent of talking in the room.

Calvin looked around for Mr. Janowitz but could not find him. He started down the center aisle, raising his hand to take off his hat when he remembered what Mr. Jacoby had told him. He got in at the end of the line and waited.

WHEN his turn came he gazed at Mrs. Janowitz in the coffin. Except for the paleness of her face, she seemed sleeping. The sick look was gone. He stood very still, gazing down into the coffin. The room seemed muffled. Little noises came to him as he stood there gazing down into the coffin, but it was as though he were wearing ear muffs. And then her face began to waver in his eyes and, without realizing it, he took his hat off and held it at his chest, his head bowed. Then he moved away, placed his hat back on his head and wiped the corners of his eyes with the back of his hand.

With his gaze fixed at the doorway, he walked to the rear of the room and stood there, facing the front.

In a few minutes Mr. Janowitz came in. His face was colorless and his eyes were red-rimmed. He went to the front of the room. He did not look at the coffin. He did not go over to it. He sat in a chair and stared down at the floor.

More people came in and the room filled up quickly. Then a rabbi began to speak, and to mention Mrs. Janowitz by name, and to say what a wonderful woman she had been, and how the people who had known her would never forget her. And then, just as Calvin curled his lips inside his mouth, he heard a single wailing sob from the front of the room. He saw some people standing and moving toward Mr. Janowitz, and he saw somebody hurrying toward Mr. Janowitz with a glass of water.

The rabbi finished speaking, and then some men moved to the coffin to carry it outside. And Calvin wanted to help. He wanted to go over and offer to help, but he didn't. He stood in the back of the room and watched the coffin move past him, and saw Mr. Janowitz, supported by two men, now weeping fully and openly, walking behind the coffin.

Outside, Calvin watched them place the casket in a hearse. He saw Mr. Janowitz, with two men, get into a black limousine behind the hearse. Now he watched people rush around for their cars. A policeman was directing traffic in the road, and when the hearse started, followed by a string of cars, he held up all traffic.

Calvin walked over to the curb and stood there, watching the hearse pass by him. Then the limousine Mr. Janowitz was in. The limousine stopped as the hearse stopped for a moment, and Calvin could see Mr. Janowitz inside, only a few feet away, sitting between the two men, staring straight ahead.

Suddenly, he wanted to say something to Mr. Janowitz. He wanted to tell him how bad he felt, too. He wanted to ask him if he could go along, how much he wanted to pay his last respects to the finest person he'd ever known. And if Mr. Janowitz had looked at him he might have done so. But Mr. Janowitz didn't look at him and, silently, Calvin watched the limousine move on as the hearse started forward again. And now a string of cars followed slowly, and Calvin stood at the curb watching the cars go by.

SOMEONE stood at his side. Again it was Mr. Jacoby. "Too bad. Too bad," Mr. Jacoby said. "I liked her. She was a fine woman. You going to the cemetery?"

Calvin nodded.

"Ought to be somebody along with a car," Jacoby said. "Nevitt should be around somewhere. He's got a car."

"I hope we haven't missed him."

"I don't think so. He'll be along. We'll go with him."

Calvin nodded and immediately saw Mr. Nevitt's car moving slowly toward him. He came up on his toes slightly and almost raised his hand, afraid that Mr. Nevitt wouldn't see him. But Mr. Nevitt saw him, for he braked his car. Calvin got one foot down in the road, and there he stopped as he watched Mr. Nevitt wave to Mr. Jacoby, and then heard Mr. Nevitt shout: "Jake! Come on!"

With one foot on the curb and one foot in the road, Calvin watched Mr. Jacoby go toward the opened door and heard him say something. Then he saw Mr. Nevitt's quick glance and heard: "Only room for one, Jake. You coming?"

Calvin watched Mr. Jacoby get in the front seat beside Mr. Nevitt. He saw Mr. Jacoby's face, and saw him shrug his shoulders as if to say: Sorry. And he watched Mr. Nevitt's car move away. And not until he saw the car turn a corner and disappear did he bring his other foot into the road. He stood this way, a tall, thin, stoop-shouldered colored man dressed completely in black except for a white shirt, until all the cars in the procession were gone, until the policeman left the corner and traffic returned to normal, until no one was left in front of the synagogue.

Calvin stepped back up on the sidewalk. There was a dull throbbing in his chest. He walked slowly over to the doorway he had gone through before. He stopped, looking inside, not seeing anything, not realizing he was thinking: She would have found a place for me to ride in, she would have found a place for me to ride in—over and over until the words finally made sense to him and he said half aloud, "She would have found room for me. Mrs. Janowitz wouldn't—" He paused, his mouth open, realizing what he was saying and how silly it was. A dead woman would have found room for him at her own funeral? Small curved wrinkles started to spread out from the corners of his mouth, and then he drew his lips together as his eyes focused on the opened doorway leading into the synagogue.

He went through the doorway and down the few steps, and stood still for a moment at the back of the room. He saw the chairs out of line on both sides.

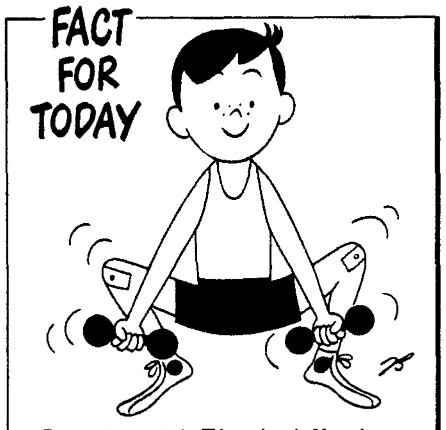
He walked slowly down the aisle.

At the front of the room he saw the half-filled glass of water which someone had brought for Mr. Janowitz. He stared at it, and felt the empty quietness of the room. Finally, he turned to the left and went to the first seat at the end of the aisle and sat down.

He looked at the table upon which the coffin had been placed. He sat very quiet for a few minutes, and then he slowly took his hat off, put it on his lap, and stared at the place where Mrs. Janowitz' coffin had been.

THE END

COLLIER'S "I could tell that I wasn't going to like him the minute I married him" WILLIAM VON RIEGEN



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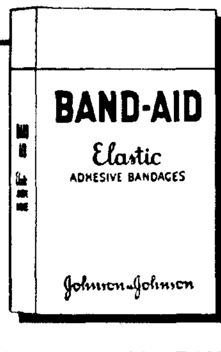

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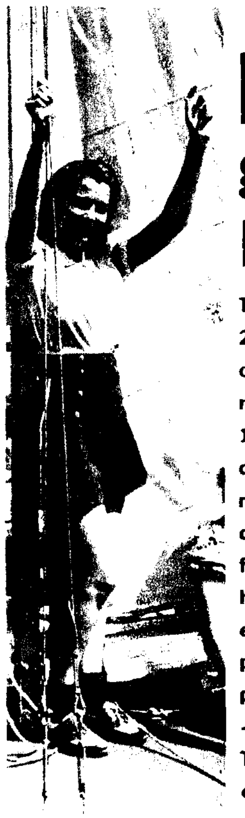

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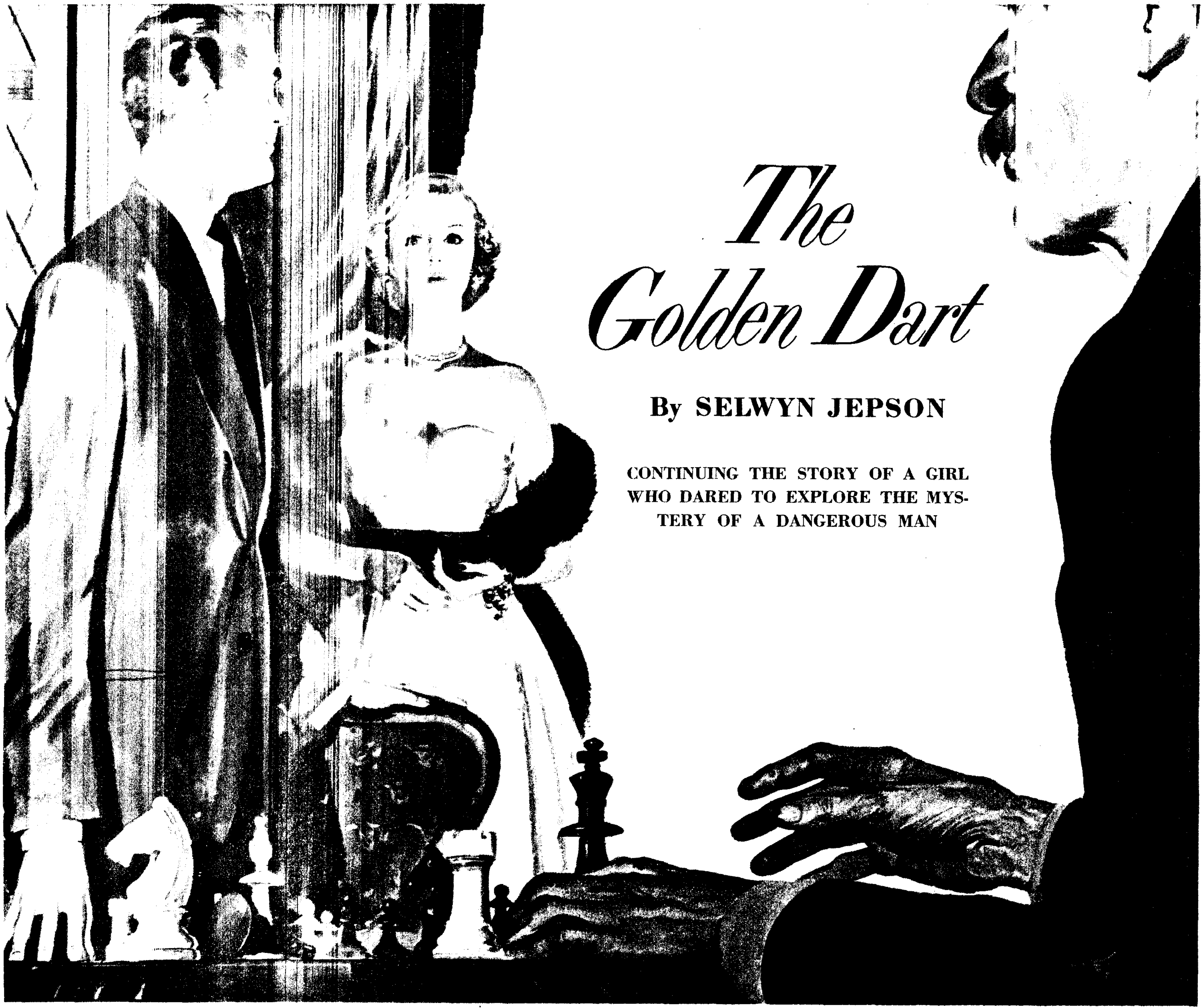

The Golden Dart

By SELWYN JEPSON

CONTINUING THE STORY OF A GIRL WHO DARED TO EXPLORE THE MYSTERY OF A DANGEROUS MAN

"Sit down," Father said. "It's only that dress. Makes her look important." "It makes her"—Jonathan swallowed—"makes her prettier than ever"

The Story: The day the trouble began I heard JAMES BELSIN'S name for the first time. SOPHIE, COUNTESS OF INDERSWICK, had telephoned me about a dinner party. "EVE," she said, "you have to come tonight and meet him." But a lot of things happened that day and before I met James Belsin I had started on another adventure. First, Father and the BOY saw a strange cabin cruiser pull up to our beach, a man wade ashore and leave some bundles. We investigated and found a neat pile of some woman's clothes, an envelope addressed to the coroner, and a two-year-old girl who clutched a biscuit and uttered one word: "Basin." Afraid that somehow these things might mean Father's old Iraguayan enemies were after him—he had dabbled in the internal politics of Iraguay—I set off after the cabin cruiser in our speedboat. JONATHAN PENROSE told me which way the cabin cruiser had gone. And that act of kindness surprised me, for Jonathan had hated me for the past year ever since I had proved that the woman he loved was a murderess. I found the boat in Lowestoft's harbor and managed to steal a biscuit from the cabin. Also, I saw one of the men: He had a big red mustache and a brown porkpie hat. When I returned home to Marsh House I found the police there, commanded by BILLY BULL, the superintendent, searching for the body of LOUISE FREMPTON offshore with grappling irons. They believed she had committed suicide. I decided to say nothing at the time to Billy Bull about the cabin cruiser. I compared the biscuit I had with the one the child had—they were identical. That night I met James Belsin, the wealthy and handsome young electronics manufacturer whom Sophie wanted me to marry. He was accompanied by a bodyguard, a man with a big red mustache and a porkpie hat—the same man who had been in the cabin cruiser and who was in some way connected with Louise Frempton's "suicide." James Belsin was very ardent that evening. In fact, he let me know he meant to marry me.

PART 3 OF AN EIGHT-PART SERIAL

WHEN the party broke up, James Belsin escorted me to the Daimler. His own car had drawn up to the porch, but the second Bentley was still in the parking place, waiting for its fellow to leave. There was a moment, therefore, when I was able to see in it the silhouette of someone's head, a head which in profile or fullface showed that unmistakable mustache.

I kept my own face averted after that momentary glimpse of him and thought it safe to ask who he was, which I did with no more than casual interest in my voice as James Belsin was opening the door of the Daimler for me.

"Just one of my staff," he said. "There's always someone on duty. Personally I get rather sick of it."

"Oh, I see. How exciting! You mean he's a bodyguard?"

"That's about it, I'm afraid. But there are always cranks about who object to the continued existence of anyone who manages to get his shoulders a little higher than the crowd. What a very respectable car!" He changed the subject, surveying the Daimler in the reflected moonlight. There was amusement in his voice.

"It's not nice of you to laugh at it," I said stiffly. "It's a good car, and I am very friendly with it."

"Then it's an abnormally fortunate car. And I see now how very distinguished it is."

"That's better." I pressed the starter and the engine sighed softly into life.

"Then I haven't offended you too badly. And I will make amends, somehow. Your next birthday would be the appropriate moment."

"The moment is closer than you think," I said. "I shall be twenty-five in an hour's time."

He laughed, wished me many happy returns of tomorrow, and said it was exactly like me to find an obstacle for him even in a thing like that.

"Good night, Mr. Belsin," I said. "I hope no

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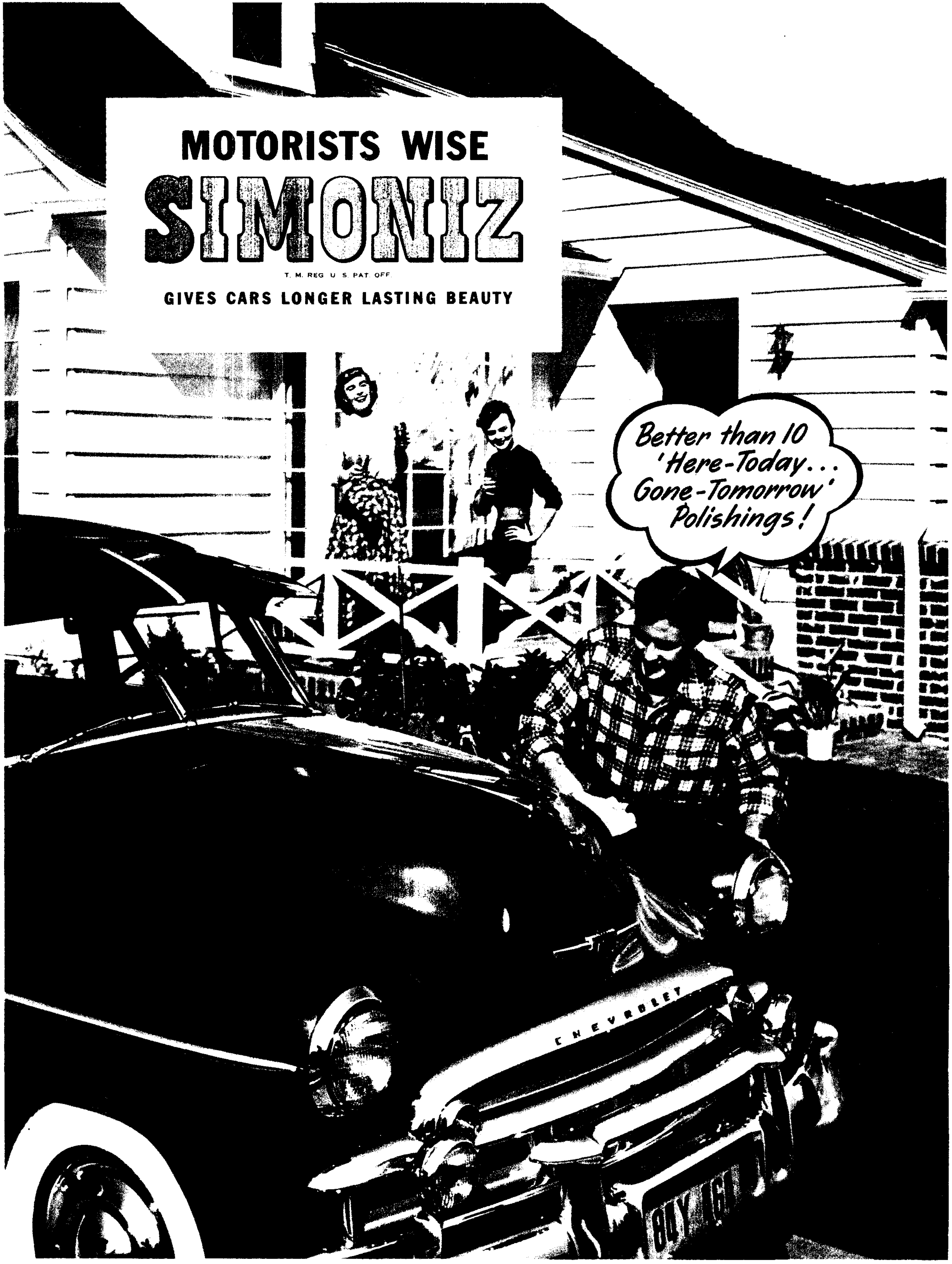
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one shoots you. I should like to see you again."

"Thank you," he replied gravely. "You shall."

I let in the clutch and set out for home.

I reached home a quarter of an hour before midnight and put the Daimler away in its stall in the coach house. Noticing the time, I was reminded of Donald Rogerson. I must remember to telephone him first thing in the morning to call off the man watching Gonzalez di Calancar.

COMING into the house by the side door, I saw the streams of light on the lawn thrown by the Long Room windows and went in to say good night to Father.

But Father seemed to be some way from bedtime; it was not remarkable that he should be playing chess, for he likes a game when he can persuade someone to play with him. But I was most astonished to see Jonathan, of all people, sitting opposite him, his back to me as I entered.

"Ah-ha! Got you!" Father was saying.

Jonathan nodded, then turned and saw me. He stood up, section by section as tall men seem to do, and smiled diffidently at me. This was even more astonishing, although perhaps I should not have been so surprised after his voluntary conversation with me this morning when I was asking about the cabin boat.

"Penrose plays chess," Father announced unnecessarily. "Charlie sent him over as deputy. Another game, m'boy. Sit down. It's only that dress. Makes her look important."

"It makes her"—Jonathan tried to swallow, failed, coughed, and added—"makes her prettier than ever."

"Eh?" Father stared at me. "Getting quite a big girl, filling out—might be your mother standing there."

Jonathan smiled. "Your daughter, sir," he reminded Father, "is twenty-five tomorrow."

This time I could not hide my surprise.

"I happened to ask Charlie," he explained hastily. "I mean, how old you were. He told me."

"Charlie," is Charlie Bedlington, one of Jonathan's best friends. He is one of the few members of the community, apart from Mary, the cook, who remembers my birthday.

"Twenty-five!" Father exclaimed. "Well, I never! Many happy returns, m'dear, in case I forget."

"You'll forget," I said without rancor.

"Come on, Penrose." He began setting up the board.

Jonathan, who had continued to look at me, thanked him, but he did not think he would play any more tonight. "Another evening, Commodore, if you'll ask me."

I expected the Commodore to be disagreeable at being thwarted, but he took it meekly. There was a dignity about Jonathan which not only convinced one that he meant what he said, but it also made argument with him difficult to begin.

"The backwater?" I asked. "Did they—"

Jonathan shook his head. "Charlie says they'll never find her now."

"He's right, of course." Father rattled the chessmen into their box. "Good night, Penrose. Thanks for the game. Come to dinner tomorrow and we'll be able to start earlier. 'Night, Eve."

A moment later I was in the hall with Jonathan, alone with Jonathan, on speaking terms with Jonathan for the first time since the day when I had had to tell him what Charlotte Inwood really was.

He stood in front of me.

"Words don't mean anything," he said. "You know I was a fool and a weak one. You might be able to forgive me that. But you will find it difficult to forgive such base ingratitude."

"It was never a question of gratitude," I told him quickly, "or ingratitude. One doesn't expect a child to be grateful when one takes away a box of poison pills which he thinks are candies."

"I'm not a child."

"You were a man in love."

"Yes," he said slowly, "I was a man in love."

"Talking of children," I went on, for we had said all that was needed to mend the breach, "shall we see whether Diana is all right?"

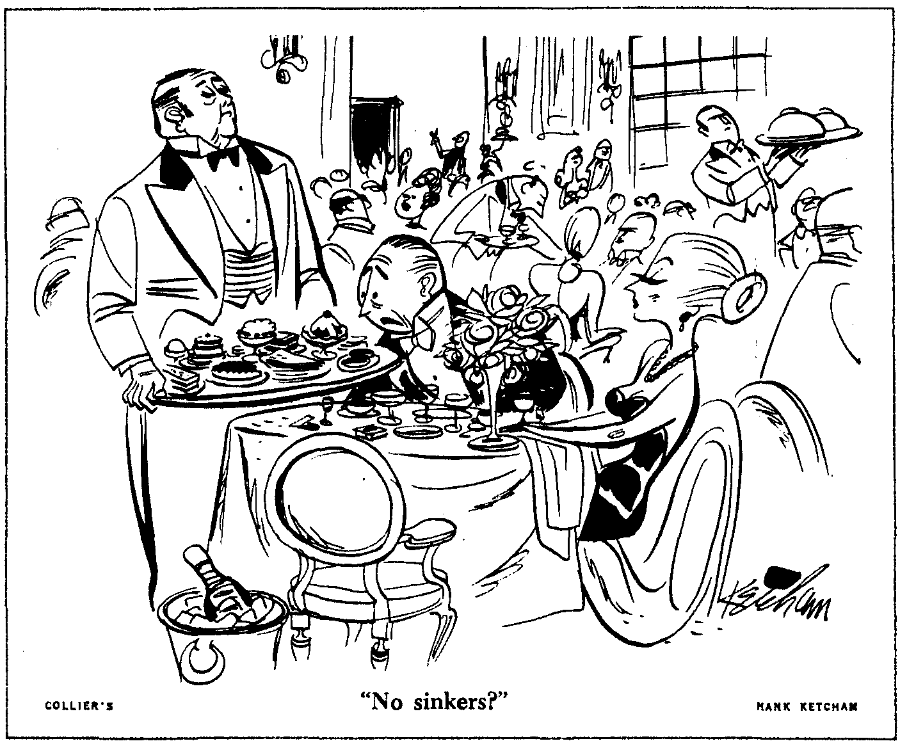
He seemed to welcome the change of subject as much as I did, and I led the way upstairs.

She was sleeping peacefully, a small fat arm curled round her head; her features were good, she would be beautiful when she grew up, even without those astonishing eyes.

We stood for a moment in the dim light, watching her. The Boy's deep, regular breathing from the other side of the room was the only sound; then an owl hooted in the wood.

Jonathan suddenly took my hand and held it by his side, so that we were close together.

"This is the sort of thing which makes people love you," he said softly, still looking at the sleeping child.



COLLIER'S "No sinkers?" HANK KETCHAM

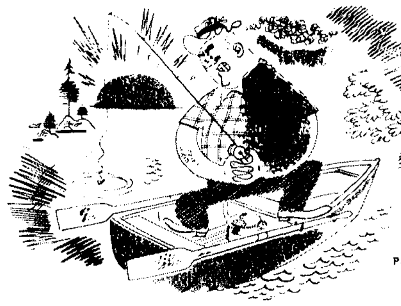
I drew him out of the room and along the corridor to the big open window at the end. The garden below was a patchwork of bright moonlight and black velvet shadows. He still held my hand loosely.

"What made you say that?" I asked.

"That child—the way you take up a cause. I should know. This suicide business—I've been worrying my head off all day—hadn't I better know about it?" he asked. "I know I've no right." he added unhappily, "and I expect it's difficult for you to understand how badly I want to make up in any way I can for this past year's stupidity, blindness—"

I was so tired. I didn't know what to say about the "suicide." "I had a theory," I said finally, "and it was wrong. I thought an old enemy of Father's was on the warpath."

"I'm glad." Jonathan's voice had relief and regret nicely mingled in it, and I realized that he had been enjoying a sight of himself as knight-errant to a distressed damsel. It shook me. That was the very weakness on which he had based his relationship with Charlotte Inwood. He had called it love.



PAUL HAMLIN

The Catch

The glory of a summer dawn
Affords no sadder sight
Than lakes where fish no longer spawn,
But fishermen still bite.

—NORMAN R. JAFFRAY

The world slept. I wanted to sleep too. But Jonathan stood there for a full minute without speaking, the moon on his bony face, close enough for me to know even without the contact of his hand that he was in the grip of an emotion so strong that he trembled. I knew I ought to say something to break the moment, but again, my wits gave me no help in their dullness.

ABRUPTLY he swung me round into his arms. "My God, I'm lucky!" he said.

"No!" I said, but his kiss smothered the protest. I wanted to pull away from him. I was frightened, not for myself, and aware of pity for him in his blundering inability ever to do the right thing. This, for instance, was a year late, and, far from being better than never, was the worst thing he could have done.

"Darling, darling," he said, and dropped his arms. Then, so typically, he added, "I'm sorry— I shouldn't have done that."

I managed to say that it was all right, that I understood, that he had had a rotten time and it was only to be expected. But we were friends again—and now, please, I thought I really ought to go to bed. I was very tired. "Poor Jonathan," I said, "don't look so wild in the eye. You've only kissed a girl."

"I kissed *you*," he said. "I love you. I shall see you tomorrow."

Jonathan went downstairs to let himself out by the side door, and I to my room, slowly and a trifle appalled. The Eve of a year ago was gone. She no longer existed, and all Jonathan's love now would not bring her to life again.

It would have been better if I had hated him. Even as I had saved him because I loved him, now I was to destroy him because I did not.

I AWOKE to a happier mood, to the sound of laughing and whispering. The Boy stood at the end of my bed and by his side Diana's face apparently floated in the air just above my feet, her violet-blue orbs—there was no other word for them—fixed on me with the absorbed interest of one staring at something in a zoo and not quite sure how real it is. Beyond the two children was Mary, framed in the open doorway, holding a bed table aglitter with silver.

"Happy birthday, dear Eve, happy birthday to you-oo!" the Boy tried to sing, and nudged the child, saying: "Go on, Basin!" But whatever Basin was supposed to do or say, she remained motionless and still.

"And breakfast in bed like you'd always have if *I* had my way," Mary explained. "Many happy returns, dearie."

Mary put the bed table across me. Parcels overflowed from it. I opened the Boy's three presents last: a complex pocketknife; a most elegant egg cozy; and then something I was able to identify as a pistol holster for wearing under the arm.

"The Commodore cut out the leather for me, but I did all the stitching and put in the brass studding for a pattern," he explained proudly. "Try it on. Isn't it marvelous that you know how to shoot!"

Throughout all these proceedings. Diana's head had not moved, but now, her great eyes still on me, she left the foot of the bed and came cautiously along the side of it until she was close to me. But after a moment of final consideration she put forth a hand and touched my cheek, and at the same time her solemnity disappeared in a ravishing smile.

"By golly!" said the Boy. "That's something. I can tell you." He sounded proud and pleased. "C'm on. Basin. Breakfast." She took no notice of him. "*Basin!*" he repeated. She stuck out her lower lip at him but nevertheless took his thumb and suffered herself to be led away.

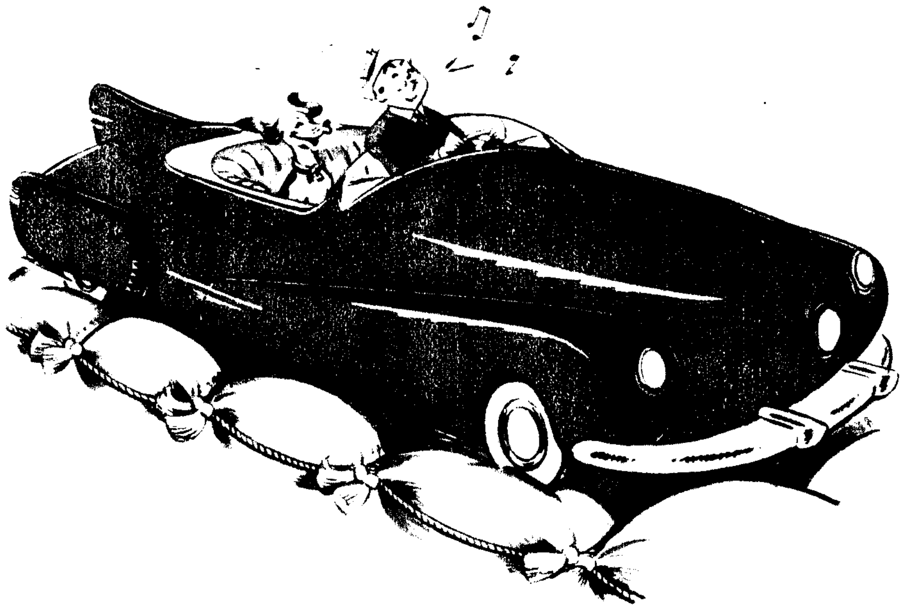
Bringing this birthday breakfast to an end with crisp toast and green fig jam, I felt almost ready for what the day might bring. I began by booking a call to Rogerson's. It came through, however, sooner than I expected and Donald had not yet arrived at the office. I asked one of the clerks to give him a message: that I had telephoned to cancel the request I had made yesterday afternoon.

Next, Billy Bull and his inquiry at Louise Frempton's cottage. I put on an old blue linen frock and went downstairs to join the world of affairs.

The Boy, of course, had all the news. Old Bull was not here this morning. The dragging operations were continuing under the direction of Sergeant Fenny; he and his men had arrived at half past eight. The Commodore had gone off to Saxmundham in the Daimler to attend the sale of farm equipment and wouldn't be home before evening.

I asked the Boy if he would like to come to Kessingland with me.

"Rather!" he replied, and asked, "Shall I bring Basin?"



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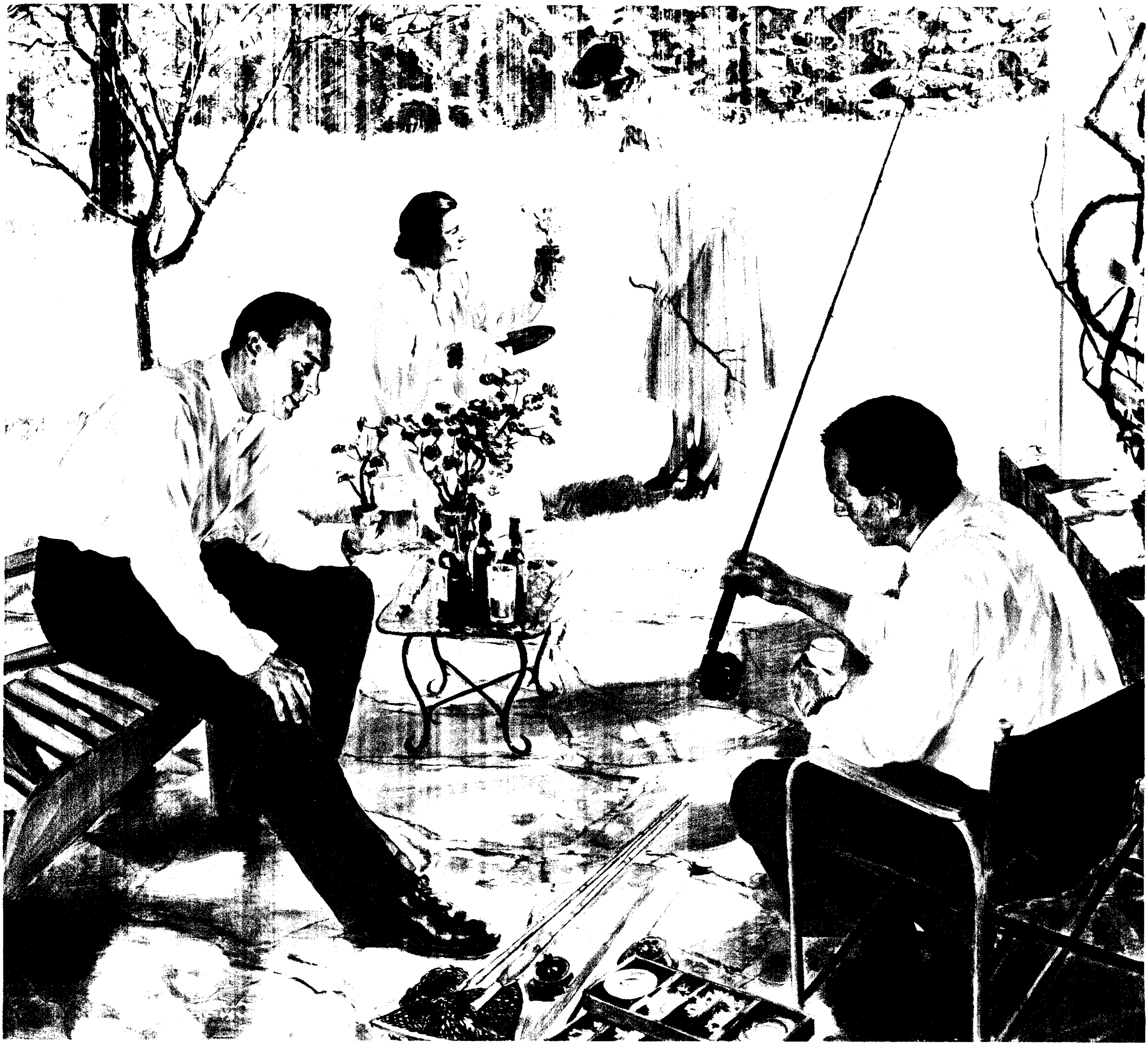

"GETTING READY FOR SUMMER," by Douglass Crockwell. Number 29 in the series "Home Life in America."

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"Perhaps not. We're going to the cottage where she lived."

"What's the plan?" the Boy asked, dancing a little.

"Ostensibly we are going to collect some clothes for Basin," I said. "If we've no excuse, like picking up clothes for her, it may be difficult to get in. Billy Bull wouldn't stand for our nosing about. But if it's all right, and we do manage it, you may have to distract him so he doesn't watch me too closely."

"I'll distract him," he said vigorously.

"But awfully tactfully," I hastened to say.

"You bet. He won't even know it's happening to him." So we set off in the Austin to baffle Billy Bull.

AS WE rounded the slight bend in "our" road halfway between Marsh House and the main road we were all but crowded onto the grass by a long white open car, a glittering magnificence of a car, which, coming from the main road, passed us with a swoosh of wind and wheel.

In the flash of its passing I saw the face of the driver, the hat and the mustache, and in the same second I stamped on the foot brake with all my weight. The Austin's wheels locked and we slithered along the dusty surface for several yards.

"Did he hit us or something?" the Boy said.

I swung the Austin onto the heath, pulled the wheel hard over, reversed onto the road again, and drove back the way we had come as fast as the little car would go.

The Boy was quivering with excitement at so much action. "Who is he? What's it mean?"

"We'll find out. I think he's one of the men who came in the cabin cruiser."

"That was a car and a half he was in," he commented. "Looked like a Lagonda—one of those new two-and-a-half-liter jobs."

The Boy, as usual, was right. It stood there in the courtyard, as bright and new-looking as only a bright, new car can look. It dawned on me then what this unexpected visitation might mean.

The man with the ginger mustache stepped out of it and approached me. "Miss Gill?" he said, looking dubiously at my homely frock.

I inclined my head.

"My name's Hooker. The chief said you might be surprised, but I can see you're not." He got back into the car, leaned over the steering column, untied an envelope on which my name was written, and handed it to me. "Everything is here. License in your name, insurance cover note. They'll send the policy in a day or so. There's a letter from the chief in a separate envelope inside. Wizard car, eh? I'd like to congratulate you. With that special body, it's one of the best in England—"

I took the envelope from him, slipped it unopened into my pocket and said, "This is rather awkward. I'll explain in a moment. But you seem worried about something, Mr. Hooker."

"Me?" He looked startled. "What would I be worried about?"

"Forgive me," I said, "I'm always imagining things. You found your way here quite easily?"

"Sure." He looked puzzled.

"You knew the road, perhaps? It's out of the way, and we're always meaning to put a signpost at the junction of the main road."

His puzzled expression changed to wariness. "I had a map, of course. Reminds me—mustn't forget. I'm sure you don't need one, living in these parts." He took a map from the locker in the dashboard, folded it smaller, and stuffed it in his pocket. I had a glimpse of it, a sheet of the two-inch-to-the-mile Ordnance Survey showing every footpath and almost every tree.

I asked the Boy, "Do you think you could be really clever and find that basin and bring it here straightaway?"

He looked at me quickly and went without a word.

Mr. Hooker was explaining the new car, telling me about the centrifugal clutch. I found myself wondering if, after all, this rather phony young man could be dangerous.

"So there you are," he finished. "It's all in this instruction book if you're in doubt about anything."

"Don't get out," I said. "I'm sorry, but you will have to take it back to Mr. Belsin. If you wouldn't mind waiting, I will write a note for you to give him. It won't take me a moment."

He did not realize what I had said until I was several paces on my way to the house. It seemed to hit him hard, for there was a sharp note of pain in his: "Here! You! Miss Gill, I mean. Just a second—" He was out of the car and barring my way.

"Stop kidding," he said. "J.B. isn't a man to be crossed. This car cost a great deal of money."

"I can see that."

"Look," he said. "About twenty past eleven last night J.B. told me to find a two-and-a-half-liter Lagonda, a new one, and to get it to your place by ten o'clock this morning, licensed and insured in your name. It took me all night, and I'm in no shape to argue with you, but there seems to be a hell of a lot of reasons why you should keep this car."

"The trouble is," I said, "that Lagondas, two-and-a-half-liter or any other kind, do not come under the heading either of flowers, gloves or chocolates. Probably I'm old-fashioned, but I feel I don't know Mr. Belsin well enough to accept this car as a birthday present or any other present."

At this moment, and it could not have been better timed, the Boy came through the archway with the child.

Mr. Hooker, who had been staring at me in dismay, caught sight of them and stiffened all over like a pointer dog; if he had had a tail, it would have been rigid behind him.

As for Diana, she advanced toward us with her usual solemn curiosity. When Mr. Hooker came into the focus of her horizon, she lifted her hand toward him with a crow of interested excitement. "Basin! Basin!" she said loudly. "*Basin!*"

I saw this as an expression of recognition. But quite reasonably the Boy assumed that it was Mr. Hooker's mustache which had enlivened her to speech. He told her firmly that she could not have it. "It's fixed on," he added.

"Basin," she argued. "*Basin!*"

Mr. Hooker had not ceased to watch her. Every time she said "Basin" he flinched. Under his breath he said something which I just caught but for a moment did not understand. He said, "How in hell did she get hold of his name?"

A flood of comprehension broke over me. She was not saying "Basin," as we had always assumed, but "Belsin." Somehow she had picked up his name, probably from her mother, for these men seemed to refer to him as "J.B." or "the chief."

I turned to the Boy: "Take her to Mary, I shan't be more than ten minutes or so, and then we can get away. I must see Superintendent Bull as soon as possible. And ask Mary for a glass of milk for yourself."

Mr. Hooker pulled at his mustache. His eyes searched my face. They were furtive now. Since he seemed ripe to fall for hidden meanings, I presented him with some.

"So you see, Mr. Hooker, there's no way out of it, is there?"

"Out of what?" Control of his voice was going.

"What we were talking about, Mr. Hooker."

"I—er—" He stammered, and then shouted: "It's crazy! You don't know what you're saying!"

ONCE again I started for the house. This time he caught my wrist, but hurriedly dropped it. He was at the end of his tether; which was about where I wanted him.

"For God's sake, you must listen to me!" he said. "I must make you understand that I cannot possibly take it back. For personal reasons—this other business—"

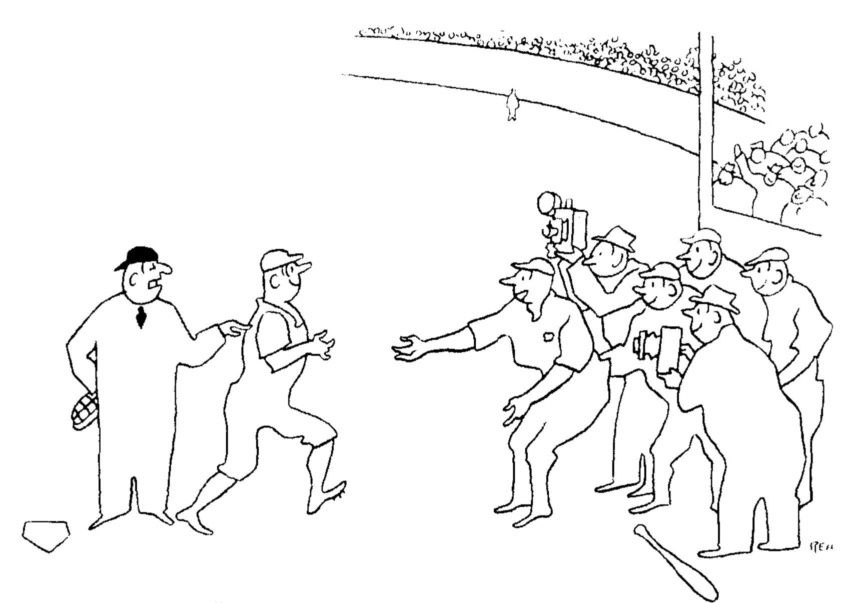
"Oh?" I looked at him coldly. "How can your personal reasons affect something which concerns only your employer and myself? And what other business?"

"I'm sick of this! Something's going on—" He scowled, not so much at me as at the disarray of his mind. He was not a man for thinking. He put this feeling into words in a kind of stumbling rush of complaint. "I was all right in the war. Why did it have to end? This stuff is too bloody tricky for me—no kite under you, no button under your thumb to blast a way out of a tough spot. I hate the bloody *ground!* I'm no good on it!"

"Or on water," I said.

That shook him, really shook him. He gaped at me and came out with a surprising accusation: "J.B. put you up to this! This car business is a plant to catch me with my undercarriage down! Well, here's one thing for you! I'm not going to fly this solo any more, not on your sweet life!"

"Oh?" I said to help him along. "You're not?"



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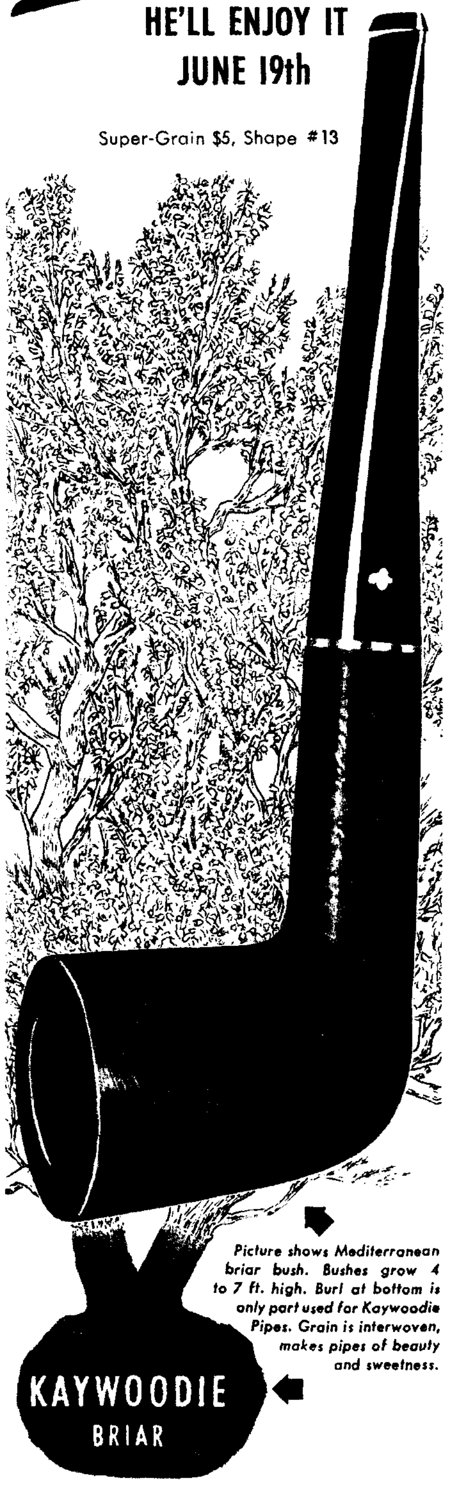

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"*No!* Bill is as much in this as I am!"

"I hadn't forgotten him," I said, wondering who he was.

"He'll tell you we couldn't help it. It was as much his fault as mine. We chose that particular beach because it was the only location for twenty miles which gave us the right setup. I tried to explain but they wouldn't listen! J.B.'s ideas of efficiency just aren't human. Out on my neck he said I'd be if I didn't get this car. Well, I got it! And that's not enough for him! I don't know what his game is, or yours or anybody's, but I know I'm not going to hold the bag for Bill any longer. It was as much his mistake as mine! How in the hell could we know the beach was taboo? We hadn't even heard of you, dammit!"

"So what?" I said.

"Have a heart!" he cried. "I couldn't help it, I tell you!"

IT WAS getting dangerous. Mr. Hooker was deciding as best he could upon his next move, and there was violence in his eyes.

"All right," I said, because I could not stand the suspense any longer. "I'll have a talk with Bill. How quickly can you get him here?"

"He's here now." The violence went out of his eyes like a flame extinguished. "He's down the road somewhere. Come on." . . .

Up to this point "Bill" had been no more than a shuffle of feet on a jetty over my head and a view of his back when he and Mr. Hooker had walked off along the bank of Tyman's Creek after cleaning up fingerprints on the Nancy Jane. Actually he was a hatless man of about thirty-five. He wore a pepper-and-salt tweed suit, brown brogue shoes, and a hairy, plaid tweed tie. As I came nearer I saw a healthy face which was as ordinary as his general appearance; that is, if you did not happen to see his eyes. These were the only unordinary thing about him. Sloe-black in color, their pupils were so large that they did not appear to have any irises at all, giving them blankness. He looked at me, blankly.

Mr. Hooker, now that we were here, seemed to be having further difficulties with himself. However, he made a preliminary announcement.

"This is Miss Gill."

No one said anything. I waited; his friend waited. Mr. Hooker tried again.

"Bit of trouble," he said. "Nothing that can't be cleared up. Er—Miss Gill is in the chief's confidence to quite an extent."

"Is she?" Bill said in a soft voice.

"She knows all about the business over there—" Mr. Hooker jerked his head vaguely in the direction of the backwater.

"Does she?"

My mouth was dry: Mr. Hooker was putting me well in the open. I let my expression become vague, my lips slack, and hoped that I looked like a girl who did not often know whether she was coming or going. Mr. Hooker glanced appealingly at me, swallowed, and plunged into his troubles:

"I told you how J.B. thought it was all my idea, happening to put on that show in this particular neck of the woods, and I let it go—as we all know, never argue with him is the only safe bet. So I didn't tell him you did the mapwork in the first instance, and that if he wanted anybody's hide, he should have yours—"

Bill did not seem to be listening to him. He relighted his pipe with a large wind-shielded lighter and did not relieve me for a moment of his empty uncomfortable stare. I continued to look as silly as I could.

"But that was all right," Mr. Hooker continued virtuously. "Stick to your pals, I say. *Now,* however, it isn't going to be so easy. This—I mean Miss Gill—says she won't have the Lagonda or any part of it. She is putting out she doesn't know him well enough or some such corny line. 'Take it back,' she says, 'I'll write a letter explaining.' I've talked to her but it makes no difference. Bill, you know what'll happen to me if I take it back to J.B. Either tell her it wasn't my mapwork, and she can clear it up with J.B., or persuade her to be a good girl and keep the car. After all, what's a bloody car, more or less?"

"Hooker, my boy, have you been talking a line?" Bill asked.

"Of course I've been talking!" Mr. Hooker had recovered from the soft tone. "I've been talking my head off! She doesn't seem to realize what a spot I'm in!"

"But do *you?*"

Mr. Hooker pulled at his mustache and told Bill to say what he meant to say.

"All right," said Bill, "you half-baked dumb-wit, I will." His voice maintained its softness and he spoke no faster. "You were never given to coherent, let alone logical, processes of thought. Haven't you noticed anything wrong, Hooker?"

"Wrong? Yes, I have! My position is all wrong—"

"Answer me this one. How can she at one and the same time be in the chief's confidence and all the rest of it, and yet you be in bad with the chief because of an unlucky choice of ground for a show she 'knows all about'?"

"Eh?" said Mr. Hooker.

"If she knew all about it—whatever it is," the other went on patiently, "and was all that friendly with the chief, what would he be worrying about?"

"I don't know. I only say she's got the thing taped. Why, she's even got that kid here!"

"Kid? What kid?"

"You know what kid!"

"I don't know. But if I did, what does it prove if the kid is here? Someone has to look after it for a day or so, hasn't he?"

"But it's spouting J.B.'s name all over the place!"

THIS seemed, I thought, a good moment to put in a word, so I spoke for the first time.

"I'm not quite sure what Mr. Hooker means," I said. "He's been saying such funny things to me."

There was a moment's silence.

"What do you *think* he means?"

I shrugged my shoulders and said:

"He got all worked up when the child called herself 'Basin.' She's always calling herself that, but Mr. Hooker seemed to think she was referring to someone else. Who would be called by such an odd name except a child? Maybe she nicknamed herself. Is—is Mr. Hooker all right? I mean, he's not ill or anything? He wishes there were a war on and he could be a flier because he's no good except in the air, and he had it in his head that my friend Mr. Belsin, whom I met for the first time last night, is going to give him the sack, or something worse even, if I exercise my privilege, as any girl has the perfect right to do, to return a present from a man which she feels it would not be quite conventional to accept—even for a birthday present."

Mr. Hooker's small round mouth had fallen open. "Birthday present? First time last night?" he stuttered. "What the hell are you playing at? Bill! This isn't the right dope at all! She—"

"It's my birthday today." I smirked schoolgirlishly at him. "And last night at the Countess of Inderswick's was certainly the first time I met Mr. Belsin in the real sense of the word—although," I added self-consciously, "we seemed to get to know each other very well awfully quickly—Jimmy"—I uttered the name with reflective shyness—"Jimmy is such an impetuous man."

"What!" shouted Mr. Hooker.

"Shut up!" Bill was speaking sharply

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now. "You were on duty last night. Was she there?"

"No! And she's fooling you, Bill Jones! This is a bloody trap!"

So his surname was Jones. This further contribution to normality was no less than I had expected.

"Mr. Jones," I said, "is your friend calling me a liar?"

MR. HOOKER was clenching his fists and the brightness of violent intention was in his eyes again. "You know all about the Frempton business, and you were *not* at Inderswick Court last night!"

"Of course I know all about the Frempton business!" I retorted crossly. "Haven't the police been all over us, asking questions, using our boats, and drinking up all our tea? There isn't a thing I don't know about it! And if this insulting man doesn't stop his crazy way of talking, I shall report him to Mr. Belsin. I don't see why I should bother to argue with him, but if he didn't see me at Inderswick last night then he must be blind as well as cuckoo, for he was sitting in this same Bentley when Mr. Belsin took me to my own car when the party broke up. A Daimler, Mr. Hooker, a big Daimler. I suppose you didn't see that either?

"Mr. Jones, I am getting annoyed. I am now going to write that letter to Mr. Belsin, and this man can take it with him now, *with* that car in our courtyard, and I'm going to tell Jimmy exactly what has been happening here this morning!"

Mr. Jones had become still. Mr. Jones was making up his mind. He knew Hooker better than he knew me, and I was hoping that what he knew of Hooker would cause him to believe my version of the situation.

"Did J.B. see Miss Gill into a Daimler last night?" he asked Mr. Hooker, struck speechless and staring at me.

"Cor stone me! It's the same girl!" he muttered. "She was all dressed up. Who'd've recognized her?"

"Hooker," Mr. Jones said in his soft voice again, "I think you've really had it, this time."

Mr. Hooker made one last desperate effort to convince him. "She was on her way to the police when I got here just now! She said so, and that she's still going—to see that superintendent—what's his name—Bull—to spill the beans!"

"There are no beans to spill," Mr. Jones interrupted him quietly, and in a swift movement his right hand came out of his pocket holding a small black-knobbed object with which he hit Mr. Hooker above the left ear. Mr. Hooker's knees gave way and he fell down on the grass with his eyes closed. I gave a small suitable scream and shrank away from Mr. Jones, who put the knobbed thing back in his pocket.

"I beg your pardon," he said to me. "I didn't mean to frighten you."

"Oh! You've killed him!"

"No. He has a very hard head, even if he is not quite right in it."

"The poor man!" I allowed myself to recover from the shock. "I thought it might be something like that."

"War service," said Mr. Jones, and, after opening the door of the Bentley, stooped, picked up Mr. Hooker, and threw rather than put him on the floor of the car. "Very sad," he commented, shutting the door. "We shan't be able to keep him, of course, after this."

"What will you do with him?"

"The chief will decide, or perhaps we will, among ourselves."

"We—you mean the other bodyguards?"

The black eyes seemed to grow even darker.

"Who said anything about bodyguards?"

"Mr. Belsin," I said ingenuously. "He was telling last night how people sometimes try to—to—remove him because he is so successful and so on, and how you and the others prevent it. It seems a dreadful thought, doesn't it? Scarcely credible—"

"He is a very exceptional man." Mr. Jones's soft voice might have been speaking of a divinity. "What's the matter?"

"I—think—I—feel faint," I said weakly, and put out a hand. Mr. Jones took it firmly. If he felt any anxiety for me his eyes did not say so. I allowed my voice to become stronger: "It's only that I'm upset with all this—I don't understand very well. I'm sure Jimmy didn't mean it this way."

SUDDENLY Mr. Jones's soft voice changed. "Damn and blast Hooker! He won't be the only one to get into trouble over this."

"If—if Jimmy—would Jimmy listen to me if I explained that you had done your best to stop Mr. Hooker being silly?" I regarded him anxiously.

"You know, there isn't any reason why it should ever come to that," Mr. Jones said. "You have only to accept your birthday present as any young woman would who realized that a motorcar from James Belsin is like a bunch of daffodils from anyone else."

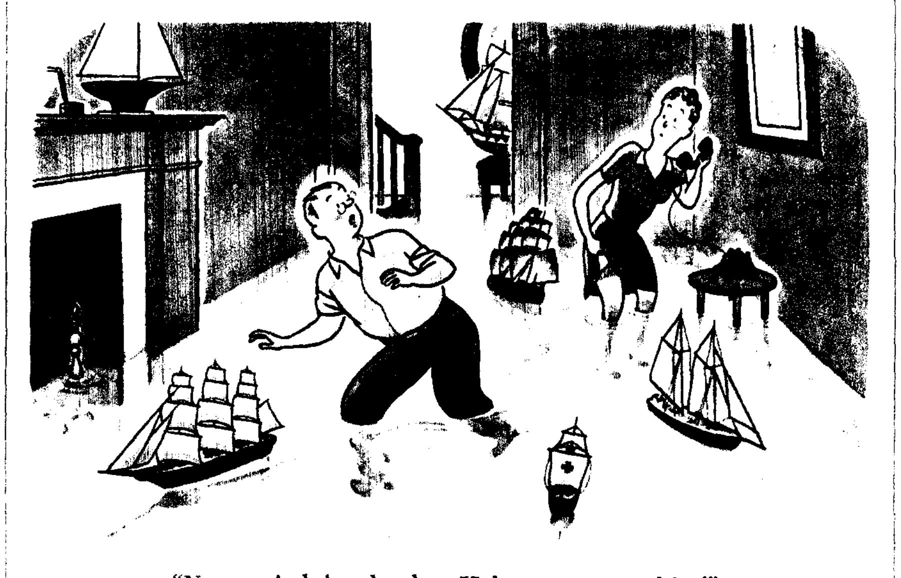
"Let's say orchids," I amended, and smiled at him.

"Good girl," he said. "You're all right."

"But honestly, about the car," I said. "Shall I put it in a sort of 'suspended' account, like money one can't use at the moment, and perhaps sooner or later, if it's at all possible, I'll 'accept' it."

"Make it sooner," he said.

"I expect everything will be all right," I said. "You've been very kind and un-



COLLIER'S "Never mind the plumber. Help me save my ships!" NED HILTON

Meet
Mr. Linehan,
our wallet designer

Talk about split personalities . . . our Mr. Linehan's is split three ways: (1) He's a white-tie-and-tails boy when it comes to designing the smartest wallets in America. (2) He's Scotch, too . . . the way he keeps their prices 'way down. (3) And the rifle? Well, Mr. Linehan is always out gunning for the finest leathers money can buy. Yes . . . our Mr. Linehan is strictly sensational . . . and our Hickok wallets are, too!

Identification

CLOTHES MAKE THE MAN
ACCESSORIES MAKE THE CLOTHES

HICKOK

MAKES THE FINEST ACCESSORIES

- Knobby Alligator Wallet, $5.
- Imported Morocco Wallet with Ribbon Initial, $5.

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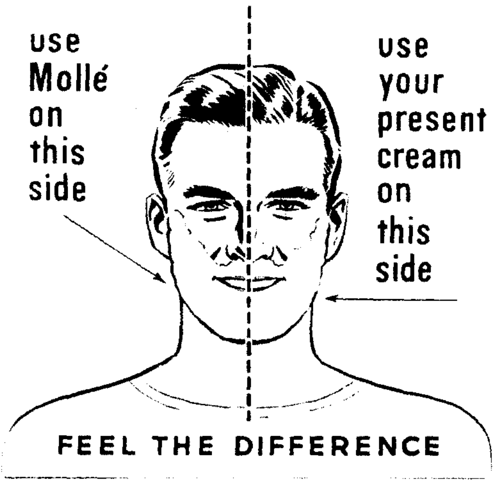
"WEEK-END TEST" proves:
Cleaner shaves . . . quicker!

Don't just guess what gives you the best shave—make this Mollé "Week-end Test."

1. Let your beard grow during the week end.
2. Monday morning, when your whiskers are at their longest and toughest, put your present cream on half your face.
3. Put Mollé, the heavier brushless cream, on the other half of your face. Spread it *thin!*
4. Go over your face JUST ONCE with your razor . . . and feel the difference.


use Mollé on this side
use your present cream on this side
FEEL THE DIFFERENCE

Double your money back . . .

. . . if Mollé does not give you the best shave you ever had in your life. Get a tube today.

If this test does not convince you, just mail us back the Mollé tube. Address, Box 49, New York 8, N. Y.

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E-25, PARLIAMENT BLDGS,
TORONTO 2, ONT.

derstanding." I gazed at him as at a most superior being. "Jimmy would appreciate it."

"If he knew. But there's no need, is there?"

"No." I smiled at him again.

He turned to the Bentley and in a lithe, tidy movement put himself in the driving seat. He pressed the starter, ignored the lower gears, and drove toward the road without regard for the bumpy turf.

WHILE I walked to the house I wished I could forget Jones's eyes and the quiet but terrible savagery with which he had struck down his friend, who for all his nastiness gave me the impression of being a sinless babe by his side. As for James Belsin, he might be a pillar of society, but he also appeared to be a man who inspired respect amounting to veneration in the hearts of blackguards.

I might be ready to believe those two men had done away with Louise Frempton, but I still did not know why, and I wanted more than ever to find out. Why did I feel so personal about this thing, as though it were an issue which concerned only me and James Belsin? Because he was more than ready to be in love with me?

To marry me? For Heaven's sake, was I falling in love with him? If that happened, I would be in as shocking a mess as could possibly be imagined. I was not so different from other women. We will as soon love a killer as a curate, and sometimes sooner.

Once in my room, I began to feel more nervous than ever. I had made a mistake in tacitly agreeing that Jones himself should take disciplinary action against Hooker for his indiscretions. I could not trust Jones; he *might* refer the matter to his "Chief," of whose intelligence I thought I had a fair estimation. He would be bound to give Hooker a hearing, and Hooker had but to repeat word for word his conversation with me in the courtyard for James Belsin to realize, however reluctantly, that there might be some truth in the theory that I knew too much.

But there was one thing which would make him certain of it: any failure on my part to tell him my version of that conversation and also what had happened between the two men later. And if I were as innocent as I would have him believe, I would tell him my story at once. *My* story.

I reached for the Suffolk telephone directory.

I discovered that getting through to the Belsin Corporation was not the same thing as getting through to its president. I was told Mr. Belsin was in conference and Mr. Anderson would talk to me. While I waited I remembered the letter which had come with the car, got it out of my pocket, and held the receiver between my chin and shoulder while I opened it. As Hooker had said, the license was in my name, the tax had been paid until the end of the year, and there was an insurance company's cover note. Attached to these was another envelope from which I extracted a sheet of thick parchment note paper. This is what Mr. Belsin had written:

Dear Eve,

This is my first letter to you and I cannot write anything which I could not say better when I am next with you. So until then "many happy returns" and an inadequate thank you for tonight as one of the most important moments in my life. . . . Yours, J. B.

There was a voice in the receiver: "Hello. This is Anderson. Who is that, please?"

"My name is Gill. I am a friend of Mr. Belsin's and I want to speak to him."

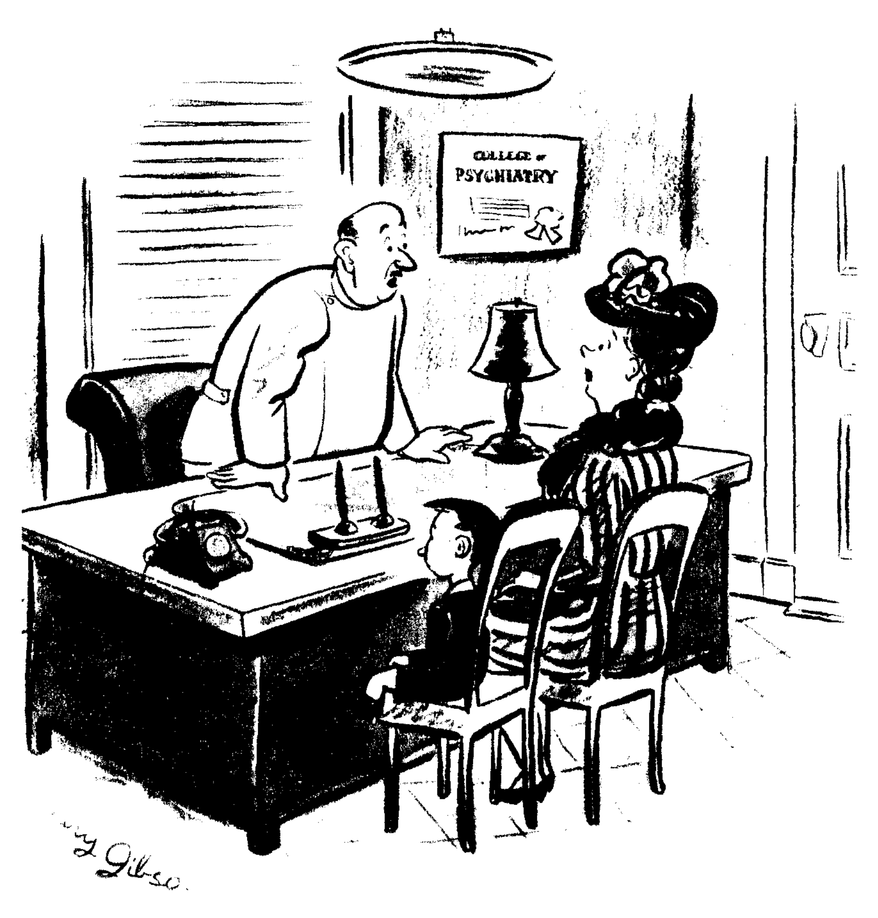
"Perhaps if you wouldn't mind telling me what it is? I am his confidential secretary."

"Mr. Anderson, I do not think you can be as confidential a secretary as you appear to assume."

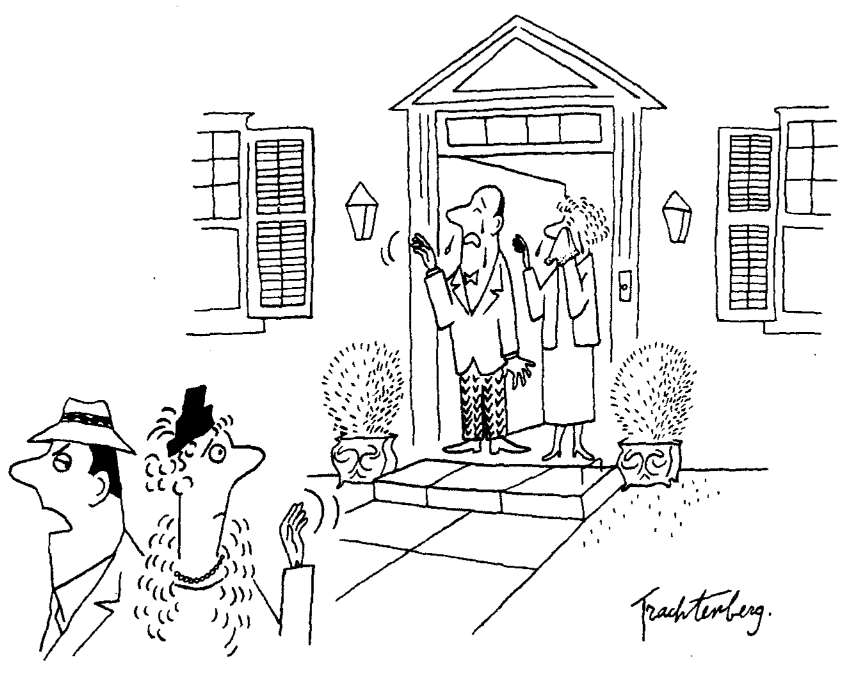
"I beg your pardon!"

"My name," I repeated, "is Gill and I wish to speak to Mr. Belsin about Mr. Hooker and Mr. Jones. Both, I think, are fellow employees of yours."

"Hooker—Jones?" He was genuinely puzzled. Then he gave an involuntary "Oh!" and urged me to hold on, *please*. But I seemed as far from speaking to



COLLIER'S "It's those indestructible toys. They are giving him quite a frustration complex" MARY GIBSON



"I think they're putting it on about not wanting us to leave so soon"

COLLIER'S TRACHTENBERG

James Belsin as ever. After three clicks and a burring sound, another male voice said, "Miss Gill? The Miss Gill of Marsh House?"

"Yes," I said. "Who are you?"

"That's of no consequence. You have something to report?"

"I do not propose to talk to a nameless man with no manners. Put me through to Mr. Belsin immediately."

"I am sorry, I had no intention, Miss Gill, or—er—that is, my name is Randall and I am head of the department in which Jones and Hooker serve—er—work. You can safely tell me what you have to say."

The way I was beginning to see things, *serve* had a significant ring to it. I brought my tone a shade nearer human.

"Then in that case, Mr. Randall, being head of that particular department, you will appreciate that there are some matters which can only be dealt with by Mr. Belsin himself."

"Certainly, certainly—through me."

"No, Mr. Randall. Not always. Now and again there are exceptions. This is one of them. I can be treated with casualness up to a certain point, but you are the third person I have been put on to in my effort to speak to Mr. Belsin. Is it, do you think, that none of you realize who I am?"

"One of my duties," he said dryly, "is to prevent Mr. Belsin from being blackmailed."

I laughed. "Mr. Randall, if and when I become Mrs. James Belsin, I will do my best to save you from being fired for impertinence."

FOUR seconds later I was speaking to James Belsin and hoping that my line about Mrs. James Belsin, which I had used perhaps too easily, would not catch up with me.

His first words were to wish me a happy birthday and his next to thank me for ringing him.

"About that lovely car—Mr. Belsin—" I began.

"Last night we agreed that the 'Miss' and 'Mr.' formality was unnecessary in our case."

"James—"

"Jimmy—"

"You're too difficult for me," I told him. "All right, *Jimmy*. I simply cannot let you give me such a present."

"Why not?" His voice was both amused and assured.

"People don't."

"People do."

"It's not done, then."

"When I do it, it is."

"Those were almost exactly the words," I told him, "which Mr. Jones used when he tried to persuade me to accept it—just after he had hit poor Mr. Hooker over the ear with a blackjack."

There was the slightest of pauses. "What—what did you say?"

So at last I told him the story; and my voice had a wondering note as I described Hooker's nervous remarks about the Frempton suicide and his shock at the sight of the Frempton child whom we were sheltering.

James Belsin obviously forgot himself, for he swore violently.

"That's all I can tell you," I said apologetically, "but since I was telephoning to you in any case about the car, I thought you ought to know. It—the whole business—I found rather upsetting. I'm all right now, of course, and I shan't let it worry me."

"It's unforgivable! Unforgivable!" he said, his voice quivering. "What can I do or say to convey my feelings—my apologies—Eve, can I see you immediately, to tell you in person how sorry I am such a fantastic thing should have happened? I can come over at once—"

"Don't be silly. It's all right."

"Your birthday—I wanted—Oh, hell! I'm almost frightened at the way things go against me where you are concerned! As for those two blundering fools—"

"Don't be too hard on them. You have to be protected. And the men employed to protect you must necessarily be tough."

"But not crazy! It was my fault, and I'll be with you in half an hour to apologize."

"I shan't be here. In two minutes I'm going to Kessingland—I'm late already."

"Well, when *can* I see you? Tonight?"

"Tomorrow," I said.

"Come to lunch here at Leiston, and I'll show you the plant."

"I'd like that."

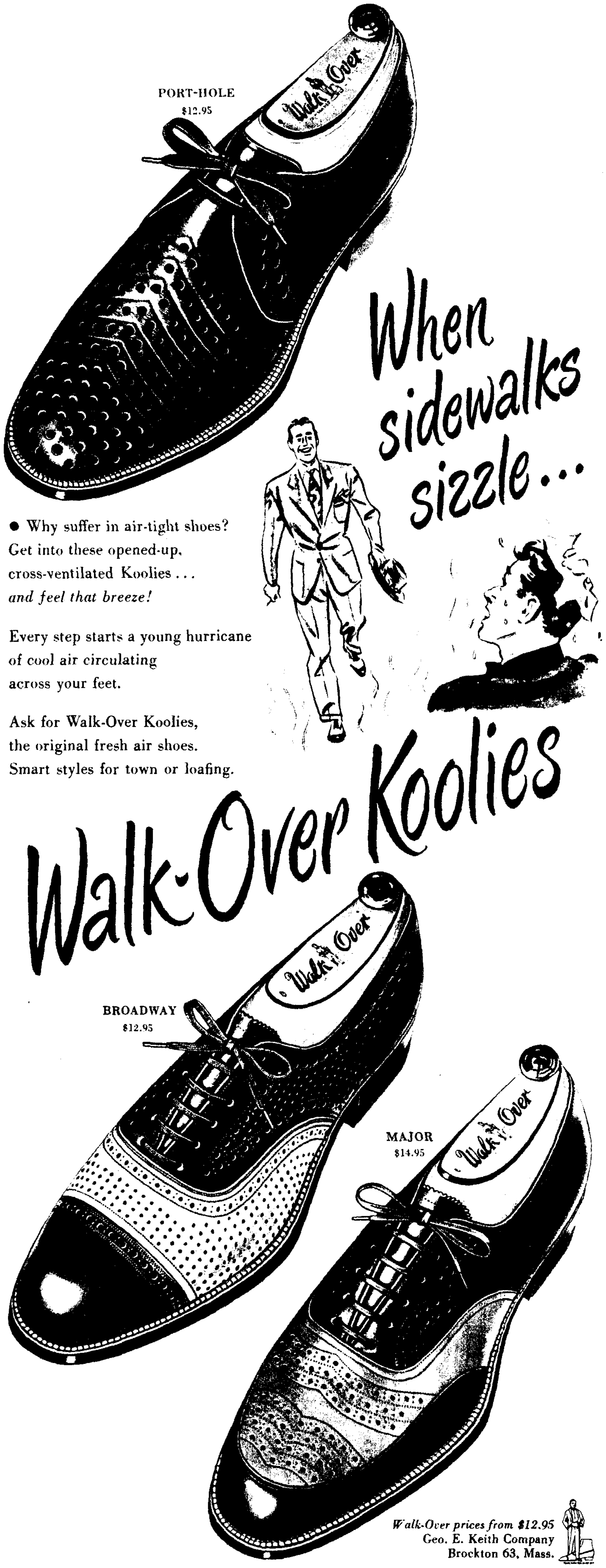
"About noon? I'll have someone at the gates to escort you to my office. And please reconsider accepting the car."

"I ought to send it straight back to you."

"Yes, yes, of course. Sorry, must ring off. 'By until tomorrow." And ring off he did, with a chuckling laugh.

I lighted a cigarette and surveyed the position. I had got in first with my version, and he would see more truth in it than in the confusing account Hooker and Jones would ultimately give him. Apart from that, a man is predisposed to bad judgment when his affections are settling on someone.

(To be continued next week)



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Get into these opened-up,
cross-ventilated Koolies . . .
and feel that breeze!

Every step starts a young hurricane
of cool air circulating
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Ask for Walk-Over Koolies,
the original fresh air shoes.
Smart styles for town or loafing.

Walk-Over prices from $12.95
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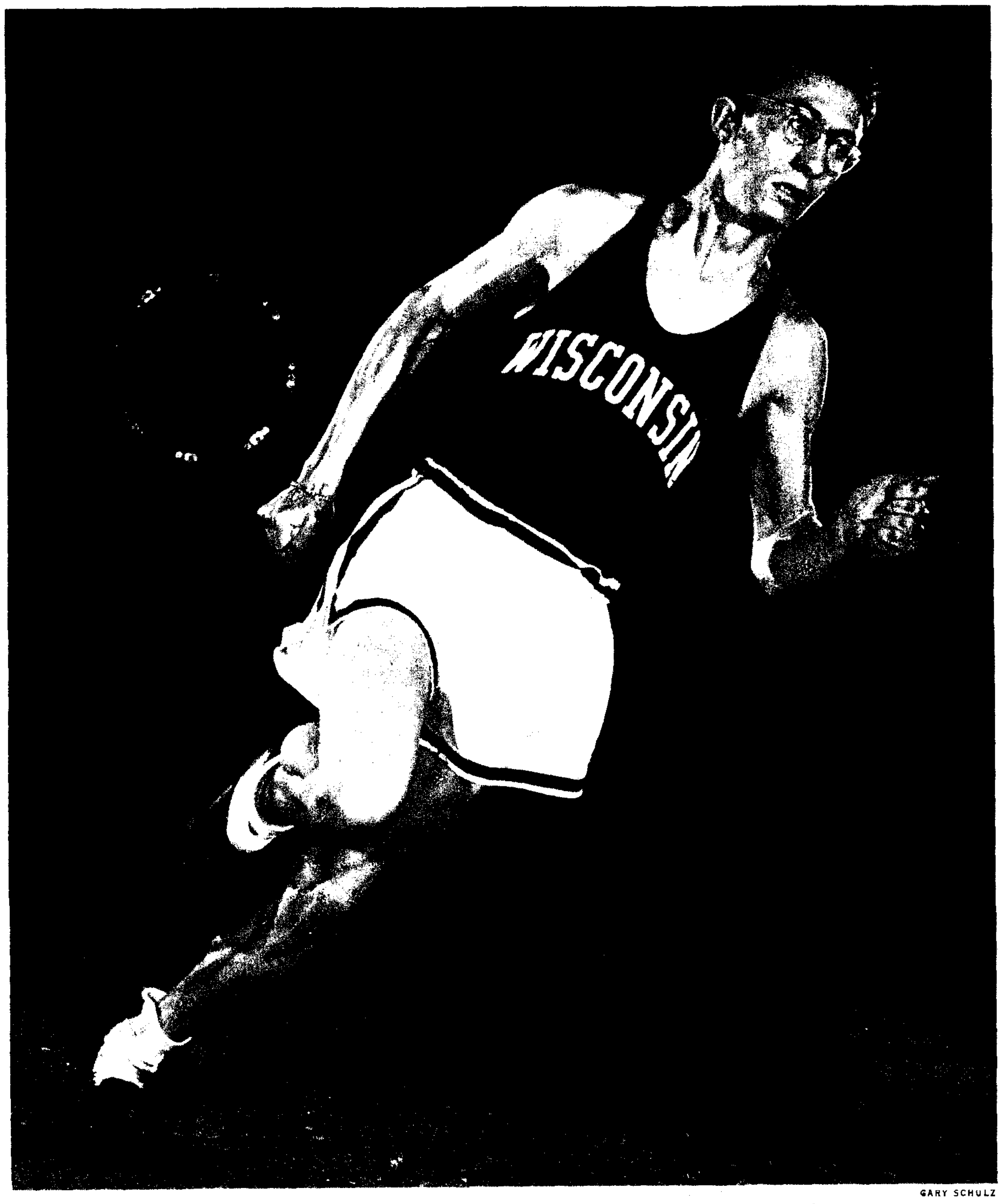
Inside Sports

By BILL FAY

Don Gehrmann may be the man track fans are seeking—the four-minute miler. Don's fast and he knows exactly how the dream race will be run



GARY SCHULZ

Gehrmann trains by chasing rabbits, but in competition he'd rather race against men—bunnies are too slow

IN a mile race, Don Gehrmann, the University of Wisconsin runner, fears neither man nor rabbit. "Rabbits are overrated," Gehrmann declares flatly. "They can dodge and hide in rough country, but in the open you can run them down. They haven't any endurance and they can't pace themselves."

That is just about the worst indictment any runner can hurl at another runner, but Gehrmann should know. Don has been chasing rabbits for the last five years—ever since he showed symptoms of developing into a record-breaking miler at Pulaski High School in Milwaukee.

"I like to run in the country," Don explains. "It's great for conditioning, even in winter. All the great Scandinavians—Paavo Nurmi, Arne Andersson, Gunder Haegg—trained outdoors. Of course, they may not have chased rabbits. I do it just to break the training monotony."

Instead of breaking monotony, Gehrmann almost broke his right leg chasing an elusive cottontail a few weeks before the Wanamaker Mile last January. The bunny sidestepped in the snow—and Don rammed a stump.

The smashup temporarily stiffened Don's knee but it did not bruise his confidence. To New York sports writers inquiring about the injury, he said, "Somebody will have to run a pretty fast mile to beat me."

Willy Slykhuis of the Netherlands ran a pretty fast mile, but Gehrmann (squeezing hard on the handkerchiefs he always carries) whipped Willy with a tremendous finishing kick.

The Wanamaker triumph firmly established Gehrmann as this nation's number one miler (and gave the Scandinavians somebody to worry about).

Off the track, Gehrmann looks as if he would have trouble running to the corner drugstore. He's five feet nine inches, weighs 131 pounds, and his glasses do not suggest streamlined speed. On the track, he strongly resembles that man the running addicts have been waiting for—the four-minute miler.

Every great distance runner dreams of the four-minute mile, but nobody quite makes it. Haegg came closest at 4:01.4 in 1945. Now it's Gehrmann who is dreaming.

"Maybe I won't do it," Don confides, "but I know how it will be done—someday. The first quarter will be run in 58 seconds. The second in 60. The third in 61. The fourth in 60.8 or 60.9, depending on what you have left.

"A miler's just a bookkeeper on the run. Every step counts. If you run the first quarter a second faster than planned, you suffer a disastrous slowdown later.

"To beat four minutes, you'd have to be in top form, the track would have to be just right, the competition would have to be really tough, and you would have to think a perfect race. You couldn't afford to be boxed in by the other runners—even for a second. But if everything went right, it could be done."

Gehrmann is positive about one thing. There never will be a four-minute rabbit.

FASCINATIN' RHYTHM

The Tinker-to-Evers-to-Chance double-play combination, immortalized by Franklin P. Adams' poem, did not complete a DP in 16 World Series games. In fact, they were not outstanding DP-makers, although each was an individual star. Equally brilliant players of that early 1900 era have been forgotten, but not the lilting Tinker-to-Evers-to-Chance. They fought the opposition and one another. They went for weeks without speaking, but the rhythm of their names is unbeatable.

THE EMILY POST POSITION

Trainer Keene Daingerfield tells a story about another trainer who raced a horse for two years without winning. Finally the persistent trainer's horse came in first. Next morning, Daingerfield met the persistent trainer leading his horse through the stable area. "Taking him out for a little grass?" Daingerfield inquired.

"No," replied the persistent trainer, "I'm taking him around to apologize to the horses that he beat yesterday." THE END

How to get low-cost hauling...

You, too, can enjoy low-cost hauling.

And you *will* . . . IF your truck fits your job!

The sure way to enjoy low-cost transportation is to buy *"Job-Rated"* trucks . . . built by Dodge.

Each Dodge *"Job-Rated"* truck is engineered to perform with maximum efficiency under certain definite load and road conditions.

7 GREAT TRUCK ENGINES

For example . . . *your* Dodge truck will have the right one of 7 *"Job-Rated"* truck engines. Of modern, high-compression design, it will deliver top performance at top economy.

Your truck will have exactly the right clutch, transmission, rear axle, gear ratio, frame, springs and tires.

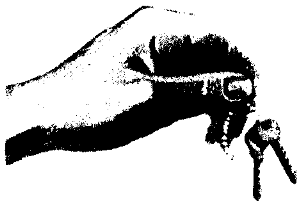
Every unit will be engineered and *"Job-Rated"* to haul *your* loads over *your* roads . . . with time- and money-saving efficiency.

Such a truck will give better service. It will last longer. It will stay on the job. It will save money, every mile you drive it. You can spread your investment over a much longer period of time.

How can you get such a truck? See your Dodge dealer. Tell him *what* you haul . . . the weight of your loads . . . your grade and speed requirements. He will recommend the *right* *"Job-Rated"* truck to fit *your* job . . . and you'll be surprised at its low cost.

See or phone your
Dodge
Dealer

For the good of your business...



switch to **DODGE**
"Job-Rated" TRUCKS

FOR THE LOCATION OF YOUR DODGE DEALER, CONSULT THE YELLOW PAGES OF YOUR PHONE BOOK

THE GREAT LARYNX

Continued from page 27

women met their husbands, or marital fidelity; and his studio stunts probe the emotional factors in jealousy, sex appeal, childbirth and petting.

Linkletter discovered long ago that for cash or prizes most people will gladly discuss their intimate thoughts, and he handles these potentially dangerous topics with the easy grace of a Tarzan swinging through the trees. Few people realize how skillfully Linkletter picks a subject and frames the questions to insure some sort of hilarious response. As an example, he combed his audience one night for the youngest mother with the most children, and found a girl who had had five youngsters in rapid succession.

"My goodness," he baited, "you must spend a lot of time on the job."

"Oh, no," the girl said quickly. "It isn't work at all—it's just a nice hobby."

When a Joke Goes Too Far

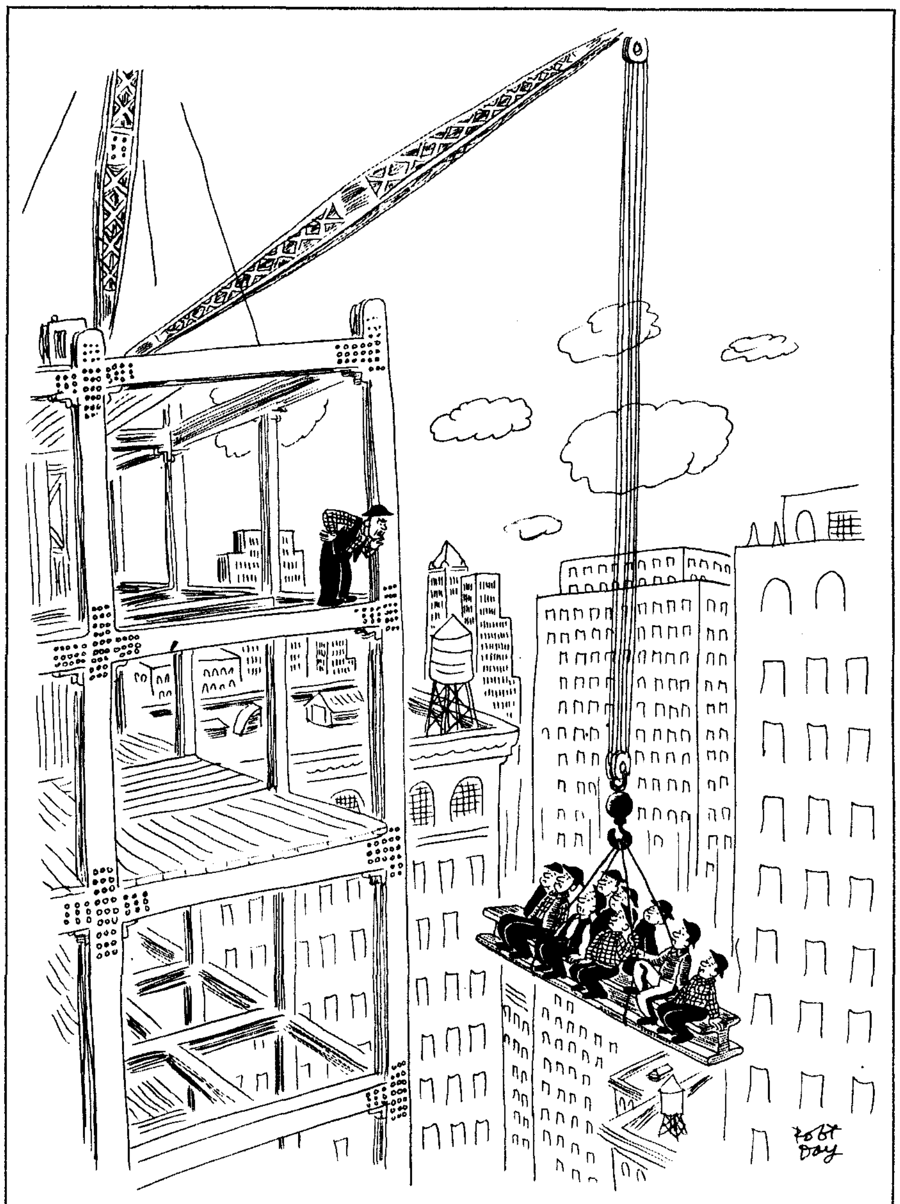
In years of broadcasting Linkletter has evolved a long list of basic questions which are likely to provoke laughter no matter how they are answered. He ventures so close to sticky terrain in some of these quizzes and stunts that his associates are sometimes in an agony of suspense, waiting for him to bog down. Once in a while he does. In one recent show he needled actress Lizabeth Scott so thoroughly that when he pinned diapers around himself and suddenly plopped into her lap toward the end of the program, she blew up and howled into the mike: "Get off me, dammit!"

These backfires rarely ruffle Linkletter, and he says his conscience is clear since only a microscopic percentage of his listeners write protests about such dizzy doings. Just in case, however, he pays Lloyd's of London, $5,200 a year for a $100,000 policy which protects him from cranks, nuts and people with thin skins. Only one plaintiff has ever collected, a woman who was mistaken for a mystery character from the People Are Funny show and subsequently mauled by a hysterical mob of women listeners in San Francisco.

With an undeniable genius for fast talk, Linkletter can usually ad-lib himself out of trouble on or off the air and, among other things, still holds the record for unpaid traffic tags in San Francisco. He accumulated some 40 overparking tickets in that city and disposed of them simply by slipping them under the windshield wiper of a friend's car. When he was finally caught by an irate cop, Linkletter talked such gay nonsense to the judge that all the charges were dropped.

Linkletter has been pulling phonetic rabbits out of his hat since he was a schoolboy in San Diego. He was born of an Irish family in Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, in 1912, but—as he says—his parents didn't want him around. He was adopted by Fulton Linkletter, a traveling evangelist, and was only three when the family moved to California. The elder Linkletters held revival meetings on San Diego street corners, and thus young Art had his first contact with an audience.

Though there are no theological overtones in Linkletter's broadcasts today, there are other outcroppings which reflect the poverty and the constricted atmosphere of his youth. He rarely takes a drink, smokes only under duress, avoids night clubs and is uncomfortable in the celebrity groups that are a part of the Hollywood pattern. He is devoted to his wife and five children, and recently adopted a French war orphan by mail. He belongs to no private clubs, dresses indifferently, shuns jewelry and dark glasses, and doesn't give parties.



COLLIER'S "This going down for second breakfasts has got to stop!" ROBERT DAY

COLLIER'S "I certainly wouldn't let mademoiselle get married if it wasn't becoming!" JARO FABRY

He can still quote freely from the Bible, but avoids it on the air as the result of a disturbing incident of not long ago. He had asked several six-year-old children on his program how they would kill their Thanksgiving turkey and the kids showed such homicidal ingenuity that he turned to the audience with a shrug and said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me . . ."

The flood of angry letters so stunned him that he still talks of it as the worst blunder of his career, and he never quoted from the Bible again.

A Collegian With Many Jobs

There is no doubt that Linkletter's boyhood was precarious and hard, and the records show that he took every available job so he could stay at San Diego State College to major in English. He was a model, switchboard operator, lifeguard, clerk, bus boy, bouncer, waiter and ranch hand—but he found time to star on the basketball team and to set a backstroke record. He also talked and talked and talked. A classmate who remembers Linkletter's marathon of gab in college says, "He was the long-playing record of his day, and you could get him started without a needle."

Linkletter talked himself into a blind date with his best friend's girl, Lois Forrester, and spellbound her to the altar about the time he was wheedling his first radio job out of Lincoln Dellar at Station KGB in San Diego. At KGB he met Clyde Vandeburg, then a San Diego Tribune columnist. "Art was the freshest, greenest-looking kid I ever saw," Vandeburg recalls, "but he was crazy about radio and had a great enthusiasm for people."

When Vandeburg was named promotion director for the San Diego Fair, he persuaded Linkletter to go along, and the two worked on together through the Dallas and San Francisco world's fairs for almost six years.

During that period Linkletter took part in 9,000 separate radio programs, a formidable exploit which would have scuttled a lesser spirit. He broadcast from trains, submarines, planes, battleships, horse stalls, bridge towers and Sally Rand's undressing room. Once he was lowered from a skyscraper in a bosun's chair, interviewing shuddering office workers at every floor. Averaging five shows a day, he had to rush breathlessly from one microphone to another, sometimes with a police escort, and at least once, having overslept, arrived at the studio in his pajamas.

Linkletter learned the fundamentals of his art during that revolving-door period, but a few cracked knuckles taught him to beware of flying ad libs. He was doing sidewalk interviews for a new sponsor one day when an ambulance sirened down the street. In a quick switch, Linkletter feverishly described the vehicle's approach—its red lights, its siren, its roaring motor, the drama of the race to the emergency hospital.

"But wait—" he cried, and this was sheer whimsey, "there's another car right behind the ambulance. It's full of lawyers. I can hear them yelling! 'Sue! Sue! Sue!' "

He thought it was pretty funny until a San Francisco lawyers' association squawked to the sponsor and suggested

Head of the Bourbon Family

Your search for an exceptionally smooth and mellow bourbon will meet with a glorious reward when you take your first sip of Old Grand-Dad—as fine a bourbon as any man could wish for.

OLD
GRAND-DAD
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT
BOURBON WHISKEY

100
PROOF

UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT
BOTTLED
IN
BOND

OLD GRAND-DAD

National Distillers Products Corp.
New York, N.Y.

that Linkletter move his mike to some other town or they themselves might "Sue! Sue! Sue!" Another time, describing a rodeo and knowing nothing about it, he injected a Paul Bunyan note by saying that one of the horses involved weighed "at least two or three tons." The horsy set voted him the dope of the year, and said so in a flood of mail.

In spite of this he is nostalgic about his early shows.

At the moment Linkletter has almost $200,000 cash invested in some 15 enterprises, and is actively involved in their management. The Linkletter business empire includes a dance hall, a skating rink, gold and lead mines, an oil well, a charm school, warehouses and a buried-treasure expedition to Cocos Island.

Cheering Up a Blue Partner

He has a standing order for a $10,000 insurance policy on every new baby in the family ("I'm keeping it open just in case") and he is the beneficiary of a $50,000 policy on the life of John Guedel, his partner and producer of the two Linkletter shows. Guedel has a similar policy on Linkletter, and in dull moments they twit each other about this reciprocal insurance. Unlike Linkletter, Guedel is highly emotional and subject to moods of black despair. At such times Linkletter will saunter into his office and say quietly, "There's the window, John. Why don't you go ahead and jump? Just think—fifty grand. Jump and get it over with." Guedel soon snaps out of his blues.

On the surface, the only obvious sign of Linkletter prodigality is in his lavish home, a hillside mansion studded with such expensive gadgets as recording and movie equipment, television sets, pinball machine, flashy convertibles, servants, a swimming pool and a tennis court.

Linkletter doesn't begrudge the staggering overhead because he figures it's all fun for the kids. "What else are you living for?" he says.

The Linkletter children, as a matter of fact, are fast becoming a part of the national radio folklore. He refers to them often on the air, and one or two have taken part in the shows. When the most recent Linkletter baby was en route, a network press agent begged Mrs. Linkletter to deliver in time for the afternoon papers. Evidently young Art, Jr., his oldest child, was the only Linkletter not aware of the blessed event because the next day at breakfast he said, "Hey—what's this I read in Variety about us having a new baby?"

On week ends the restless Linkletter flies to Palm Springs, San Francisco or Seattle, just to keep moving, and if there is nothing else to do on week nights he and his wife jump into their car and drive aimlessly around town at high speed.

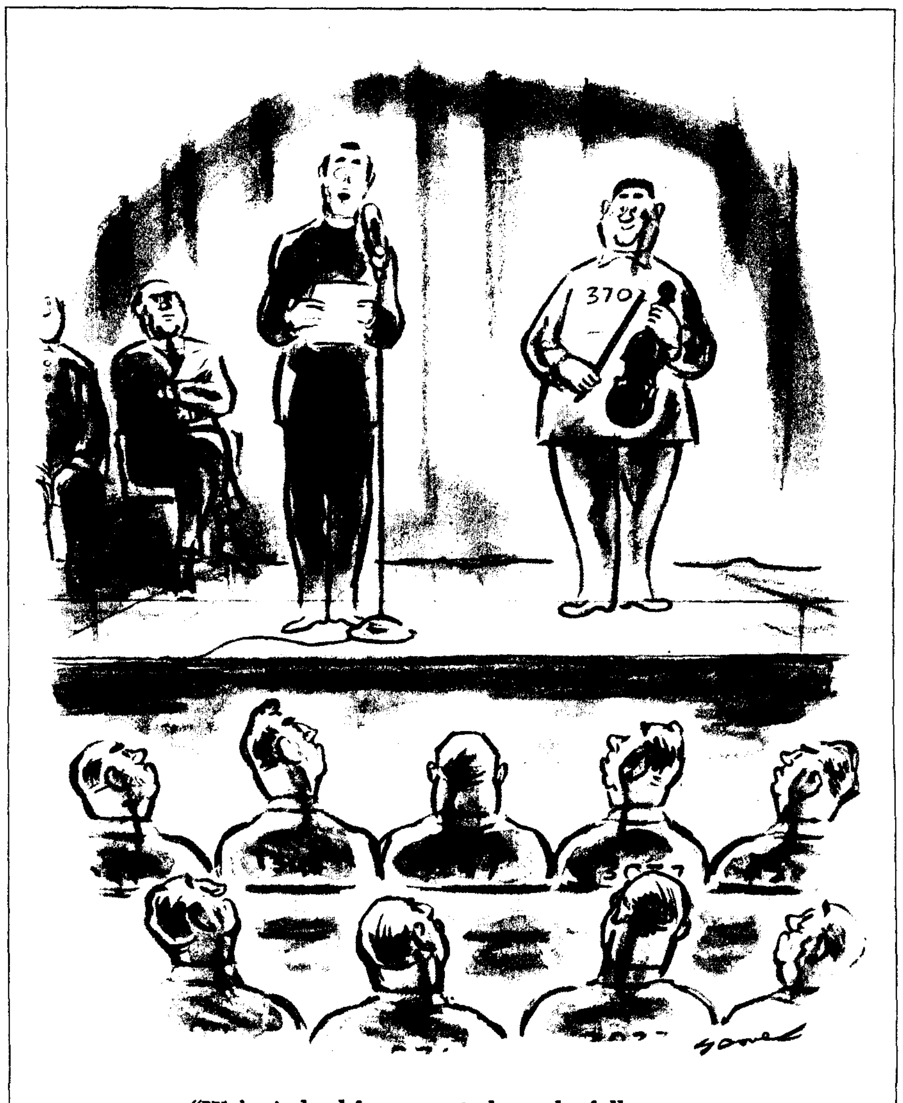
Close friends imply that Art Linkletter, with his millions of listeners and a whole new horizon ahead in television, still does not realize he is a big name in radio. This is debatable, but currently he is displaying what he calls his proudest possession, a photograph which showed up in his fan mail.

It was autographed "To my favorite radio friend," and was signed by a man he's always wanted to meet—Arthur Godfrey.

At the moment Linkletter is still scorched about a recent Hollywood party he was persuaded to attend. The host was Groucho Marx, and Linkletter looked forward to matching quips with the wits of the cinema.

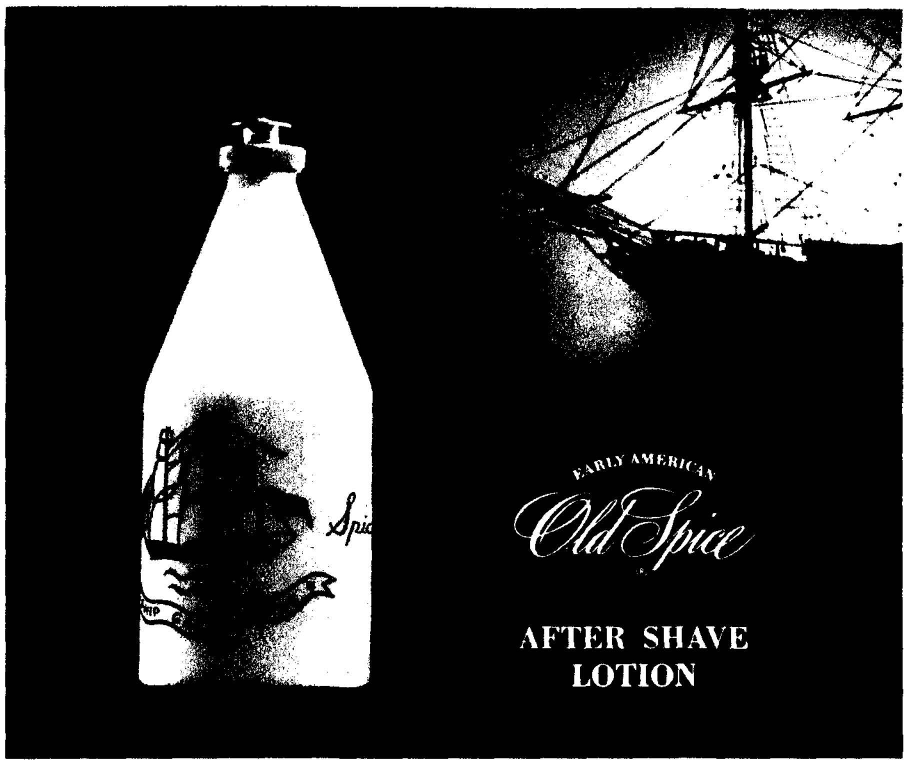
As soon as the guests arrived, someone suggested playing a parlor game, and after four hours of it Linkletter went home in a huff. "It was certainly dull," he brooded. "I couldn't get a word in edgewise."

THE END



"We're indeed fortunate to have the following artist with us for the next 10 to 15 years"

COLLIER'S LEONARD DOVE



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SYLVANIA RADIO TUBES Authorized Dealer

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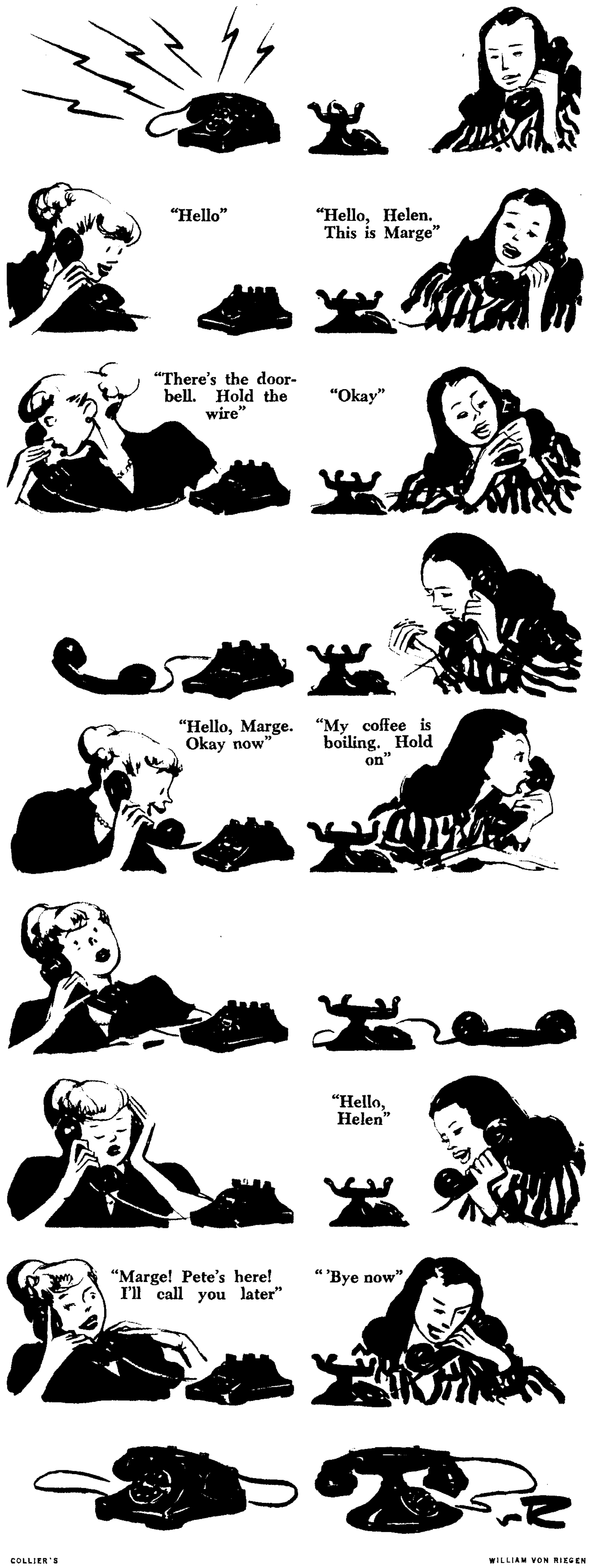
SYLVANIA RADIO TUBES
PRODUCT OF SYLVANIA ELECTRIC PRODUCTS INC.

Phone Call


"Hello"
"Hello, Helen. This is Marge"
"There's the door-bell. Hold the wire"
"Okay"
"Hello, Marge. Okay now"
"My coffee is boiling. Hold on"
"Hello, Helen"
"Marge! Pete's here! I'll call you later"
" 'Bye now"

COLLIER'S WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

3-WAY FAVORITE!

CHOOSE THE ONE BLENDED WHISKEY THAT GIVES YOU ALL 3

FLEISCHMANN'S
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Established 1870
90 PROOF
PREFERRED
BLENDED WHISKEY
Blended and Bottled by THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION Peekskill, New York

Every drop **90 PROOF**— rich, robust, delicious!

CHOICE QUALITY

✻ 35% Straight Whiskies
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WINNING PRICE

America's Greatest Whiskey Value!

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✻ THE STRAIGHT WHISKIES IN THIS PRODUCT ARE 4 YEARS OR MORE OLD. 35% STRAIGHT WHISKIES. 65% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. 90 PROOF. BLENDED WHISKEY. THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, PEEKSKILL, N.Y.

NEW YORK'S BIGGEST ATTIC

Continued from page 17

which would stir up sediment and otherwise disturb rare vintages.

Manhattan has a brisk trade with wine fanciers on Park Avenue—a terrible wine-storage area because of the constant vibrations from the New York Central trains that run into Grand Central Station through a tunnel beneath the street. However, the bulk of the wet goods in the warehouse is on commercial accounts—shipments from abroad coming in under bond for customs clearance, stocks deposited by dealers because of lack of space, and, frequently, storage for financing purposes.

A dealer with a Manhattan receipt for a couple of thousand cases in storage can walk into any bank and borrow up to 50 per cent of the value of the consignment. "In New York," says one company executive, "wine seems to be almost as negotiable as money." All told, Manhattan has a turnover of about 1,000,000 cases of spirits per year.

No Need for Insurance

The warehouse actually isn't a single building; it is a conglomeration of 20 separate units put together like the compartments of a ship. In a matter of seconds, each unit can be sealed off from the others by fireproof doors. A system of electric eyes, time locks, bells, sirens, guards and secret devices make the warehouse impregnable. A burglar would have as much chance there as in Fort Knox, and throughout the company's history there hasn't been a trace of smoke—let alone a fire—anywhere in the storage area. Insurance is superfluous, and Manhattan has never carried any.

Ownership of such a rugged fortress does have a few drawbacks. Comparatively minor structural alterations are apt to become major headaches. When a small addition was made a few years ago, five men with compressed-air hammers worked seven weeks to open a 20-foot breach in the outer wall.

Manhattan offers a wide variety of plain and fancy storage facilities, from the deep wine cellars to the dustproof, air-conditioned, constant-temperature art galleries on the top floor, where hundreds of paintings are hanging in a special light that is supposed to prevent any fading of colors. Here, too, are elegant display rooms for the convenience of art dealers and private collectors who wish to sell their treasures. Elsewhere in the warehouse one finds refrigerated, mothproof vaults for furs and tapestries, and a huge rug section with some 10,000 fine specimens hung in moth-killing naphthalene vapors.

The company feels so strongly about moths that every incoming rug is cleaned, mothproofed and finally wrapped in moth-repelling paper, while draperies and upholstered furniture are put through a fumigating chamber guaranteed to eliminate all forms of animal or insect life. Not in the memory of the oldest employee (who has worked for Manhattan close to 60 years) has any moth had the temerity to invade the warehouse.

The only animals allowed in the warehouse are the stuffed variety. In the fur departments, scores of splendid hunting trophies (including a buffalo head mounted in 1872) glare down at the $40,000 sable and chinchilla coats sprinkled among masses of lesser pelts. During the summer, the fur vault is so crowded and the sound-deadening property of $20,000,000 worth of closely hung furs is so great that a man might shout his head off and not be heard much more than ten feet away.

Manhattan once stored upward of 1,000 mounted heads and complete animals (including a 20-foot boa constrictor and a pair of bear cubs in the position of baseball pitcher and batter), but with the decline of big-game hunting and large homes, the trophies gradually are disappearing. The last big animal influx came with the storage of the Martin and Osa Johnson collection of African specimens.

"Our business is an accurate mirror of changing social conditions," says Manhattan's President George W. Gerlach. "I can remember when the contents of the average New York home filled three or four of our 500-cubic-foot vans, but today one van is sufficient for three quarters of our moving and storage jobs. Why, the iron fence around the old Cornelius Vanderbilt mansion was stored here for years and took up more room than the furniture from a dozen modern apartments.

"Furthermore, people haven't the same attitude toward their belongings. They're less sentimental than they used to be. In the old days we had many customers who paid out thousands of dollars for storage of things that were completely worthless except for sentimental associations.

"For instance, until his death one man stored a stuffed whale with us simply because it had belonged to his father. And we had one customer who'd met his wife on a tobogganing party back about 1895. From about 1910 on he insisted on keeping his toboggan in the cold-storage vault because he thought it would be happier there. So it goes—or so it used to go. Today people store things from necessity, and then only as long as they think they have some value."

Besides the Fifty-second Street citadel Manhattan operates an uptown branch warehouse mainly given over to household furnishings. All told, the company has some 7,000,000 cubic feet of storage space, including the refrigerated vaults, safe-deposit department and a special section for storage of business records. General storage costs 2½ cents per cubic foot per month, and for a bit more the customer can rent one of 5,200 private rooms, which range in size from a closetlike compartment to a chamber big enough to hold 25 vanloads of goods.

Manhattan prohibits the storage of explosive, inflammable or perishable articles, but otherwise has no control over goods coming into the warehouse. For all President Gerlach knows, the private rooms may be stuffed with contraband, and the warehouse with loot from fences, dope runners and all manner of knaves. Indeed, if a customer desires superprivacy, Manhattan will give him a lease on a room that permits him to put his own locks on the door and come and go as he pleases, although the line is drawn at housekeeping.

The company had many requests for rental of storerooms for dwelling purposes during the war and, as one officer remarks, "If we'd converted to a boardinghouse, business would have been terrific." Apartment-seeking real-estate brokers offered fabulous prices for lists of new patrons who were storing furniture and presumably vacating their domiciles.

But comparatively, private rooms are less profitable to the warehouse than items for individual storage: fur coats at high valuation, paintings at ten cents per square foot per month, rugs at half a cent per square foot per month, and so on. The biggest rug in storage measures 26 by 42 feet, or 1,092 square feet, and thus costs about $5.50 monthly. It takes 17 Manhattan huskies to hoist this mammoth, but—like any other rug—it can be brought out ready for delivery in 60 seconds.

Purely on a ratio of space-to-income basis, Manhattan's most lucrative department is devoted to the bonded storage of imported diamonds and other gems. A dealer bringing in a consignment of stones but not wishing to pay the duty immediately can have them sent to the warehouse, where they will be in the custody of one of the eight U.S. Customs men on full-time assignment there. Under their watchful eye, the dealer is permitted to show his wares to prospective buyers, and if a sale is made, the duty is collected on the spot.

For this service Manhattan charges one eighth of one per cent of the valuation of the jewels up to $100,000 and one tenth of one per cent above that figure, plus 5 per cent of the total storage bill, to help pay the salaries of the customs men. Thus it costs nearly $1,100 per month to keep a $1,000,000 worth of gems in bond. Manhattan generally has $15,000,000 or $20,000,000 worth of stones at a time.

The warehouse normally is filled to about 80 per cent of capacity and never has been so crowded that a few more vanloads couldn't be squeezed in one way or another. The worst congestion occurred during the war as a result of the biggest job Manhattan ever is likely to handle. This was the packing and storage of all the furnishings of the Queen Mary and the Nieuw Amsterdam when these liners were converted to troopships, and later, the shipment of the furnishings to Europe for reconversion of the vessels.

Damage Claims Were Trivial

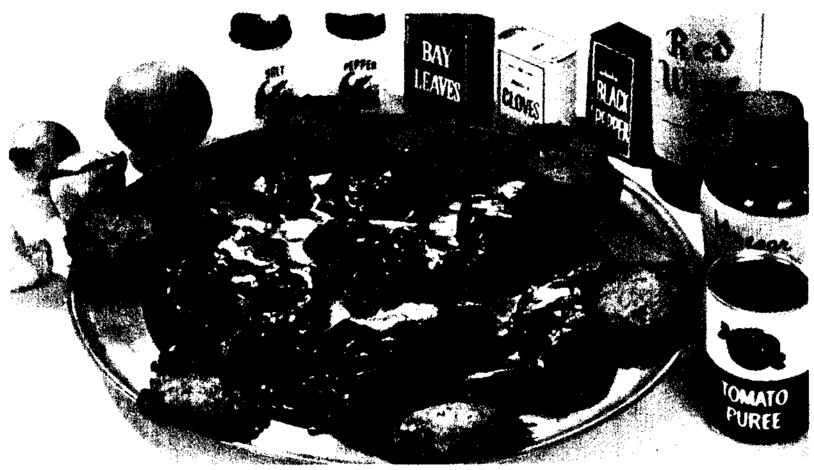
This Herculean labor involved practically all of Manhattan's 200-odd moving men and kept its fleet of 23 huge vans shuttling from piers to warehouse for a couple of weeks, 24 hours a day. Despite the magnitude and urgency of the undertaking, damage claims came to less than $1,000.

"Some people think that moving men are just unfeeling gorillas with a lot of biceps and nothing else," comments a vice-president. "But our men are craftsmen, first, last and always. They handle every article like a newborn baby."

On top of the furnishings from the liners came a great wartime influx of goods sent to storage by men going into the services. For a while it looked as though the warehouse actually would have to start refusing any more new business. However, this painful state of affairs was remedied by a decision to eliminate storage of yachts and automobiles. Manhattan has handled boats up to 48 feet long, and formerly provided dead storage for more than a hundred cars, mostly foreign limousines belonging to the elite, old-guard customers. Some of these clients kicked up a great rumpus over the new policy, and as a measure of appeasement Manhattan still houses a few cars, but won't accept any others.

One of the remaining vehicles is an antique touring car circa 1910 which is

EATING—*with Charlotte Adams*



TONY VENTI

***Sauerbraten* from Bevo Mill, St. Louis, Mo.**

I WENT searching for some good, substantial German food in St. Louis recently and found a hearty answer at Bevo Mill on Gravois Avenue, well out of the center of town.

It's a man's sort of place, furnished for men, and usually filled with men filling the inner man. The atmosphere is mellow with an aged-in-the-wood quality of solid comfort.

Arthur Schneithorst, Bevo Mill's proprietor, makes a great specialty of lobster, rotisserie chicken and steak, as well as the superb German dishes. I had my heart set on the latter and good they were, too. Herring in sour cream, *Sauerbraten* with potato pancakes and apple strudel put me in a fine frame of mind and at peace with the world.

SAUERBRATEN

4 pound sirloin butt
2 cups vinegar
1 cup water
1 tsp. whole cloves
1 bay leaf
1 tsp. whole black peppercorns
1 Tbsp. salt
½ tsp. ground black pepper
1 clove garlic
2 medium-sized onions, sliced
1 medium-sized orange, sliced
1 cup red wine
¼ cup tomato purée

Cut meat into slices about 1 inch thick or leave in one piece. Combine all ingredients, except tomato purée, to make a marinade and pour over meat. Let stand for 36 hours in refrigerator, turning meat over in marinade two or three times. Remove meat and drain. Brown slices of meat. Add strained marinade and the tomato purée (enough to cover meat) and simmer until tender (from one to 3 hours, depending upon whether the meat is in one piece and how tender the cut is). Strain sauce and thicken. Serves 6.

Refreshment for U.S.
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CANADA DRY
Spur
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CLUB SODA
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CANADA DRY WATER
Hi-spot
CANADA DRY
Hi-spot
CANADA DRY Higrape
CANADA DRY Velvo CREAM SODA
CANADA DRY ROOT BEER
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MANY, BLANC & CO., INC., CHICAGO, ILL.

the property of a prominent New York widow, who made her honeymoon trip in this brass-trimmed relic. For years she has been dropping in to look at the car and indulge in gentle reveries about the past. The officer who always escorts her on these visits and serves as her confidant says he expects her to show up sometime in goggles, duster and a veil.

A good part of the Manhattan executive's job is devoted to humoring old ladies with whimsical ideas, and the warehouse is one of the most tolerant institutions in existence. But its patience was slightly strained by the grandmother who heard of a threatened shortage of toilet tissue early in the war. As a precaution she put dozens of cases in storage. Once a week she would show up to replenish her household supply from the stock. Each visit involved the ministrations of a vice-president, and finally President Gerlach himself interceded. "Madam," he said gently, "because of unusual wartime conditions, we would appreciate it if you would get your paper once a month instead of weekly."

For all its quaint atmosphere and bygone charm, Manhattan is no fuddy-duddy organization. It operates with machinelike efficiency and has developed techniques of moving which are truly artistic. For example, if a customer has a phobia about packing and moving, Manhattan will handle the entire job, from wrapping Madam's perfumes and pearls in cotton wool to providing iced containers for the contents of the refrigerator. If a customer is willing to pay the tariff, the company will not merely move, but completely resettle a home in a matter of hours.

A couple last autumn was vacating a seven-room apartment on Park Avenue to move to a neat duplex in Turtle Bay. At noon they handed a key to the new apartment to the moving crew foreman, and went off to a football game. By the time they arrived at their new home in the evening, the movers not only had shifted their belongings but had put down the rugs, hung the curtains, plugged in the lamps, made the beds, put the clothes in the closets and sorted the groceries. The bill came to two hundred dollars, and was considered worth it.

Problems of Moving Offices

But Manhattan's real specialty is the speedy and painless moving of large business offices. The company now is getting organized to move one of the major insurance companies, at an estimated cost of $40,000. Offices almost invariably are moved over week ends. This piles up a lot of extra expense for overtime, but is cheaper than having the business disrupted on working days.

"Ninety per cent of the work in commercial moves is advance planning," says Mr. Norman Miller, Manhattan's chief expert.

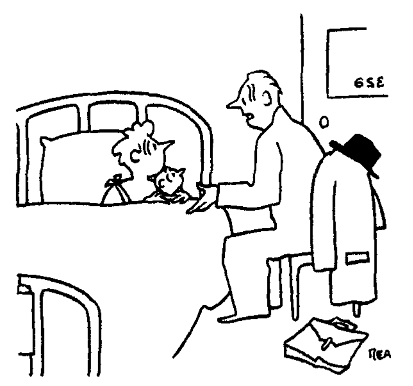
It is no mean feat to shift an office with, say 3,000 desks and hundreds of business machines, and have everything land in exactly the right place, down to the last water cooler. It is a task similar to organizing a military campaign. The first step is a close study of the floor plans of both old and new quarters; next comes a study of elevator capacities and the measurement of door and hallway clearances. Finally, an elaborate master plan is worked out and the office furniture and equipment are tagged with code symbols designating location and the order of moving. After that it's a routine maneuver, though occasionally there are unusual touches.

On one office-moving job, a waggish secretary left a vase of roses on her desk with this note: "Dear Moving Men, Please handle these flowers with loving care." She never expected to see the roses again, but she reckoned without the conscientiousness of the Manhattan movers. On Monday morning the vase was on her desk in the new office, with the following: "Lady, we not only gave them loving care, we also watered them."

Although Manhattan's vans do not venture far beyond the limits of Greater New York, the warehouse has shipped goods of every description to practically every country in the world. In certain extraordinary cases, articles have been damaged in transit, but a Manhattan packing job is virtually a guarantee of safe arrival, regardless of rough handling en route.

Among the most difficult packing items are recordings, statuary (especially that with protruding arms and legs), pianos, cabinets, desks, sideboards with glass panels, and, of course, china and glassware. For the latter, Manhattan uses barrels with padding and packs cups bottom side up, glasses right side up, flat pieces on edge, with the heaviest pieces at the bottom, and all spaces tightly packed with shredded paper.

Every so often, the company tests its packing methods the hard way—by loading crates and barrels with breakables and dropping them eight stories down an elevator shaft—often the containers burst open with no damage to the contents. And once it parachuted a load of china and records down to an airport without so much as a nick or a crack in the lot. This occurred during a burst of enthusiasm (since modified) about the future of moving by plane.


"But what will I tell Harvard? They were expecting a boy"
COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

It is axiomatic in the warehouse business that if a mover or packer damages a piece of kitchen crockery, the owner claims violence to priceless old Wedgwood; if he bends a tin spoon, he has assaulted a fine Paul Revere specimen, and if he scores the top of a Grand Rapids table he has ruined a Duncan Phyfe masterpiece. Even the most genteel customers are apt to become unreasonable when making claims for breakage, and the warehouse makes an effort to duplicate articles allegedly mishandled rather than paying out cash. At the moment, for instance, the replacement department is trying to find a certain kind of musical liquor decanter which plays How Dry I Am when tilted.

A half century ago, such decanters were common in well-appointed homes (they were supposed to discourage clandestine nipping by butlers) but today there isn't one left in New York—at least, Manhattan hasn't been able to locate a specimen in the auction rooms and pawnshops. Right now the company is corresponding with clockmakers in Switzerland, where the decanters originated. But in any average year, Manhattan pays less than $500 for replacements and direct compensation—a pretty good record, says President Gerlach, for a company handling hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of goods annually, and probably having close to a billion dollars' worth in storage on any given day.

Considering the clientele, it isn't surprising that Manhattan rarely has an account in default. But once in a while it happens, and when it does, the occasion may prove fairly dramatic. Under the law, the company can't open a customer's private room or general storage crate until the goods' appraised value no longer covers the storage fee. Then it must send a registered letter to the customer's last-known address and place notifying newspaper ads before the goods can be sold at public auction.

A Trunk Mystery Is Solved

A few years ago the company opened a nondescript-looking trunk on which storage charges were long in arrears. Among other things, it contained a sack full of loose pearls and a ruby choker. An appraiser from Tiffany's reported that any one of the pearls would pay the storage charges for a century, and offered $75,000 for the rubies. Also in the trunk was an envelope bearing the name of a trust company in Philadelphia. Manhattan got in touch with the company and learned that the missing client had a cool million dollars waiting for her. Eventually the lady showed up and claimed both the trunk and the trust fund, saying she'd been off traveling and having too much fun to bother about money.

Then there was the famous episode of the unclaimed crates, 64 in all, some measuring up to 30 feet in length. They had been sent to the warehouse in 1915, but storage payments ceased in 1927, and there was no trace of the owners. When opened by court order, the crates turned out to contain most of the paintings of Gustave Doré, the famed French illustrator of the Bible. In 1883, shortly before his death, Doré sold all his works to a London art dealer, who subsequently disposed of several to Queen Victoria. The rest, chiefly huge religious panoramas, he sent to the U.S., where for several years they created a national sensation on tour.

Subsequently the collection was taken over by the U.S. Art Company, which placed them in storage and later went out of business so completely that none of the principals could be traced. At one time the paintings were said to be worth close to $1,000,000, and there is no explanation of why the U.S. Art Company abandoned them. Ultimately they were sold at auction for a mere $12,000—barely enough to pay the storage bill.

But Manhattan's favorite closed-account yarn concerns the old gentleman who in his sixties was lured into marrying a predatory female of thirty-odd. The gentleman had had a safe-deposit box in the warehouse for years and was known to be in very comfortable circumstances. Any doubt about the lady's motives was dispelled after the marriage. She indulged in wild extravagances and openly had one affair after another.

Finally the gentleman passed away, leaving a will which gave everything to his wife, and then came the day when the widow, her attorney, and a man from the income tax bureau assembled at the warehouse to open the safe-deposit box. "It was a big box," recalls the officer who witnessed the proceedings. "There was no telling how much the old boy had salted away, and I could see that woman's face light up when I brought it in and set it on the table. The lawyer was looking pretty happy, too."

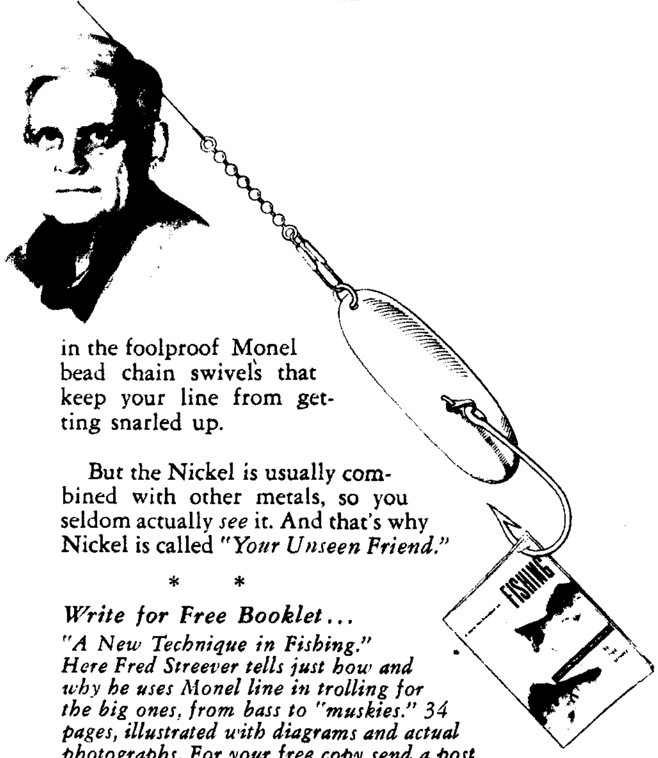
But when the lid was raised the box was found to contain only a one-page note addressed to the wife. The letter described her in precise, if unprintable, language, and informed her that over a period of time the gentleman had quietly given his entire fortune to charities, and that she would be left with nothing.

"Such cussing you never heard in your life," says the officer. "That old boy really fooled everybody. It just goes to show that it takes all kinds to make a warehouse." THE END

How I reach the Big Ones ...down where they are

with a hand from my "Unseen Friend"

BY FRED STREEVER, *Veteran Fisherman*



"One August day a few years ago, I was trolling over deep water, close to North Ledge in Lake George.

"I figured there were fish in that hole. It had been a hot summer, so I knew the big ones would be 'way down deep where the water was cool. The trick would be to get the lure down to them. And I didn't want to use the old time lines of linen or silk, where I needed heavy lead sinkers. Sure we caught fish in those olden days...but it's not my idea of sport to drag a five pound lake trout up through a hundred feet of water with two pounds of lead hooked to his nose.

"But I knew I had the answer, for I had brought along my "Unseen Friend," Nickel.

"Trailing out from the tip of my rod were 450 feet of thin, flexible wire line, made of a strong, rustproof Nickel alloy called Monel. With this *wire* line, but without lead sinkers, I had found I could troll at any depth I chose...and flash my shining Nickel spoon just where I wanted it.

"Suddenly a violent strike almost bent my rod to the water! ... *and the fight was on!*

"With my light line and flexible rod every squirm and twist of the hooked fish were telegraphed up that extremely sensitive Monel line right into my fist! Hour-long minutes later my eye caught a gleam of the fish, twisting and fighting, some twenty feet below the surface. In a desperate effort to get leverage and free itself, it had rolled itself into the line. But that fine wire held firm...and soon a lake trout big enough for two family dinners was thrashing in my net.

"Yes, many times I've been grateful to Monel line. It's far stronger than any fibre, yet so thin you can get two or three times as much on your reel. What's more, it can't rust...can't rot...so you don't have to dry it."

Yes, Nickel alloys are real fishing allies...in everything from Nickel silver reels to "Z" Nickel hooks. You'll find friendly Nickel in leaders...even in the foolproof Monel bead chain swivels that keep your line from getting snarled up.

But the Nickel is usually combined with other metals, so you seldom actually *see* it. And that's why Nickel is called *"Your Unseen Friend."*

* *

Take a "Taykit" Pocket Stove ...For a little stove that does a big job on quick hot snacks, ask your sporting goods dealer to show you the "Taykit" Pocket Stove. Folded, it fits into your pocket... assembled in one minute, it burns for 1½ hours on half a cup of gasoline! Needs no priming. And *"Your Unseen Friend"* Nickel helps it stand plenty of rough use, because it's made of tough, rustproof Monel.

* *

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"A New Technique in Fishing." Here Fred Streever tells just how and why he uses Monel line in trolling for the big ones, from bass to "muskies." 34 pages, illustrated with diagrams and actual photographs. For your free copy send a post card to Dept. 195y, The International Nickel Company, Inc., New York 5, N. Y.

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Collier's Out of Doors

By COREY FORD and ALASTAIR MAC BAIN

RICHARD HARKER

OUTDOOR ALMANAC FOR JUNE: *Trout* season opens June 1st, Alberta, Newfoundland; June 4th, Idaho; June 12th, Utah . . . *Salmon,* June 4th, Idaho . . . *Bass,* June 1st, Iowa, Maine (fly-fishing only); June 15th, South Dakota; June 16th, Indiana, North Dakota, Ohio, Quebec; June 19th, West Virginia; June 20th, Minnesota, Rhode Island, Virginia, Wisconsin; June 25th, Delaware, Michigan . . . *Muskellunge,* June 15th, Minnesota; June 16th, Quebec . . . No closed season on fishermen by black flies, mosquitoes, midges, nosee-ums . . . Salt-water angling at full stride: *tarpon* in the Gulf of Mexico, *stripers* along both Atlantic and Pacific Coasts, *weaks* and *blues* and *mackerel* and *flounder* in the bays and sounds north to Canada, *cohos* off Oregon and Washington . . . Fledgling month: Watch for a brood of bumblebee-size *partridge* scurrying across a country road, a single file of *ducklings* in a bend of the river, a nest of baby *rabbits,* a spotted *fawn.* Take your camera along when you walk in the woods . . . Dude ranches opening up in the Rockies; cowboys are sending East for fancy silk shirts, brushing up their best bear stories . . . Now in the North the angler with split-bamboo rod casts for the leaping *rainbow,* in the deep South with cane pole and catawba worm he dangles for the *strawberry bream,* the *goggle-eye* and the *gaspergou.*

THIS IS THE TIME of year when kindhearted sentimentalists, finding an apparently deserted baby rabbit or raccoon or fawn alone in the woods, decide it is lost and lug it home. Leave it where you find it, state conservation departments warn. It was put there deliberately by its mother while she was foraging or, more likely, hiding from you. If you carry it away, you condemn it to a useless life in a cage—provided it survives at all.

The same goes for that fledgling robin, flopping helplessly on your lawn. Unless you are prepared to feed it on regurgitated worms and bugs every twenty minutes from daylight to dark—the minimum diet for a newborn bird—go back indoors and let the parents tend the youngster until it is able to care for itself. And also take your cat in with you.

JUNE being the romantic month, let us consider married life among the birds and the bees. This should be a source of comfort to the average American husband. Insect though he is, the human male is better off than his winged cousins.

Only female mosquitoes can bite, for example, but the males get swatted. The female ant needs to mate but once in order to be able to lay fertile eggs continuously for ten or fifteen years—which makes for a dull life if you're a male ant. The egg of the queen bee is placed in a special cell in the brood chamber; when she hatches, she is fed on royal jelly during the entire larval stage, while the males get the scraps and leavings. It's even worse with spiders and the praying mantis: After mating, the female devours her spouse, head first.

And if you think the male insect has it tough, consider the phalarope. The female of this small shore bird wears the bright colors; the male's plumage is as drab as that of his human counterpart. The females do all the courting, moreover, hunting down the male in packs, tackling him and knocking him flat. Once the eggs are laid, the female loses all further interest in family life and wanders off to the bridge club with her feminine companions, while the male sits on the nest and hatches the brood. Just about the time he has finished hanging up the last diaper, put the dishes away and cleaned up the kitchen, next year's mating season arrives and he has to get on his track shoes again.

COMING BACK. Conservationists have wailed about this country's most famous game fish, the Atlantic salmon. Once they were so common in most East Coast rivers from Canada south to the Delaware that a century-old law forbade poorhouses to serve salmon to the inmates more than three times a week. Now good news comes from several Maine streams. Restocking, removal of dams or construction of fishways, and careful control of pollution have already put eight streams back on the list of productive salmon waters.

Tagged fingerlings are returning to the Dennys, the Penobscot and other once-famous salmon rivers, showing prodigious growth after their two-year maturing period at sea—one tipped the scales last year at 16 pounds. It is predicted that dozens of streams, which have not held a salmon for the past 50 years, will offer real sport fishing again, once the marks of man's thoughtless depredations have been erased.

SPEAKING OF POLLUTION, General Carl Spaatz, former chief of the U.S. Air Force and an ardent conservationist, writes to this department: "The uncontrolled dumping of sewage and industrial waste into our lakes and streams is a national disgrace. It should, and can, be controlled. Reliable sources tell me that the comparatively small sum of $100,000,000 a year, over a period of 20 years, would build adequate sewage disposal systems and control pollution to a point where our waters will be safe for fish—and for humans. Why not a national Antipollution League, with every interested outdoorsman contributing 25 cents apiece to get this vital program under way?"

OUTDOOR WRITER and editor Ray Holland began his career as a conservation officer in his home state of Kansas. He ran up a good record of convictions among game-law violators; but once, he admits, he met his match. He sauntered up to a stranger who was setting up his rod on the bank of a posted stream. "Had any luck lately?" he asked.

"Luck?" the stranger bragged. "Why, this stream's so full of fish you got to stand behind a tree to bait your hook. Every day this week I took over my limit, and that ain't counting all the little three-four inchers I kep' for the cat."

"That so?" Ray smiled. He turned back his lapel and revealed his badge. "I guess you don't know who I am, Mister. I'm the warden."

"I guess you don't know who I am," the stranger said. "I'm the biggest liar in the state of Kansas."

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH: E. Laurence Palmer's Fieldbook of Natural History covers birds, fish, plants, minerals, reptiles, animals, prehistoric man and the solar system in 640 compact pages: a one-volume outdoor library with all the answers.

CONSERVATION BULLETINS: *Florida* sailfishermen now have a choice of two signals to fly as they head homeward: a white flag to indicate that they have a dead sailfish aboard, and a red flag to signify proudly that they have caught a sailfish and released it alive . . . *Alaska* reports that the recent advent of pulp-logging threatens Southeastern's famed trout and salmon streams. Bulldozers use the stream beds as handy skidways, dragging logs through the pools and gutting the spawning areas. The Alaska Game Commission, powerless to control this practice, warns that the fabulous fishing in our last frontier may disappear forever unless public sentiment is aroused . . .

Illinois has set out over a million bushes of the multiflora rose, which they have discovered offers the most successful combination of food and cover for wild life. Planted around a farm, it is an inexpensive permanent fence for livestock, foxproof and bulltight; its thorns make an ideal refuge for birds and small game, its haws provide an excellent winter food supply. THE END

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KID KILLERS AT THE WHEEL

Continued from page 13

Jima, or the British suffered in the bombing of Coventry.

In almost every case the nation's automobile insurance companies have to foot the bills for these spine-chilling accidents. What do they think should be done? James S. Kemper, chairman of the Lumbermens Mutual Casualty Company, one of the nine companies comprising the Kemper Insurance Group, and one of the largest insurance underwriters in the country, believes that only by changing the irresponsible attitude of youth can the present death and accident rate be cut.

"It is a simple statement of fact," Kemper told me recently, "that the 7,500 annual traffic deaths in the under-twenty-five group each year exceed the death toll of the Johnstown flood, the San Francisco fire and the sinking of the Titanic combined—and the majority of these traffic deaths are a direct result of the frivolous or careless attitudes of juvenile drivers.

"Even in terms of money, drivers under twenty-five probably cost the nation almost as much as the $600,000,000 yearly cost of all fires. Parents must accept the major responsibility for this tragic situation."

Kemper was an early exponent of accident prevention. His company founded the Central Automobile Safety Committee more than 30 years ago to encourage better driving. He firmly believes —and the American Automobile Association and other insurance companies in general share the same belief—that the problem of irresponsible youthful motorists must be attacked on three general fronts.

First, youths must have sound educational programs, preferably *in the schools, to teach better driving*. Second, stricter police enforcement of traffic rules and stricter license requirements must be established (eight states, for example, still license sixteen-year-olds, and four states require no license at any age). Third, and most important, parents themselves should not only teach the technical points of good driving, but should set an example themselves.

"The eighteen-year-old boy who sees his father or mother driving 50 miles per hour in a 40-mile zone—and getting away with it—can almost invariably be expected to drive 60 miles per hour under the same conditions from sheer youthful exuberance," Kemper says.

Just how bad are the records of youthful drivers? Out of 32,500 traffic deaths in the United States in 1947, the last year for which there are figures, nearly 25 per cent of the victims were in the teenicide age range, although *that* doesn't show the mature drivers and pedestrians killed by the under-twenty-five group. The pay-off is that scores of insurance companies have a fixed, appreciably higher premium if a driver under twenty-five is to operate the car. In fact, more than a year ago 40 states raised the premiums insurance companies were allowed to charge if anyone under twenty-five acted as driver. This was not mere whim, but a question of cold, deadly statistics.

A car in the hands of a teen-ager is, roughly, twice as dangerous as a car driven by a mature adult. The Inter-Industry Highway Safety Committee reports that the 16-20 age group is involved in five times as many accidents as the 45-50 group; and that sixteen-year-old drivers are involved in accidents *nine* times more often than the 45-50 group, although both groups hold a proportionately small percentage of driving licenses. In brief, driving ability is directly related to maturity and judgment.

Yet it is also true that maturity and judgment in driving can be taught, just as politeness, algebra or ballroom dancing can be taught. In co-operation with the American Automobile Association, for example, 11 of Cleveland's high schools several years ago instituted a safety course, using a fleet of 25 cars equipped with dual controls.

Besides classroom instruction, students obtained six hours of driving instruction and 18 hours of observation in cars driven by instructors. Roughly, 1,800 students took the course. Results? Checked against an almost equal number of students who failed to take the course, the trained students had only half as many accidents. The same ratio has proved true among the trained and the untrained high-school students at State College, Pennsylvania, and a number of other cities.

"You take it easy tonight, dear.... I'll scrape up an omelet or something"

COLLIER'S LEO GAREL

"Experience shows that casual driver training does not produce safe driving," Ned H. Dearborn, president of the National Safety Council, says. "Safe driving is a skill; it should be learned by thorough and organized instruction, plus actual behind-the-wheel experience under expert supervision."

The lamentable fact remains that out of 20,000 U.S. high schools, behind-the-wheel driving instruction has been conducted in only 600. Surveying 10,000 high-school students last year, the Chevrolet Motor Company found that at St. Paul, Denver, Des Moines, Nashville and Terre Haute "clowning" was rated as the chief cause of accidents, then speeding, "dreaming," and disregard of traffic signs, following in that order.

Clowning with a speeding motorcar, even to a fifteen-year-old, would seem to combine the mentality of a cobra and a cockroach. Yet in California and other parts of the West, a new teen-age game involves piling half a dozen boys into a car, holding it to a speed of 60 miles per hour, and then releasing the steering wheel. The first one who touches the wheel or brake is—you've guessed it—"chicken." Compared to Russian roulette, which is played by having one bullet in the revolver and hoping it won't be in the chamber when you pull the trigger, "chicken" has the advantage in that if you win, you take your friends with you. This game has killed an estimated 30 in the past year.

A slightly less lunatic "sport" has three teen-agers crouching on the floor to operate clutch, brake and accelerator at the command of the driver. This is known as "spider," not only for the obvious reason, but because the players may be squashed.

Around Chicago a commonplace is the "dip-thrill" ride: kids driving a car over a pronounced dip in the road at 60 miles per hour to get the thrill of a roller coaster. How many have been killed and injured as a result of this game no one knows, but last October eighteen-year-old Everett W. Jasper set something of a record by smashing his car so tightly under a freight train which was standing at a crossing that firemen had to use jacks to pry it out. Three were critically hurt, including Jasper, but by some miracle the other two were able to walk away.

A similar accident—although this time apparently "dreaming" was the cause—occurred not long ago in a Southern city. Here a seventeen-year-old boy was driving several companions home from a sorority dance. Ahead, on an empty boulevard, other teen-agers who had bumped fenders had drifted to the center of the road to discuss the accident. They apparently were invisible to Jones and his companions. The toll? One dead. One amputated leg. One fractured jaw. One case of multiple fractures.

The father of the dead boy died of a heart attack when he heard the news.

What happened in a certain section of Greater Boston, however, in the late twenties takes the prize for teen-age motoring madness. Acting as if they had been injected with Gila monster venom and a few syringes of Al Capone, a teen-age tribe suddenly sprang, motors bellowing, upon the town. They called themselves the Charlestown Loopers, Charlestown being a section of Greater Boston. All a kid had to do to achieve membership was steal a car and then hurtle it, lights out and horn blaring, at 60 to 70 miles per hour, up Bunker Hill Street to Sullivan Street, and then reverse the machine and roar back over the steep grades to the starting point.

The game was begun by a sixteen-year-old fugitive from the Lyman reform school named James T. Sheehan. Sheehan went beyond endangering lives and stealing cars; he added paranoiac exhibitionism. With the rigid code of a participant in a duel, he phoned the police, sternly announced in advance his itinerary and dared them to stop him. Sheehan said he would make his appearances in broad daylight in order to give the police officers more of a sporting chance.

Greater Boston had seen no excitement equaling Sheehan's mad exploit since the Boston Tea Party. Fourteen traffic squad motorcycles, plus carload after carload of police, threw a cordon around the area and posted police at strategic points. This proved ineffectual. While thousands watched, Sheehan made several wild sorties in stolen cars up and down Bunker Hill Street on a Saturday, and repeated his performance four times on Sunday. Despite rifle and pistol shots and police blocks at intersections, Sheehan escaped. Later he gave

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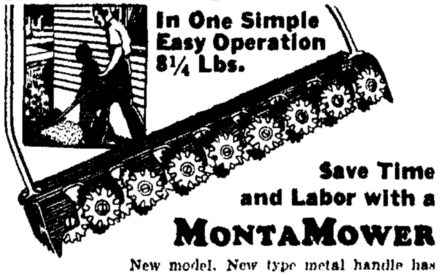

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himself up and was returned to the reformatory.

Sheehan's exploits encouraged teen-agers for nearly two decades. The behavior of succeeding Loopers sounds like the record of a Chicago gang war: Four teen-agers kill a twenty-two-year-old pedestrian and are sentenced to the reformatory. . . . Three teeniciders kill two of their number in a Bunker Hill crash. . . . Eighteen-year-old Looper steals 11 cars and makes the dash over Bunker Hill 15 times before being caught. . . . The climax of this activity, however, was probably reached in 1942 when Patrolman Martin Burke leaped into a doorway to escape a Looper car which had crashed over the sidewalk. Burke could see no one in the machine. It was as if the car were being driven by spirits until he looked closer and saw a boy—fully nine years old—crouched behind the wheel!

The Loopers ran up an impressive aggregate of seven killed, scores injured and uncounted property damage. Even long reformatory sentences for more than 100 youths—plus penitentiary terms in some cases—failed to halt them, although in recent years "Looping" has become less prevalent.

Six Die on One-Way Street

Throughout the nation, blood spurts increasingly from the growing number of under-twenty-five accidents. They are both sickening and appalling because they are so needless. What justification was there for the New York accident one night in the spring of '48 when a young driver roared the wrong way up a one-way street near Queens Boulevard and crashed head on with a machine, killing a total of six? The driver of the wrong-way car—twenty-two-year-old Peter Motola of Brooklyn—and his two female companions could neither justify nor explain their actions. For all were corpses before police arrived.

Sometimes, of course, the drivers can explain—like seventeen-year-old Nick Bianconi of Chicago Heights, Illinois, arrested once and warned innumerable times for speeding. A few years ago Bianconi, in a noontime crush of traffic, speeded up crowded Sixteenth Street in Chicago Heights and killed six-year-old Rosalie Klimas. Her body was knocked 50 feet through the air and rolled another 100 feet after it landed. Bianconi, meanwhile, skidded 135 feet and rammed into three parked cars.

What happened in court? Bianconi was sentenced to sixty days in jail for reckless driving.

Even a fragmentary sampling of such cases reads like a roll call of doom. In Milwaukee in a single day last fall, six teen-agers killed themselves in two accidents. In one they collided with a city bus, and in the other with a tree. In Highwood, a Chicago suburb, two babies were mangled when a car, being parked by a sixteen-year-old girl, slipped into gear and shot forward over the sidewalk, crumpling the infants' carriages. Such accidents can be counted not in the scores, or the hundreds, but in the tens of thousands.

Police Make a Safety Drive

Thus—blood-greased—the teenicide cars go. Meanwhile, scores of agencies—unfortunately unco-ordinated—hammer at better driving habits for the young. In Los Angeles alone the city's police department, frantic over teenicide, has graduated 21,000 teen-agers from its Juvenile Traffic Schools, and last year placed about 500 columns of safety articles in the local newspapers.

In Chicago, Lumbermens Mutual Casualty Company grinds out tons of safety literature and advertising annually, mainly aimed at teeniciders—a word, incidentally, which Lumbermens created and used as a basis for a $2,000 prize contest among college newspapers last fall. The company also paid about a third of the expenses of Northwestern University's famed Traffic Institute, where policemen from all over the world are taught how to curb the more deadly manifestations of the teen-age group.

In Washington, D.C., the headquarters of the American Automobile Association is prepared to lend staff educators who will train high-school teachers in driver education. Similar programs and aid are offered by the following organizations: New York University's Center for Safety Education; the National Conservation Bureau, New York; the National Safety Council, Chicago. All are eager to help. If only all the school boards in towns and cities would vote for school safety programs there seems little doubt that 3,500 lives in the under-twenty-five group—not to mention $300,000,000 of property damage—could be saved each year.

Meanwhile, parents can try to teach their children to drive well—both by training and example, and by firmly suppressing the take-a-chance attitude which is nearly always due to youth's natural vitality and fearlessness.

If they don't, gallons of blood, a freight train full of brains—not to mention 7,500 funeral bills, personal tragedy and agony—will be largely on their heads.

THE END

I WAS KING OF THE SAFECRACKERS

Continued from page 30

deep and two inches wide. I made a second cup for the bottom of the door. The minutes were ticking away and I still had plenty to do. I could hear the night watchman breathing hard in his chair and the big cop making guttural noises under the gag in his mouth.

I unhitched the rubber nitroglycerin bag from my shoulder strap, stabbed the rubber cork with a hypo needle and drew out about half an ounce. I let it drip into the top soap cup while Cox watched the bottom one. The greasy stuff seeped down in the door cracks and in a couple of minutes Cox whispered, "Hold it. It's hit bottom." He flattened his cup to keep the soup from running out and I stuck a detonating cap in mine before closing it up. I unwound about twenty feet of the extension wire I had taped to the cap wires and ran it to the other side of the room.

We unpacked a couple of old-fashioned comforters from our bags, soaked them in water under a faucet and wrapped them around the safe. I've often wondered whether anyone in Marshall Field's Chicago store was ever curious about that clerical-looking fellow who used to buy a dozen or more comforters at a time for his "boarding-house."

Next I pulled out a bell buzzer with a push button and a two-way wire system and strung it out to the street. Cox stayed out there and I went back to the safe. I was all set. I looked around in the darkness once more; I could feel the cop's eyes burning me. I pushed the buzzer once and waited. I was strung up like a violin. We had agreed that a double buzz from outside would be the signal to let her blow, but a triple would mean trouble. In that case we'd stop cold, reach for our rods and head for the exits fast.

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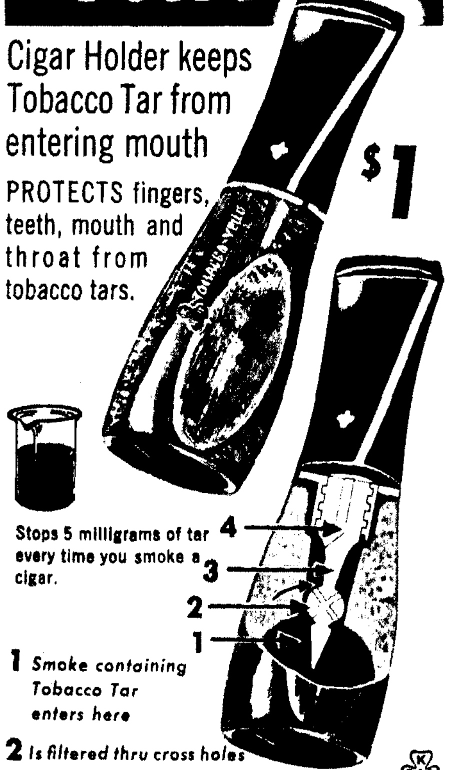

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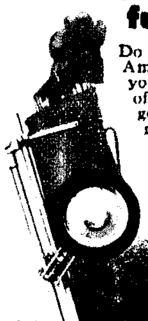

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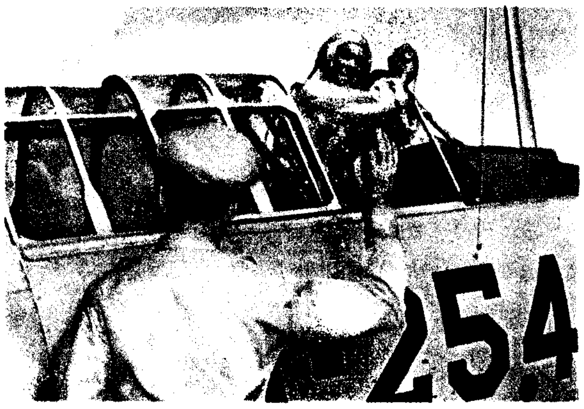

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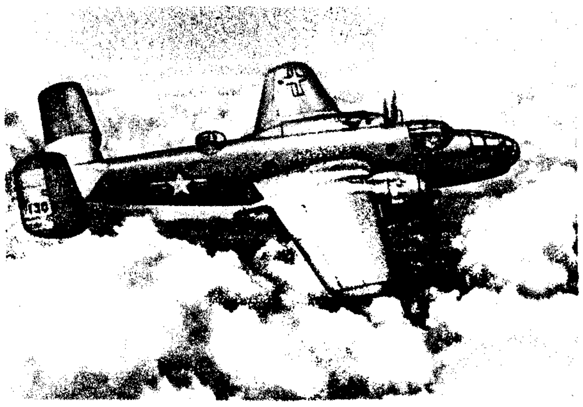

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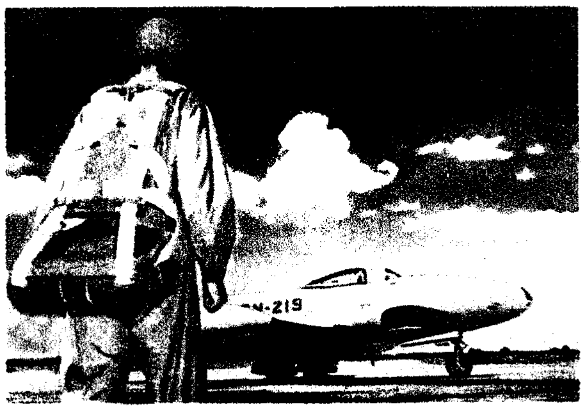

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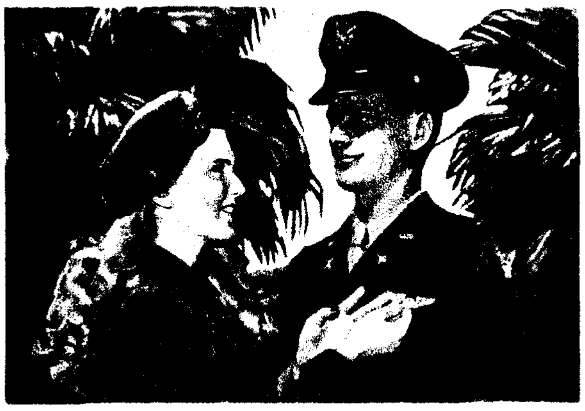

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looking for his pal or a shotgun squad from the burglar-alarm agency. It could mean gun play, murder, prison, or all three—and I was to hear it four times in five years. But not that night.

I got Cox's two buzzes right away and touched the fuse wires to a flashlight battery. The explosion made no more noise than a pig's grunt. In all my years on the prowl, I never got over the thrill of hearing that faint boom and seeing what it did to a massive block of steel. The blast was always the climax of a job—a strange, violent relief after dead silence. It almost got to be a ritual for somebody to whisper, "Thar she blows!"

I waited now for the second all-clear buzz from the street.

It came right back, and then Cox showed up with a gun in his hand to start the reluctant watchman on his box-ringing rounds. It was exactly 1:27 A.M. The safe had a second steel door on it, a thin panel often called the fireproof or dust plate. I got it open fast with an electric drill.

The cash was in the keister, a small, heavy, steel chest found in many safes, and I blew it with a second soup shot. I dumped the contents into a black bag without even looking at it, and ten minutes later we were a mile away from the store, splitting up for the night. We met in Herb Cox's room at a hotel the next morning and divided $25,000 in cash and $16,000 worth of negotiable Liberty Bonds. It looked like a million to me, but it was the smallest haul we ever made out of a safe.

Encouraged by Press Notices

I was certainly hopped up by that first drag, especially when the newspaper reports labeled it a "professional job." It seemed so smooth, so easy. I knew I had a powerful explosive and I was convinced it would knock over any safe or vault in the country.

But I still had plenty to learn. I closed up my house and went to Canton, Ohio, where I took a job as a laborer in a large safe factory. I worked there two weeks, getting unaccustomed calluses on my hands, but it was the best investment I ever made. I saw how safes were put together, plate by plate. I discovered that the bolts, not the hinges, were the vulnerable points—and later proved it in blast after blast. I made little sketches of the gutbox—the dial and tumbler mechanism. I studied the construction of "packers," safes whose outside doors are filled with asbestos, lime, cement or other material to make them fireproof; and I figured a simple way to bust them.

From the factory, I went East, stopping off at cities along the line to pump safe dealers in their showrooms. I posed as a Western merchant, and told them I would need half a dozen different kinds of vaults and boxes. No one is as eager as the American salesman when he sniffs a solid customer, and all of them rolled out the carpet. They showed me everything they had, gave me fancy booklets with all the construction details and even explained what is known as a safe's "burglarproof" rating—the estimated number of minutes a cracksman would need to take it apart.

Actually there is no such thing as a burglarproof safe or vault. The only real barrier is time—I recall one job in Cleveland where I had to leave $30,000 behind, or get caught, because my schedule was two minutes off. Incidentally, these stories you hear about phantom burglars who sandpaper their finger tips and open safes by "feel" are a lot of bunk. The Jimmy Valentine romances make nice reading—I used to devour them myself—but the man doesn't live who can do it.

The real culprit in the rare cases of that type is usually the victim himself. Sometimes he never bothers to change the original factory combination, which is usually something simple like 5-10-15. Sometimes he goes home at night and leaves the combination on the "half hitch," or on the day lock, which means that the burglar simply gives the dial a half turn and opens the door. Many people can't remember the combination to their safe, so they write it down and leave it in a handy place.

One night in Chicago, while examining a safe with a pencil spotlight before applying the soap, I found the combination written in crayon on the metal top. I couldn't pass up a chance like that, so I shut my tool bag and motioned to Big Jack Peer, one of my fronters.

"I'm fed up with this grease," I said. "I'm going to try my old finger-tip method."

"Aw, you're nuts, Chief," he whispered. "C'mon—we ain't got time for playin' games."

But I went right ahead and had a lot of fun dragging out that little scene. When the door swung open, Big Jack let loose with an admiring oath they must have heard all over the Loop. For weeks afterward he told his pals in the underworld I was a real Jimmy Valentine. Unfortunately, the man who owned the safe insisted it was an inside job and had his bookkeeper pinched. I sent a contribution to the fall guy's lawyer and explained how I beat the safe, but after that, I made a point of messing things up around an office so employees wouldn't have to take the rap.

All the time I was traveling, I kept getting hot letters from Cox—about a couple of banks he had lined up. But I still wasn't ready. I went on to Washington, D.C., and registered at a hotel.

I have never forgotten that particular hotel—my brother holed up there some years later with a suitcase full of money. While he was out one morning, he was tipped off that two fly cops were parked in the lobby waiting for him. So, naturally, he grabbed the next train out without going back to get his ten grand. I've often been curious about what happened to all that dough.

COLLIER'S "It got a little crowded in the rumpus room" HANK KETCHAM

Boning Up on Technical Data

I spent two or three weeks around Washington, mostly at the Bureau of Standards. I read all the pamphlets they had on explosives, steel, concrete and other subjects, and the experts around there obligingly answered all my technical questions. I filled up two notebooks and subsequently compiled a manual—for mob use only—on the whole subject of blowing safes and vaults. Years later I heard of a safebusting mob organized by a policeman; when they finally clocked this flattie, he was carrying a textbook on the soup trade. Do you think it might have been my little encyclopedia? I've never known for sure.

Returning to Detroit full of ambition and new ideas, I found Herb Cox with half a dozen new candidates for the mob. Believe me, picking personnel for a criminal enterprise requires far more caution than for any other business. Earlier, I had naïvely told Cox I wouldn't hire men who had done time or whose fingerprints had smudged up half the police records in the country. But I soon got over that. The underworld yeggs not only had crust, but they knew the fundamentals. Most of them also had vital connections—friendly cops, political fixers, toolmakers and fences. Crooks can't operate without an occasional deal, and in my time I paid thousands of dollars to mayors, police chiefs, detectives, cops, lawyers and a district attorney or two.

The first man I interviewed was Joe Bertsch, alias The Judge, a safeblower of the old school. Joe was a punch-and-rip man, and had busted boxes with everything but an ice pick, but he was interested in my scientific approach. He was a burly, ugly man with a face that looked like it had been flattened by a tractor, but in spite of that, he was as vain as any other monkey. Joe owned fifty suits, a solid-gold toothpick and a fur-collared coat with no less than three special pockets for his gats. He had an itchy gun finger, but I took him on anyway.

He used to boast how quick he was on the draw but he must have had glue on his hands the day the Tommy Gees came around.

The next man I hired was Lew Harris, also known as Little Benny from Chicago. Little Benny was on the lam from a county jail in Maryland and was glad to get a connection. He had been a single-O thief up to that time, but he soon discovered that working alone was old-fashioned. There was only one thing about Little Benny—he was a killer at heart, and the triggers on his rods were as touchy as an old maid in a dark room.

I never trusted Little Benny and one day I nailed him cold.

Joe Bertsch introduced me to Joe Blue, another Chicago reform-school grad. I was reluctant about Blue, because he was tied in with the Chicago

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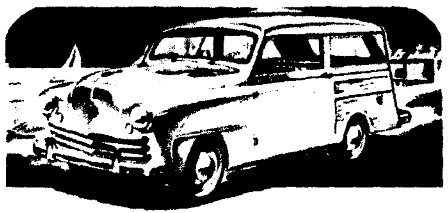

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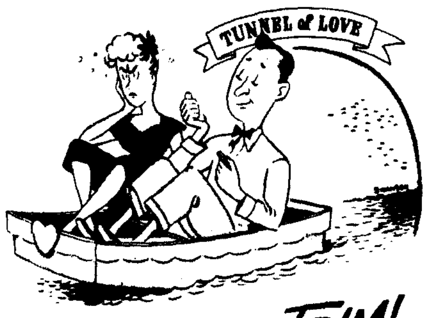

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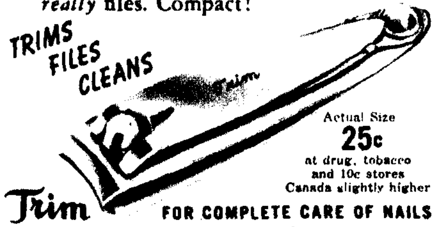

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hoods, but Bertsch said if we didn't sign him on, he might unexpectedly get *rigor mortis* around the Windy City, and it was a crime to waste that kind of talent. I never regretted taking him because, among other things, Blue later fixed up a nice Chicago headquarters for us, and supplied the mob with fancy clothes his girl lifted for us from Chicago department stores.

It was also Blue who signed up a young intern as the mob's doctor. The guy got so good on lead poisoning and ailments like that, that Johnny Dillinger later took him on full time.

Joe Blue lived quite a while as gangsters go, but he should have bought himself some bulletproof glass.

The last two we signed were Jack Peer and Big Harry Woods, a couple of gorillas who both weighed over 250 pounds. Jack Peer came from Lorain, Ohio, but his underworld hangout was Toledo, where he was in solid with a political machine. Whenever we needed a hideout, Jack fixed us up in Toledo—for a price—and we were pals with the cops.

But Jack had no refinement; he chewed tobacco constantly and acted more like an ordinary flatfoot than a professional peteman. Big Harry was an Indian from Oklahoma who said he was an old friend of Will Rogers and claimed they both descended from the same tribe. I doubted that but I certainly liked the big ape. He had a brain like a blown egg, but when he muscled the night watchmen, they stayed muscled.

I rarely had any trouble with any of these temperamental crooks, because they knew they were in an unusual mob. But my hunch on Little Benny Harris was right, and it was proved after we cracked the safe at Harvard University.

In a way, the Harvard job was an accident. I had taken a quick trip to Boston because Little Benny insisted there was a big Liggett Drugstore safe full of cash collected from other stores in the chain. I cased the mark and concluded he was wrong. I didn't want to leave without making expenses some way, so I wandered over to Cambridge one afternoon. There were a lot of students lined up in front of an office. They were paying fees and depositing valuables for safekeeping, and I got a good look at the safe. They must have had it since the Civil War. I figured I could almost hit it with a can opener.

Little Benny, Herb Cox and I lolled around there for a week, carrying books and trying to look like graduate students. We learned there was only one night guard for all the buildings, a frosty character who didn't even pack a rod. We took turns timing his circuit and found he made it in one hour and fifteen minutes, on the nose, every night. He was one of those guys who wouldn't deviate one foot from his beat unless he bumped into a blonde, and that wasn't likely.

On a Sunday night we saw him off on his rounds, jimmied a basement window and got into the office. I took out a ⅝-inch drill, bored a hole just to the left and above the safe dial. I soaked a piece of cotton in soup, wrapped it around a detonating cap and gently poked it into the hole with a glass rod. This is called a rag-shot and is very effective on small stuff. But nothing happened when I blew this one.

"What's the matter?" Little Benny hissed.

"I don't know," I said.

I tamped in another plug and shot it again. The safe jumped a little this time, but the door still held. Little Benny gave me a dirty laugh. "Whatcha got in there—maple sirup?"

I looked at my watch. My hands were getting clammy and I decided to give it a full shot. Little Benny helped me turn the safe on its back. I sent Cox outside with the buzzer, piled newspapers and rugs over the safe, then blew it when I got the all-clear. The safe door sailed away like a clay pigeon, bounded off the ceiling and smacked the floor in a shower of plaster. It missed Benny's skull by inches and in some ways, I reflected later, that was too bad.

But Little Benny did one clever thing—he had brought some Jewish newspapers up from New York and he left them on the office floor. The next day, when the burglary was reported in the papers, the cops said profoundly that it had been done by a Jewish gang from New York.

That night, back in Boston, we gathered in our rooms at a hotel to check the score. Herb Cox was there, and so was my sweetheart Helen Gillespie, of whom you'll hear more later. She was a wonderful girl who had a genius for larceny. We were stacking the loot—some $100,000 worth—when suddenly I spotted Little Benny making a holdout switch. He caught my eye but he was as cold as a glacier and didn't say a word.

I hadn't been watching closely and I could have been wrong. He might have filled his pockets with cash and bonds, but I couldn't accuse him right then because I had already unstrapped my own guns and he still had his. He always had those damn' smoke wagons handy and I could see he was still knotted up from the job. He was a killer and I knew his gun finger would keep jerking on reflexes alone. I wiped the sweat off my face and kept counting.

The next day I had Helen tail him. He went right down to a bank and got a safe-deposit box. Helen saw him put away the hot stuff he had held out. I couldn't let it ride. I was operating on the principle that every participant in a crime is equally guilty, whether he just cased the job, drove a car or actually did the blasting. If we were all guilty—then we were all entitled to an equal share of the loot. I went even further and laid aside shares for the men who rarely appeared on the scene of the crime, such as Dr. de la Pena.

So I told Little Benny I knew he had taken a long end. At first he denied it, and for a minute I thought he was going to plug me. But when I added what Helen had seen, he softened up and admitted it. He kicked back all the stuff and I tossed it into the kitty on the next big job. The rest of the mob never did know about Little Benny's sleight of hand and a couple of months later I eased him out.

When I fired him he told me that he was going back on the single-O, but in the "Wilson style." However, he hadn't been around long enough to pick up the polish and eventually he fouled a bank job in Los Angeles. He barely got away, but he got enough for a new car and drove to Denver. He was in the public library there, reading up on explosives, when the fly cops interrupted him and sent him to Folsom Prison for a long time. If I may paraphrase Mr. Shakespeare: "What fools these mobsters be."

When we got back to Detroit after the Cambridge excursion, Herb Cox took me downtown one day to examine an unusual mark. This safe sat in a sidewalk window of the big Kroger Brothers store. Workers were buzzing around it like a lot of bees, and I could see they were putting away plenty of honey. There was a large wooden partition behind the safe and on the other side of that sat the office force. We came back for a second look that night and found just what I expected. The safe was bathed in light and in the office I saw a shadowy figure in a dark uniform—obviously a night watchman.

We started driving around the block just as the beat cop came swinging along the walk, twirling a nightstick and peering into dark show windows. Sure enough, he paused at the Kroger store, waved at someone inside and went on. Cox and I looked at each other blankly. We had never seen a big safe so accessible and at the same time so well protected. It must have been full of lettuce, but for us it was hopeless. I went home and stewed about it for two nights.

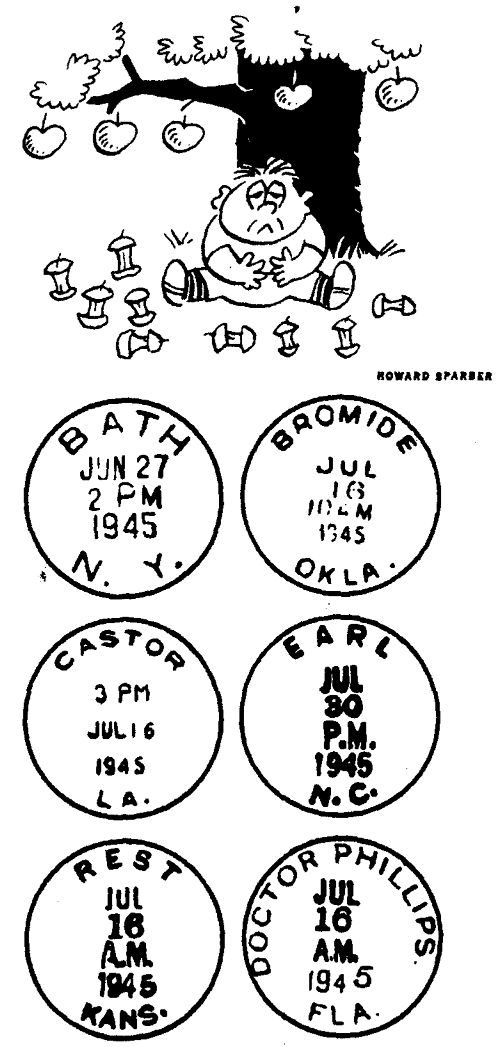
I was licked and I knew it. But suddenly I got a dizzy idea. I never believed in long shots; when I was a minister I used to warn my congregations about the evils of gambling. But this was different. I was sure I couldn't miss.

On the day a criminal decides he is smarter than the police, he moves that much closer to the moment of his capture. The Kroger safe was alluring, but it might also tempt Wilson to the overconfidence and flagrant daring in which he would make his fatal misstep. Find out what audacious plan he had in mind—it was one of the most fantastic schemes imaginable—and how it worked

IN COLLIER'S NEXT WEEK

Picture Postmarks

PRESCRIPTION



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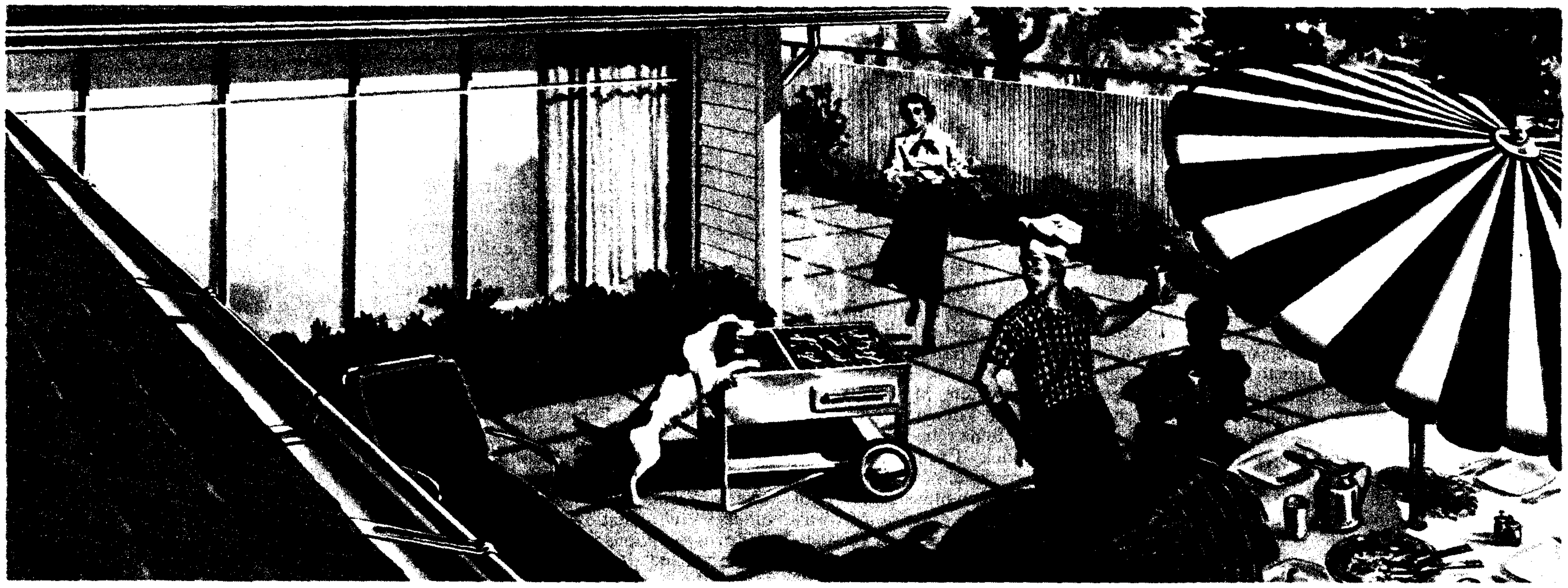

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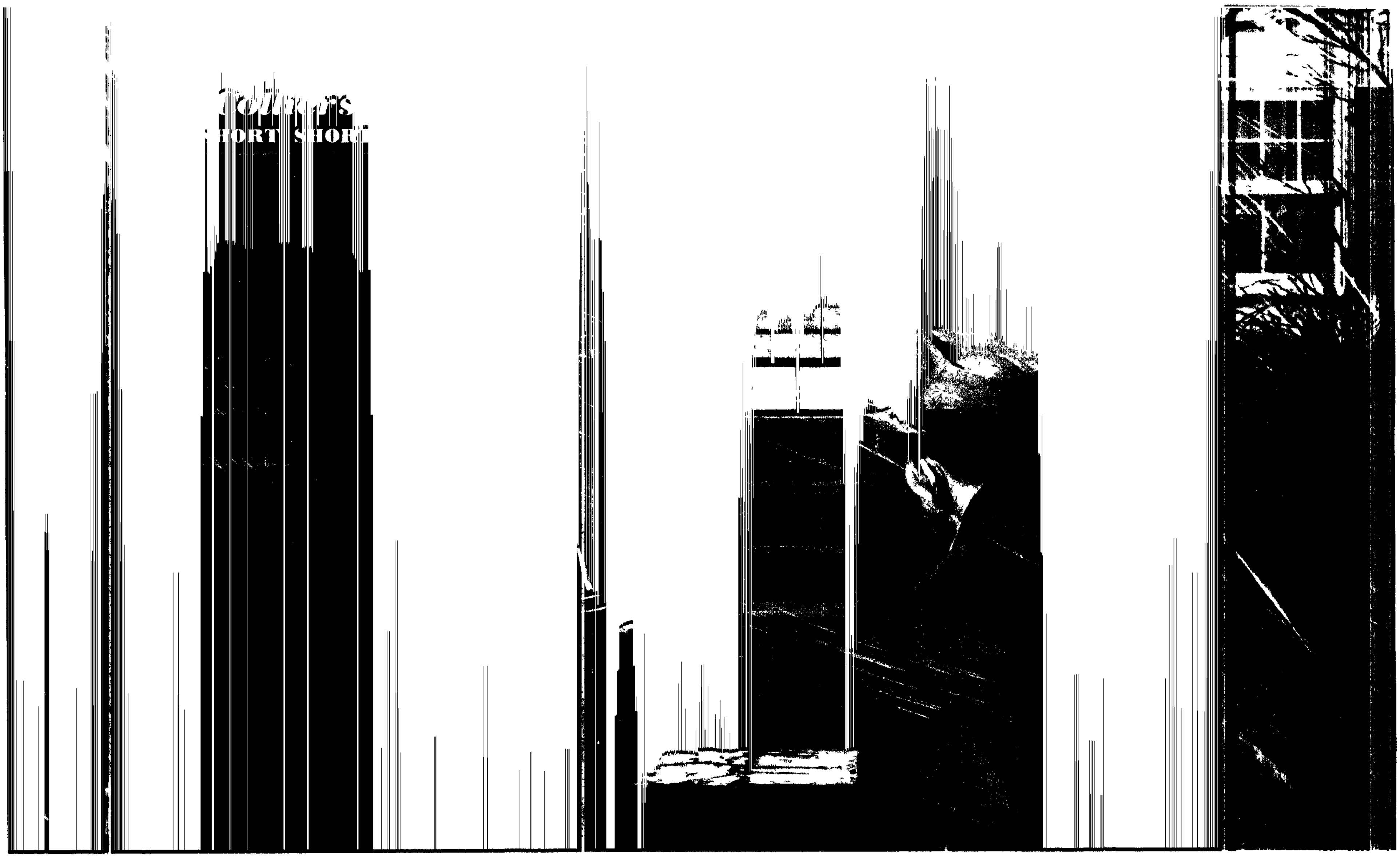

Then he saw it—the silhouette of a big, black car, parked beside the house—with its lights out. There was only one like it in Rosedale

THE PARKED CAR

By HOMER MCKEE

THE bus driver shook Joe hard. "Mister! Wake up! You want to get off at Rosedale, don't you?"

"Huh? Oh!" Joe blinked, slapped the needles in his numb legs and got off.

He had told Martha that he wouldn't be back until tomorrow, but what he had done in Roanoke hadn't taken as long as he expected—there was a late bus back to Rosedale, so why give a hotel four bucks when he could spend at least part of the night in his own bed?

Curfew comes early for the streetcars in Rosedale. There wasn't a cab in sight. It was eight long blocks from the bus station to Joe's house. But there was nothing left for him to do—tired as he was, he would have to hoof it.

Buttoning his overcoat at the throat, he pulled his hat down tight and leaned into the wind. Pellets of sleet stung his face, and his teeth chattered.

Time was when Joe could have run that eight blocks like a scared rabbit. But twenty years at a barber's chair doesn't toughen a guy any. Besides Joe was getting old.

His feet felt like lead, and his wet clothes stuck to him like glue. When he got home, save for a light on the second floor the house was dark. Joe fumbled for his keys.

Then he saw it—the silhouette of a big, black car, parked beside the house, with its lights out. Evidently it had been there some time, for when he went over and put his hand on the radiator—it was cold.

No mistaking that car. There was only one like it in Rosedale. *It belonged to Bill Avery.*

There was a pistol in Joe's dresser drawer. He could let himself in quietly, and keep close to the wall, so the steps wouldn't squeak. "Why not?"

When your world suddenly blows up from under you, it's hard to think straight. Joe sat down on the edge of the wet porch, and buried his face in his hands. Gradually he began to put two and two together.

He remembered now how drunk Bill Avery had got, and how long he had stayed drunk—after the wedding. And how Rosedale had talked: "What a fool Martha was, to marry a good-for-nothing barber twenty years her senior—when the richest and best-looking young man in town worshiped the ground she walked on!"

He knew now why Martha had been acting strange lately. That difference in their ages had become an iron curtain between them.

There was an all-night restaurant down the street a way, with a pay phone. Joe thought fast.

When he opened the door, the lone waiter in the place was snoring soundly in a chair behind the stove. Joe dropped in a nickel and dialed Elm 4967. The phone rang six times before Martha answered.

"This is Joe," he said. "What I had to do in Roanoke didn't take as long as I expected. I'll grab a bite here at Tony's place, and be home pretty soon."

When Joe got back home, Bill Avery's car was gone. . . .

Saturday was always Joe's hardest day in the barbershop. It was eleven o'clock that night before the place was empty. Joe reached for his hat and coat. His back ached and his feet hurt. There was plenty of hair on the floor—but that could wait till Monday. He was glad it was time to go home.

Suddenly the door opened. It was—*Bill Avery.*

"Sorry I'm so late," Bill said. "I'm taking the midnight train to Chicago. Be too sleepy in the morning to shave myself. Mind giving me a quick once-over?"

Joe hung his coat and hat back on the peg. When he bent over Bill, he thought he caught the faint odor of perfume—the kind Martha used.

The street outside was deserted. The razor extra sharp.

"I'm supposed to be closed," Joe said. "Better pull down the blinds."

As Joe shaved down both sides of Bill's face, he made up his mind.

He could burn all telltale traces in the stove. The trunk compartment of his own car, out back of the shop, was big enough to hold a body. It was less than a mile, through the back streets, to the river—where there were enough rocks to make sure that the body never came up. Joe's muscles tightened—*this was it!*

"Workin' kinda late, ain't you, Joe?"

OFFICER CLANCY had come in, but Joe hadn't heard him. "Didn't mean to scare you"—Clancy laughed—"they don't call us 'gumshoes' for nothin'! Oh, ho!" he boomed. "So it's *you* under all that lather, Mr. Avery! Well—I'm glad we recovered your car for you. Can you imagine them young punks stealin' a rig as expensive as that—and, when we got too hot on their trail, abandoning it *in Joe's drive?* What the—you must be nervous, Joe, droppin' your razor like that! A little more, and you *mighta cut Mister Avery's throat.*"

THE END

ILLUSTRATED BY LEN OEHMEN

"LORD, TEACH US TO PRAY"

Long before Christ came upon the earth, men were resorting to prayer for divine help.

The people of Israel, we know, realized the power of prayer and prayed often in appeal for God's blessing or in gratitude for His favors. Almost every one instinctively feels the need for prayer in time of danger and emergency.

Many people, unfortunately, do not know how to pray properly. Even the Apostles, watching as Jesus prayed, became conscious for the first time of the mighty power of a proper prayer. They could see on the Savior's face as He prayed, the reflection of a great inner peace and refreshment.

So they said to Jesus: "Lord, teach us to pray."

And Christ replied: "Pray thus . . . Our Father Who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy Name.

"Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven.

"Give us this day our daily bread.

"And forgive us our debts as we also forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

The words of the "Lord's Prayer" are enshrined, of course, in the hearts of Christians everywhere. And yet Christ, in giving us this most beautiful prayer of all, did not tell us to "Pray *this.*" He said: "Pray *thus.*"

He meant that we must pray with the realization that God is truly our Father . . . that His Name is to be revered as no other . . . that His Will is to be done here and hereafter . . . that we are to be truly sorry for our injustices to others, and forgive those who injure us . . . and that we are to avoid sin.

People who question the value of prayer usually say they have tried it and "it didn't work." They mean by this, of course, that God did not grant the things for which they prayed. A better understanding of proper prayer would make clear to them that petition for God's favor is only one kind of prayer . . . and that God does not grant every favor which we may want or think we need.

Proper prayer is not merely a petition for blessings, but also an expression of our love, our devotion and our gratitude to God . . . a declaration of our acceptance of God as our Father . . . a submission of our wishes and our will to the wishes and the Will of God.

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THE 25 MEN WHO RULE THE WORLD

Continued from page 19

LAVRENTY BERIA, who until recently headed the Soviet secret police, and NICOLAI BULGANIN, who was military top man. These two, along with Molotov, have been relieved of their duties and now constitute a supercabinet for strategy. Malenkov is an X. Relatively little is known of him, yet he is perhaps more important to us than any of the others because his job is keeping the satellites in line. He also organizes fifth columns in the countries of the West—known politely as local Communist parties.

Taking Mr. X's orders are several brilliant stooges. In France, there is JACQUES DUCLOS, familiarly known in his own country as "the pastry cook." But he is no cream puff! He is Moscow's favorite mouthpiece. It was he who fired Earl Browder from leadership of the American Communist party. It was he who set off the local parties' round robin of antinational statements by declaring that Frenchmen would not fight in a war against Russia.

Malenkov and his many stooges have a simple technique. When a people are down or suffering, they appear with lovely pictures of a Soviet Never-Never Land. Do you want it? they demand. Sure we want it, everybody yells. Well, then, say Duclos and company, infiltrate—especially the labor unions, strike when we tell you, sabotage, slow up, damage your government, hate the church and, above all, hate America. It is not a swift road, they continue, but we may have our way sooner than you think.

As all students of world affairs know, the object of these tactics is to create disorder, confusion and impotence—and not for the benefit of a Socialist ideal but for the advancement of a national entity operating out of Moscow.

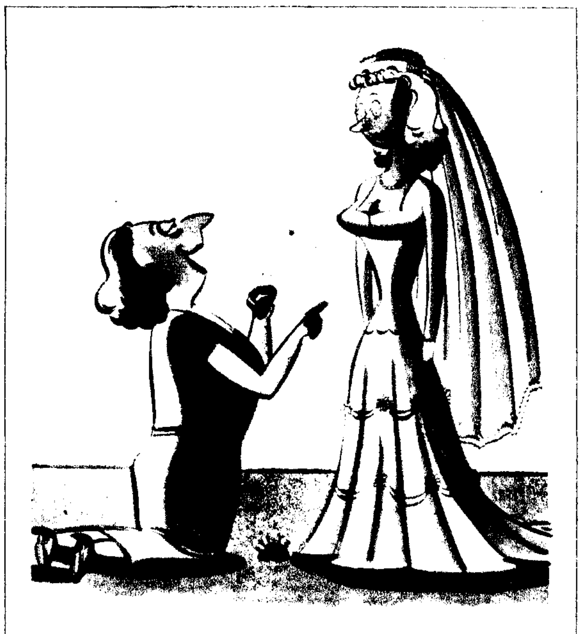
The only chink in this wall of imperialism is a man who rules a very tough country inhabited by a very tough people—MARSHAL TITO of Yugoslavia. Last year he said, in effect: Certainly, we Yugoslavs are Communists. But we are also Yugoslavs. We are definitely *not* Russians.

Russia did not like it, especially the Russian officials living in Belgrade off the fat of Yugoslav bounty. Tito said to them: The feast is finished, go home.

We had better not expect too much of Tito. The quarrel between him and Stalin is, for the moment, a family spat that comes to this: Shall the Communist state be a commonwealth like Britain with each member self-sufficient and more or less independent, or shall it be an empire, conducted lock, stock and barrel for the benefit of Moscow?

Tito says: Commonwealth. Stalin says: Empire. It may become more than a family brawl later. But now, that's all it is.

The Chinese are a problem of the same order. There, the members of the Overseas Press Club picked a charming man who is made of steel—MAO TSE-TUNG. He was educated and indoctrinated in Moscow and has carried all before him, using guns supplied by Russia. The man is strong, has ideals, and most of the Chinese liberals, disillusioned with the corruption of Chiang's regime, are behind him.



"Another thing—don't try to win every argument. If he says the capital of New Jersey is Newark, after about five minutes admit he's right. Then when his ego's all puffed up, hit him for a new dress or coat. . . . Now stand back so I can see how my little girl looks"

COLLIER'S IRWIN CAPLAN

There is reason for believing he too leans to the commonwealth type of Communism which, sooner or later, means conflict with Moscow. Rumor has it that writer Anna Louise Strong was expelled from Russia, after years of devotion to Communism, merely because she wanted to tell Mao what she had told Tito a year before: Be yourself, be your own nationality first.

The world to the West is being built mostly in Washington. There is no snatching or borrowing of land or power there. The progress among this group of democratic, individualistic nations is slow, but it is picking up speed. Economic rehabilitation comes first, and PAUL HOFFMAN, who did a wonderful job with Studebaker, has been named to the list of twenty-five for his work in superintending the reconstruction of Europe. He is making enormous strides. The incessant Soviet attacks against him are the best proof there is that his program is a success. The Communists know that they make no converts where men have work. Party membership has fallen off in all Marshall Plan countries.

The one great political action on the part of the West is the North Atlantic Pact, which is also a military union of the Western Powers. It makes provision for immediate military aid and for our intercession should disaster strike any member nation.

Above all, the pact is a foundation for greater international co-operation, a condition which might still save the fast-fading dream of a single world. Standing stanchly behind the pact are PRESIDENT HARRY S. TRUMAN and SECRETARY OF STATE DEAN ACHESON, who is a hard-boned realist with a profound knowledge of the world as it really is. Neither he nor the President has abandoned the hope that there may be a way of weaving the two drifting worlds together. But they are facing the grim realities as they exist today.

Linked closely to the pact is the development of a United States of Europe, which already has a solid nucleus in Benelux—Belgium, the Netherlands and Luxembourg. Its creator and engineer is the Belgian Prime Minister, PAUL-HENRI SPAAK, probably Europe's most brilliant statesman, who is known facetiously as Europe's *Spaak-plug* and his Benelux as *Spaakistan.* He is successfully cajoling these three, narrowly nationalist countries into giving up a few of their traditional privileges for the sake of peace and a sounder economy.

In the United States and in Europe, the Overseas Press Club found other figures who are vital to any scheme of world architecture yet who do not fit neatly into a pattern. In America we have WALTER REUTHER, chief of the United Automobile Workers. He is something new, the labor statesman who sees, in the two worlds, not Communism versus capitalism, but a captive working class versus a free one. He is the moving spirit in an effort to send labor ambassadors overseas to convert European trade-unionists to a philosophy that is liberal but opposed to Moscow.

The great men of England do not lead as they once did, but PRIME MINISTER CLEMENT ATTLEE and FOREIGN MINISTER ERNEST BEVIN still wield great world power. While WINSTON CHURCHILL holds no political office of importance today, his name has been placed on the list because there is no statesman whose words can circle the world more rapidly or whose gift of epithet can echo in as many chancelleries. His phrase, "the Iron Curtain," coming at a climactic moment, crystallized the thinking of nations.

From France, the club has chosen GENERAL CHARLES DE GAULLE, who, acting as a goad and a gadfly, has helped immeasurably in weakening the extreme left. From Spain has come FRANCISCO FRANCO. Of his views on Communism, we can have no doubt. Of his liberalism, we are far less sure. But the Iberian Peninsula may become a military essential if war should break out in Europe, and this makes the friendship of the Spanish leader an element of concern to the Western Powers.

Selected because he is stronger than any of Europe's political leaders figuring in the cold war is the man of the Vatican—THE POPE. More hated, more feared and more maligned by the Communists than anyone else, he is turning the political swordplay between East and West into a crusade for religion, decent morality and a way of living we know. He has achieved one great victory to date: the anti-Communist triumph in last year's Italian elections.

From the edges of the two worlds, the members of the Overseas Press Club have nominated others, each a great man in himself, each a focal point of problems which affect us all. In India there is, of course, MOTILAL NEHRU, the central figure of non-Soviet Asia. Now leading the multimillions of his people up the hard road of national existence, he is quite aware of the machinations of Moscow and has already done much to block its further expansion.

Closer to Europe are the Arabs, with CHAIM WEIZMANN dominating the non-Arab storm center of Israel. Israel's neighbor, Trans-Jordan, has as its chief, IBN HUSSEIN ABDULLAH, probably the strongest and most intelligent of the Arab leaders. The Arab nations are important both economically and politically, for their conquest would mean immense petroleum riches as well as the fulfillment of Russia's old dream of access to the Mediterranean.

Named from an area still farther from the periphery is JAN SMUTS of South Africa. He counts as a man and statesman of great vision whose utterances have influenced the course of world affairs on more than one occasion. He is especially noteworthy today because he is opposing his country's new and reactionary regime—which seems about to enact all of Hitler's genocidal legislation together with anti-Negro and anti-Indian trimmings of its own.

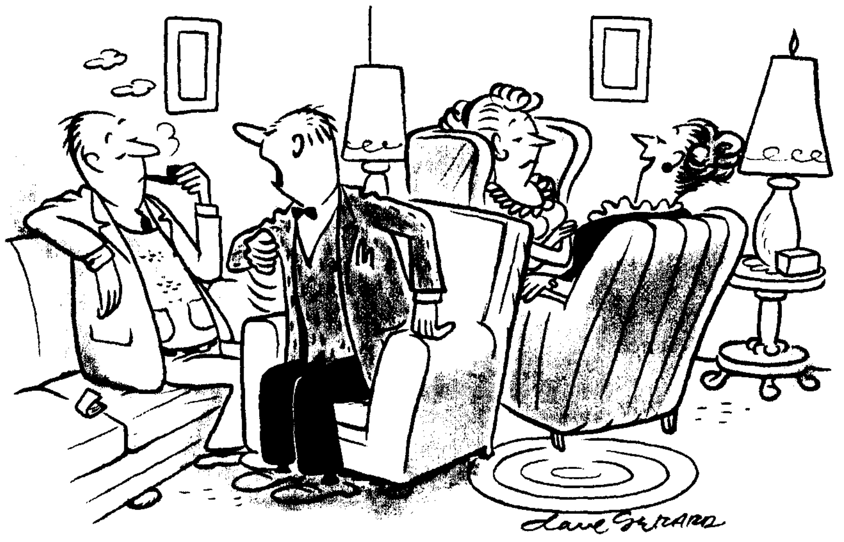
From South America, there came one name only—JUAN PERÓN. His private ambition is to unite all Latin America under Argentine leadership. A plump, energetic man, he divides his power with a handsome and dynamic woman, his wife Evita. As yet, Perón has made no great progress toward his dream. But he is important because he stands for a new orientation on a continent that each day assumes greater importance.

There are many nonpolitical figures worthy of the adjective *great,* but none plays a telling role. The men of the laboratories remain more or less passive instruments of their governments. And among the military men, only one stands out—GENERAL DOUGLAS MACARTHUR. Dominant in Japan, he serves as a force for educating the Japanese to the ways of democracy, and as a check to Communist expansion.

These, then, are the men who shape our world. They can be likened to men seated at the wheels of speeding automobiles. If they have time, if they have the skill and the alertness and the good will, they can avert the collision that will mean destruction and death. Our fate is in their hands.

THE END

Viewpoint



"What can you expect with the kind of people we put in office? More of us should run, even though it's a sacrifice!"

COLLIER'S

"They asked George to run for city alderman but he begged off. He said it would take too much time"

DAVE GERARD

JOHNSON
MILE-MASTER FUEL TANK
Johnson HANDY CHART

1949 Outboard Sensation

Neutral Forward Reverse

Gear Shift Control! Start in Neutral. *Shift* to Forward or *shift* to Reverse. *That's different!*

Mile-Master Fuel Tank! Replaces the tank on the motor and eliminates that "extra can" you used to carry along. Holds 5 gallons! Put it anywhere in your boat and plug it into motor—"click." Run all day without refueling! *That's different!*

Acceleration—wow! Still this 10.0 h.p.* ball-of-fire trolls at a "snail's pace!" *That's different!*

Features—40 of 'em! All combining to give you new outboarding thrills—new all-around performance—new control and convenience. Get into a boat and see for yourself!

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Motor's running — boat isn't. That's NEUTRAL!

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MODEL HD—Small Alternate Firing Twin . . 2.5 H.P.*
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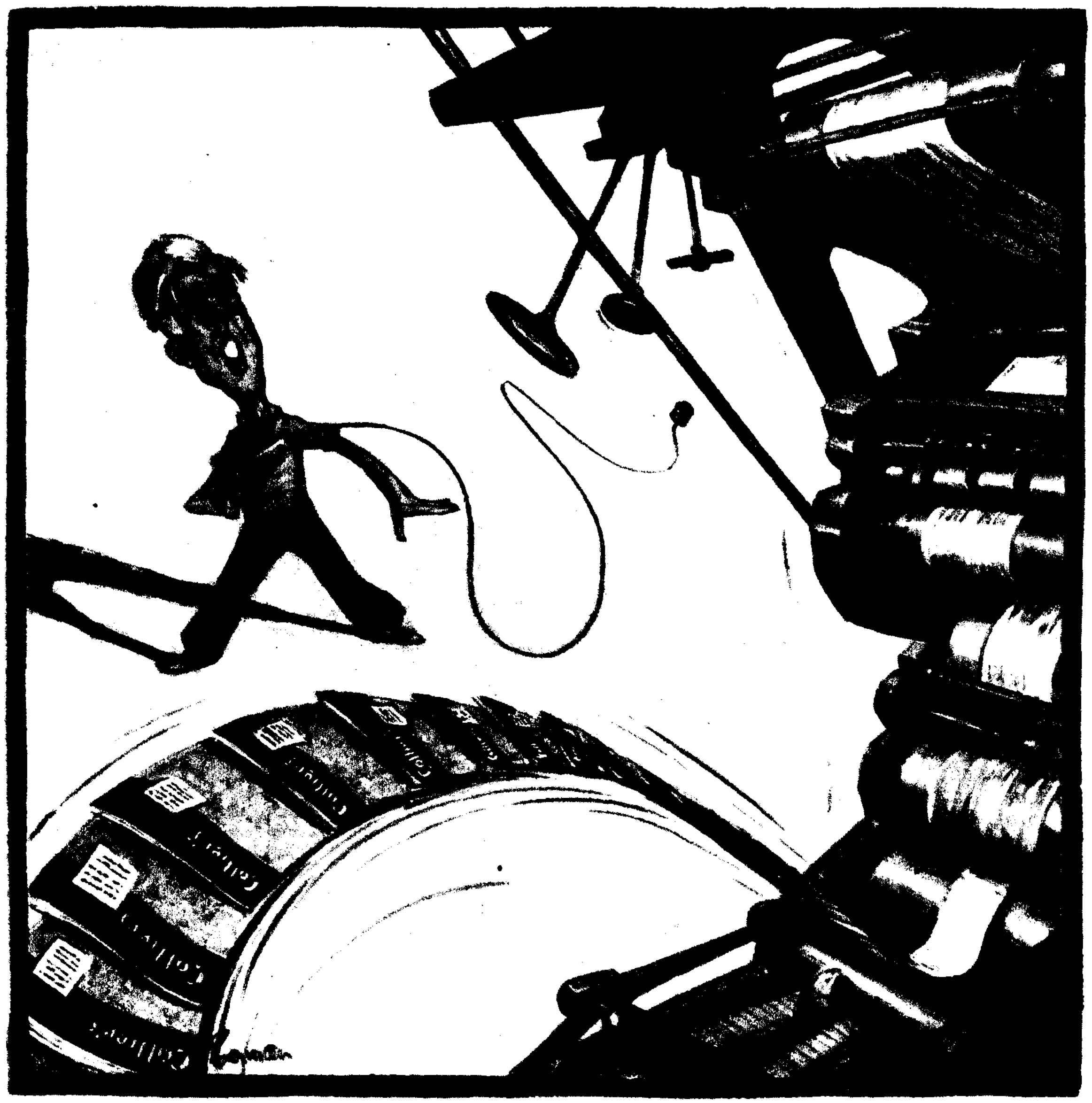


SAM BERMAN

LEAVE US IN TOO, HENRY

HENRY AGARD WALLACE has come out with another reverberating blast against "the great corporation lords and their retinue of petty politicians and power-hungry militarists" and also against "their" newspapers, radio and motion pictures.

That's rank discrimination. What about the magazines? At least one magazine—this one—would consider it an honor to be a target of Mr. Wallace's attack. It feels that magazines deserve to stand with the proud band of free American institutions that have already earned his disapproval.

Come on, Henry. Make it unanimous.

Let's Spread Bread As We Choose

THE dispute between the butter and the oleomargarine people is finally approaching a showdown in Congress. This is the climax of an old and bitter fight. Many thousands of words and dollars have been expended on it. Over the years some facts have been distorted or lost sight of in all the excitement. But the argument as far as justice and common sense are concerned, boils down to this:

A lot of people prefer butter to margarine. If they can afford it, they will always buy it in preference to margarine as long as it is available. Then there are people who would about as soon eat one as the other. They may buy either product or both, depending on a variety of circumstances.

There are also many people who cannot afford butter, whatever their taste preferences might be.

The people in the last two groups are entitled to buy margarine without penalty. The 63-year-old margarine taxes and the license requirements for manufacturers, wholesalers and retailers should be lifted. These restrictions have always kept the price of margarine artificially high. But there is also disagreement over yellow margarine. The butter people want it banned from interstate commerce. The margarine people think that the housewife should not be required to color their product after she gets it home. After all, they point out, buttermakers color *their* product during most months of the year. And they don't have to pay a tax or even tell the public that color has been added.

The law now requires that every package of oleomargarine be identified as such. The House has passed a bill repealing the margarine taxes but requiring that every public eating place that serves its patrons margarine instead of butter must let them know it.

That seems fair enough. So long as the public knows what it is getting there is nothing valid to argue about. The shopper in a store can take his choice. The patron of a restaurant which serves only margarine with the rolls is privileged to walk out if he wants to.

When these conditions are met, there is no just reason why the federal government should bar one product from interstate commerce just because it partially competes with a similar product that sells at a different price.

There are now something less than a score of states where people cannot buy yellow margarine, and could not no matter what action Congress took. This is not surprising, of course, because the butter-margarine dispute is between the dairy states and the states which produce cottonseed and soybeans, the principal ingredients of oleo.

There is nothing the federal government can or should do about this. It is something for the people of the various states to settle. Whatever the wisdom involved, any state can close its borders to the import of butter or oleomargarine, and can prohibit the manufacture of either within the state.

But it is silly to ask the federal government to take sides in this state fight on the grounds that unrestricted sale of margarine would wipe out the butter and dairy industries. As long as margarine is properly identified, and as long as people come equipped with both taste buds and pocketbooks, it just isn't going to work out that way.

Mom Knows Best

IT'S MUCH easier to tell a falsehood than to spot one, says a lie-detector expert who recently opened an office in New York. But the technique of detection is so elaborate that his standard fee for a test is $100.

We can think of a number of oft-detected husbands who would take issue with the expert. In fact, at $100 a throw, they might even be tempted to enter the field in competition, and with no more complicated equipment than the intuitive little woman.

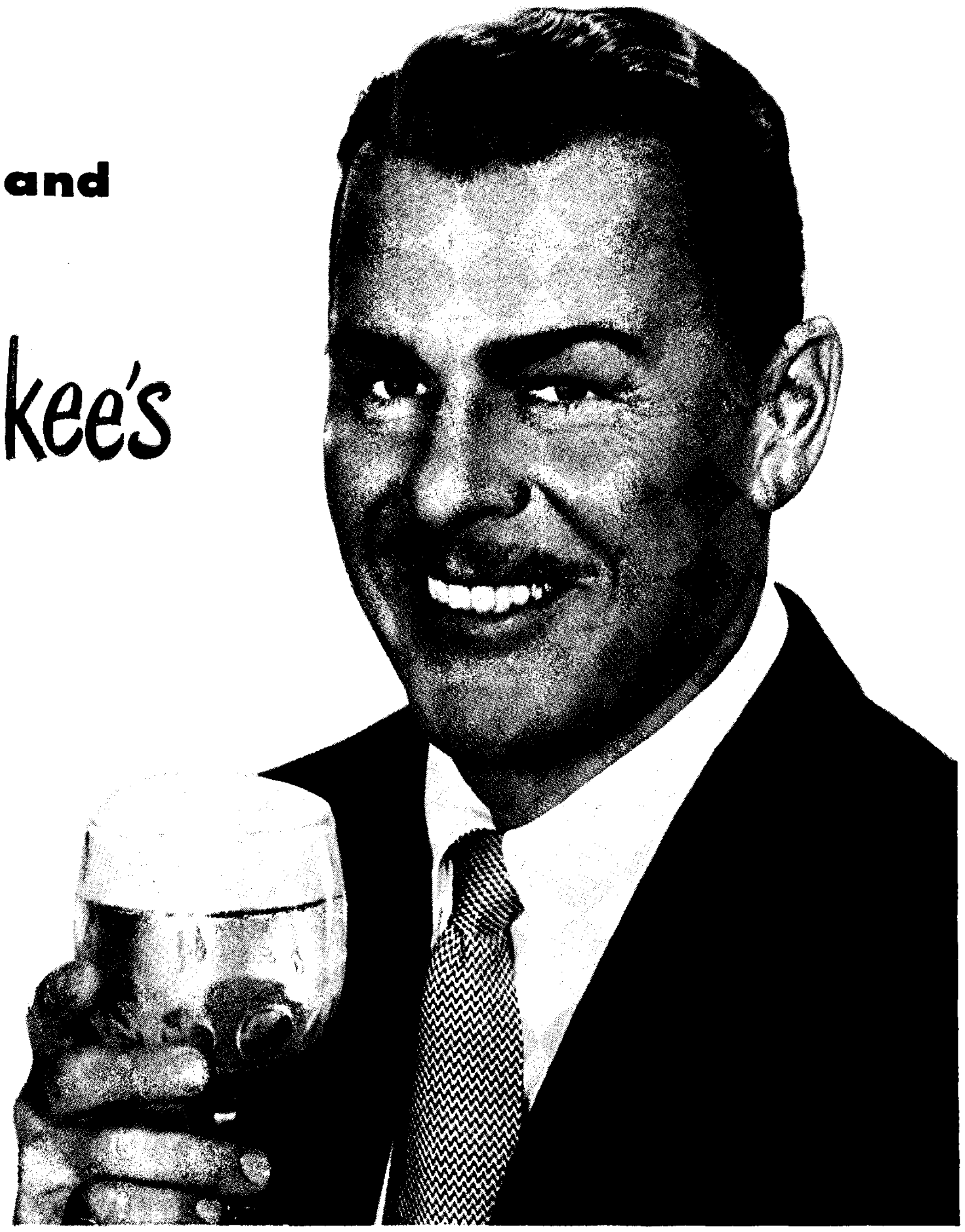
Just One More Bite, Dear

SEVERAL medals were awarded this spring for brand-new varieties of familiar vegetables. Needless to say, the medals were not handed out by these countless parents who, after finally getting little Buster to eat the old-fashioned kind, now fear that they may have to start the whole process over again.

"I lived in Milwaukee—and I ought to know—

Blatz is Milwaukee's Finest Beer"

says **BRIAN DONLEVY,**
Star of Amusement Enterprise's "THE LUCKY STIFF"



"I grew up in Sheboygan Falls, served in the Wisconsin National Guard, lived in Milwaukee," says Mr. Donlevy. "So, when I say that, of all Milwaukee's superb beers, Blatz is the finest, you can take my word for it. I lived there...I ought to know."

"Like my taste for Blatz Beer, my interest in flying is an enthusiasm of long standing...and one I put to frequent use now that I practically commute to my tungsten mine up in the Mojave Mountains."

SPECIAL
PILSENER
BREW
BOTTLED BEER
Blatz
PILSENER
BEER

"At my home here in Malibu I like to work around the house, garden and citrus grove. It's a form of recreation made all the more enjoyable by a refrigerator always stocked with Blatz, Milwaukee's finest beer."

Blatz

BETTER TASTING BEER
FOR THE 98TH YEAR

Blatz is Milwaukee's first Bottled Beer!

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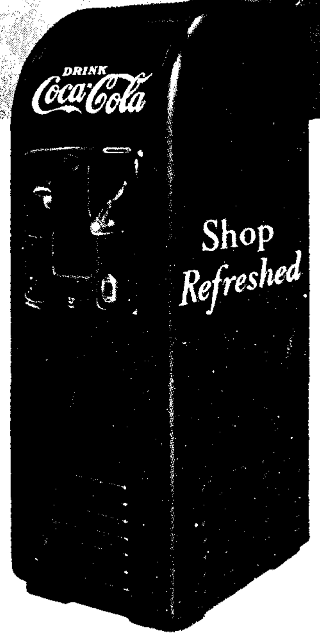
Shop Refreshed . . . Have a Coke

Chic and Coke have a lot in common . . . style. One relates to the changing styles, the other to that lasting style of being refreshed. When you shop around, ice-cold Coca-Cola and *the pause that refreshes* await you in store after store.



Coca-Cola
"Coke"
5¢

Ask for it either way . . . both trade-marks mean the same thing.

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